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THE PASSING OF THE BILL.

THE Royal Assent has been given, and the Reform Bill of 1867 is the law of the land. It took the Lords but a very short time on Monday night to come to an understanding with the Lower House, and then the Act was virtually passed. Lord DERBY, who had to ask the Lords to acquiesce in the rejection of all their amendments except the one of which he personally disapproved, indulged in the fugitive pleasure of pointing out that the Commons had given very bad reasons for the course they had taken. It was not unamusing to show that freeholds and long leaseholds had been wrongly said to be interests of equal value, when Lord DERBY could prove from his personal experience that there was, under the most favourable circumstances, a difference of a whole quarter per cent. between them. But, as Lord DERBY justly said, there was one argument on behalf of the Commons which outweighed every other. The vote to which he most objected on the ground of mere reasoning had been carried by a majority of forty-seven. What is reason, or policy, or equity against a majority of forty-seven? Before that decisive vote of the ruling assembly Lord DERBY had nothing to do but to bow. Above all things he was glad to be rid of the absurd proceeding of a Conference. Lord STANHOPE did indeed suggest that something might have been done to conciliate the Commons, and that, if a Conference had been arranged, a concession might have been made, and the Lords might have forborne the glorious privilege of sitting in their hats on one of the hottest days of August. But what would have been the use of a Conference? In old days, a Conference was of use, because the two Houses really exercised co-ordinate power, and even the hats of the Lords meant something, for the equality of the Commons was scarcely established. But now why should those who must yield invite a useless discourse or sermon from those who govern? The majority of forty-seven is the argument that prevails—the one conclusion and settlement of the affair. Forms in England long survive realities, but at last even forms disappear, and the day comes when the leader of the Peers proclaims a Conference a farce in the face of a majority of forty-seven. This, like the Reform Bill itself, is the symbol of a revolution. The Commons did not pay the slightest attention whatever to the numbers by which the Peers had carried their amendments. Why should they? As the Peers had to yield, it could not signify how many disliked yielding. This recognition by Lord DERBY of the superiority of a majority of the House of Commons over all that the Lords can think or say or do is only one of the many signs, showing themselves every day, that the House of Lords no longer exercises an efficient voice in legislation. This may be to be regretted, but it is undeniable. It cannot make its voice heard either in public or in private matters. Every day almost Lord REDESDALE, who used to be a kind of general manager and guardian of the House, comes forward and says that he is powerless. He cannot prevent the most audacious jobs; he cannot see justice done; he is called on, and his brother Peers are called on, to give their sanction, without delay and without appeal, to legislation that they know to be reckless, foolish, and shortsighted. This is not a slight matter. The old Constitution of England is passing away visibly before our eyes. We are entering on an era of democracy without checks or safeguards, in more senses than one. The Reform Bill is only part of a great general movement, and it is not more suggestive that a Conservative Government should have given a vote to every householder than that Lord DERBY should have openly avowed that the Peers need not trouble themselves to think or reason or declaim if the House of Commons has pronounced its will by a convincing majority.

There can be no doubt that it is a Conservative Government that has given us this Bill, and that any Bill coming from the Liberal party would have been of a very different character. What Lord DERBY said, when speaking of the

Opposition Peers, was quite true. They complained bitterly that the Bill was too large and dangerous, and were for hampering and limiting it if possible. Mr. GLADSTONE could not have carried, and would not have wished to carry, any Bill of this sort; and even if he had wished it, he could not have carried the Whig Peers with him. The Liberal party in the country is much more liberal than the Liberal party in the Commons, and the Liberal party in the Commons is much more liberal than the Liberal party in the Peers. If the Liberal party had been in office we know perfectly well what we should have had. We should have a hard and fast line in the boroughs, and a scheme of redistribution that would have only gone further than the scheme of the present Bill by going further in the direction of throwing a still greater amount of power into the hands of rich men. Whether it is said for good or for evil of them, it ought to be recognised, that Lord DERBY and Mr. DISRAELI have passed a democratic Reform Bill, that they and no one else could have passed it, and that they have done their utmost to make it as democratic as possible. One of the most powerful modes by which they attained this end was by keeping the scheme of redistribution as small as possible. Mr. BRIGHT, who it may be believed knew what he was about, was all along in favour of leaving redistribution entirely to a Reformed Parliament. The present Ministry could not do this, but they did the next thing to it. They carried redistribution as far as it could be carried without raising any difficulties, and they left the real difficulties to be encountered and settled by a Reformed Parliament. Under no possible scheme of redistribution could it have been avoided that a considerable number of seats should be taken away from small constituencies, and given to large ones. It was obvious that there were large towns that must be represented, and that increased representation must be given to counties. Up to a certain point, redistribution was all plain sailing. Against their will they were made to pass this point, but they only passed it a very little way. If fifty more seats are to be redistributed some day, then the real contest will begin, and a Parliament elected by household suffrage will have to decide who shall triumph. The history of the Session has been the victory of extremes over moderation; and to whom and to what is this victory owing? In the first place it is, as we have said, largely owing to Lord DERBY and Mr. DISRAELI, and to their resolution that they would at any cost get a Bill of some sort passed this Session. In the next place, it is owing to the fact that the extreme Liberal party is bold, enterprising, perhaps arrogant, confident that its views will prevail, and that the future belongs to it; while the Conservative party is weak, ashamed of itself, uncertain of its principles, not sure that it likes a man who, like Lord CRANBORNE, says what he means and has political courage, better than a confused, excellent, minor official who humbly follows Mr. DISRAELI, and votes that black is white, or any other colour, as he is told. Then, again, this victory is due in a large measure to those members of the Liberal party who took upon themselves the responsibility of breaking with their leader, and successfully engaged in the hazardous policy of supporting a Bill which they disapproved of on the calculation, which has proved quite right, that they would mould it to their fancy. And, lastly, let us not forget the Cave, that small but powerful group of politicians who took the conduct of Reform out of the hands of moderate men, and placed it in the hands of extreme men. If any one man can be said to have indirectly done more than another to place political power in the hands of the poor, it is Lord GROSVENOR. He and his followers made the existence of the Whig Ministry impossible last year, and it was he and his followers who called into office politicians who spent last autumn, as they tell us, in secretly revolving plans for constituting household suffrage.

And now that the Act is passed, what is to be the political

position both of those who opposed it and those who promoted it? A curious interval must elapse before it comes into operation. During the whole of next Session the Government will be in a most singular position towards the House of Commons. Every one will be thinking, not of the constituency that elected him, but of the constituency before which he will next have to appear; and he cannot be at all sure that what he says, and what he knows used to be the right thing to say, will turn out in a few months to have been the right thing. This will enfeeble the Opposition, but it will also enfeeble the Government; and there will be sure to be a constant appeal made to the Government to leave all doubtful questions to be settled by a new Parliament. Such a Bill as that for prohibiting or regulating meetings in the Parks may furnish an instance. If the Bill is gradually so diluted under the management of Mr. HARDY that it becomes nugatory, and merely enacts that no one who attends public meetings in Hyde Park may trample on the scarlet geraniums, it may very easily pass. But if it is at all a strong Bill, and does not please the Reform League, then the Government will be implored, and we may say ordered, to leave it alone until a Parliament elected by the people decides where the people shall go and what it shall do. It is often said that the present Government has secured another year's lease of office by the clause postponing the operation of the Bill until the 1st of January, 1869, and this is thought to be the most important point. But this, on the contrary, seems to us the smallest point involved in the matter. The real question is, how the Government is to be carried on creditably, and how the House of Commons is to behave creditably, during this anxious moment of suspense. It is worth observing that, ridiculous and contemptible as the Reform League and its leaders may appear to impartial and independent critics, it has, as a matter of fact, always got what it wanted. Whenever it has decided on anything, the Government has acquiesced. Now next year the Reform League, or something like it, will be both to the Government and to the members of the House of Commons the only criterion—a bad and false criterion perhaps, but still the only available one—of what is wanted by those who in a few months will have the elections in their hands. We may guess that the first consequence will be a general inaction. The Government and the House will do as little as possible. A Bankruptcy Bill is a nice safe thing for the purpose, and if properly discussed will take up the whole Session. A Scotch Reform Bill will probably be introduced and carried, but a Scotch Reform Bill excites little interest in England. Possibly a foreign war may occur to distract all thoughts and occupy attention. A Session which may practically be almost a blank may be easily got through; but in a period of suspense and anxiety it is in little things rather than in great things that the true nature of the situation appears. It is in its attitude towards independent members, and in its relations to the public out of doors, that the sagacity and good sense of the Government will be most severely tried. And it may be doubted whether, at such a crisis, it is a good thing that the Opposition should be so wholly disorganized as it is now. One difficulty is certainly taken out of the way of the Government by the fact that Mr. GLADSTONE cannot hope to take office with credit until a new Parliament, with new views, has made him more independent of the Whig Peers than he could be now. But, on the other hand, it is a loss to the Ministry in the daily conduct of affairs that there should not be a leader of the Opposition who can control and moderate his own party. From whichever side we look at it, we see what promises to be a strange and critical state of affairs, and we can only hope that good fortune and good sense may carry us safely through it.

THE DANUBIAN PRINCIPALITIES.

THE persecution of the Jews in Moldavia is a natural consequence of the introduction into a half-barbarous country of exotic forms of civilization. An inhabitant of the East of Europe is nearly certain to mean license when he talks of liberty, and to mean nothing else. The late Minister of the Interior, M. BRATIANO, has drunk of the revolutionary fountain at Paris, where he was known as a democrat of the purest type. The doctrines of equality and fraternity admit of cosmopolitan application, and they have always, at home and abroad, been found compatible with the most tyrannical cruelty. The Mexican Liberals are as savage as their Clerical opponents, and, as the Danubian Principalities are probably on the same social and political level as Mexico, the princely adventurer who occupies an uneasy throne at Bucharest may perhaps occasion-

ally reflect on the fate of MAXIMILIAN. It is impossible to suppose that Prince CHARLES willingly tolerated the atrocities of his Ministers; but he is compelled to employ politicians of influence, and a patriot such as BRATIANO finds the shortest road to popularity in sycophancy to barbarous prejudice, and in encouragement of crimes. Jews of the lower order are in most countries disliked, and in the South-East of Europe they are numerous enough to have accumulated upon their race a large amount of popular odium. A Liberal from Paris may be supposed not to share the religious antipathies of vulgar Moldavians; but helplessness is as good a reason as heterodoxy for oppressing the weak. As it may perhaps be thought invidious, even on the Danube, to persecute Jews as Jews, M. BRATIANO devised a method of attaining his object by a decree against vagrants. The crime, indeed, of the Jews was rather that they became rich by underselling the lazy natives, than that their poverty rendered them burdensome to the community; but a Jew pedlar who travels about the country may in a certain sense be called a vagrant. Some of the petty Jewish traders pursue their avocation indiscriminately on either bank of the river; and consequently it may be pretended that, as Turkish subjects, they are liable to violent deportation. The complaint that the Jews injure trade sufficiently explains the real objection to their residence in Moldavia. Their goods are evidently better and cheaper than those of the indigenous shopkeepers, and BRATIANO, like BROADHEAD, vindicates the rights of the vendor against the free-trading purchaser. The alliance of democracy with Protectionist tyranny is not unknown in more respectable regions than Moldavia.

The explanatory communications of the Roumanian Ministers to the European Consuls are irritating in their affectation of official formality. It is of course easy to furnish an altered version of every special instance of cruelty, or to notify the appointment of Commissions charged with the investigation of notorious crimes. A month or two ago, ten Jews charged with vagabondage were sent from Jassy to Galatz, to be transferred to the Turkish bank, from which it was said that they had come. Although they are described as vagabonds, there is no reason to suppose that they were paupers or vagrants, or that they had been guilty of any crime except commercial competition. In accordance, however, with "a condemnation by the judicial tribunals," which probably resembles the decree of a Sawgrinders' Union, the ten unfortunate victims, including an infirm old man, were taken to a marshy island in the Danube, and told to find their way by a non-existent ford to the southern shore. One of the number was drowned in the water or smothered in the mud, and the remaining nine were rescued by a Turkish boat, and afterwards brought back to Galatz. Once more the organs of Moldavian justice conveyed the Jews to the same uninhabited island, and again the Turkish guard brought them back to the Moldavian rule. The worthy Prefect of Galatz reported that, on the refusal of the Roumanian officers to receive the prisoners, the Turks threw them into the Danube, where two of the number were drowned; and it appears, in fact, that the Turks and the Moldavians behaved with almost equal inhumanity. The unhappy Jews were forced to leave the boat, and they were prevented from landing by the soldiers on the shore; but the primary responsibility for the crime rests entirely with BRATIANO's subordinates. The Turks cannot be expected to welcome compulsory exiles from the Principalities, especially when they have been, in the first instance, robbed of their property. It appears that the Jews of Galatz themselves, knowing all the circumstances, apprehend a massacre at the hands, not of the Turks, but of the exemplary Christians among whom it is their misfortune to dwell. The consistent apologist of CATLINE, of CLODIUS, and of BROADHEAD might find in BRATIANO another appropriate client, but the morality of Roumania is probably not so sensitive as to require any defence of violence and murder. The Consuls who alone represent the conscience of civilized mankind are probably regarded at Jassy as paradoxical and troublesome enthusiasts.

Mr. GREEN expresses a firm conviction that Prince CHARLES is incapable of approving the crimes committed under the auspices of his Ministers. Unfortunately, however, the nominal ruler of the country can only work with native instruments, and among the four millions of his subjects he has not yet been fortunate enough to find one brave and honest man. His army, which is probably useless for any purpose of national defence, is sufficiently disciplined to be dangerous to the community. Mr. St. CLAIR, Consul at Jassy, spoke to the PRINCE "of the great insubordination and want of discipline among the troops quartered here, especially the Wallachian regiments," and cited several acts of gross in-

subordination committed of late by them. They even have "promised to come in a strong body to rob the produce of a small vineyard that I have taken for two years by contract, knowing that it belongs to the English Consul." Mr. ST. CLAIR added the just remark that the Moldavians were utterly unfit for a European Constitution, and it is not improbable that Prince CHARLES may have shared his opinion. The inhabitants of the Danubian Principalities are perhaps as far advanced in civilization as the Western populations of four centuries ago; but rude communities appear in the present day to have lost all capacity for improvement. The example of more advanced nations, and more especially the theories of French centralization, seem in many cases to produce a purely mischievous effect, and all the half-civilized communities are rotten before they are ripe. It is by no means certain that the Rouman provinces were not better governed by Greek Viceroy from Constantinople than under nominally free institutions. The manners of the country are strikingly illustrated by the description of Prince CHARLES's formal entry into Jassy, which was celebrated by the exercise of more than ordinary violence to the Jews. Two hundred of them were beaten or ill-treated on the occasion, and many of them had their hair and beards torn and burnt by the torchbearers who ran beside the PRINCE's carriage. Mr. ST. CLAIR saw a Jewess who had been wounded by a bayonet because she tried to prevent some soldiers from beating her husband.

The Russian Government, which has never recognised Prince CHARLES of Hohenzollern, must regard with unmixed complacency the demoralization and anarchy of his dominions. It has always been the mission of Russia to encourage maladministration in neighbouring States, and to propagate discontent; and the sufferings of a few thousands of Jews will be regarded as a cheap price for the eventual necessity or plausibility of Russian intervention. The acquisition of the Principalities has long been regarded at St. Petersburg as an indispensable object, for which it was worth while in 1812 to break with NAPOLEON, and in 1853 to commence the war which ended in the Crimea. Until the provinces north of the Danube are annexed to the Empire, it will be inconvenient to proceed with the partition of Turkey; but whenever war breaks out in Europe, a Russian army will probably cross the Pruth, and possibly the persecution of the Jews, or the interference of the Western Powers with the intolerance of the Christians, may furnish an excuse for invasion. Once included in the Russian dominions, the Roumanians will have finally lost their national hopes and their very existence. In the midst of their barbarous disorder and corruption there are perhaps still future possibilities of improvement; but Russian despotism, while it would provide protection for life and property, would reduce the country to perpetual stagnation. The Danubian Principalities in their present condition furnish an example of the provisional state into which Russian policy would reduce the Turkish provinces as a first stage to deglutition. The fragments of the Ottoman Empire are first to become ostensibly independent, and then to prove their utter unfitness for orderly government. Their armies, formidable only in peace, will perhaps be employed in persecuting Jews or dissenters, and Russian order may perhaps ultimately be accepted as a remedy for intolerable evils. The occupation of the mouths of the Danube by an alien and exclusive Power especially concerns the interests of Germany. If the Rouman provinces are too weak or too barbarous to stand alone, it would be far better for European interests to extend Austria to the Black Sea than to further the aggrandizement of Russia.

INDIA.

INDIA always has its day once a year in the House of Commons, and if the mass of the House is profoundly indifferent to everything Indian, the few who attend are generally competent judges, and know something of what India wants. Last Monday was the Indian day of the year, and it included not only a statement of the Indian Budget, but a varied and interesting debate on certain suggestions made by Mr. AYRTON for reorganizing the machinery of Indian government. Some of these suggestions were valuable in themselves, and they elicited opinions and criticisms from the best authorities on India in the House. But, in the immediate interest of India, the most satisfactory result of the evening was, perhaps, that it showed Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE in a very favourable light, and raised a hope that he may make a creditable and competent, if not first-rate, Indian Minister. His main duty was, of course, to bring forward the Indian Budget, and a curious Budget it was. He had first to explain

that Mr. MASSEY, from sheer ignorance of his business, had announced that for the year ending April, 1866, he had a surplus of two millions and three-quarters, whereas there really was no surplus at all. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE then stated that the financial year in India had been changed, and made to end on the 31st of March, and that for the eleven months ending the 31st of March, 1867, there was a deficit of nearly two millions and a-half. The receipts had largely diminished, for less was derived from opium; the railway traffic had fallen off; and there was this large sum to make up. Mr. MASSEY's remedy was simple. He proposed to borrow two millions, and get half a million from a license-tax. It is useless going into the details of the Budget, for no one can understand or control them without information which even the India Office does not possess; but there were some general points in Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's speech which deserve attention. In the first place, he said that irrigation works would be rapidly pushed on, and that money would be freely borrowed to promote them; and further, that it was owing to Lord CRANBORNE that this was done, the Indian Government being, if not exactly adverse, yet indifferent and hesitating, and very afraid of spending money. In the next place, Sir STAFFORD stated that he very much disapproved of Mr. MASSEY's license-tax, and he pointed out the erroneous principle on which it was based. He had not brought his mind to distinctly veto it, but he criticized it in this free way; and as it gives great dissatisfaction already, we may be sure that, after this expression of opinion on the part of the SECRETARY OF STATE, it will be impossible to collect it. Lastly, Sir STAFFORD referred with approbation to a passage in a despatch from Mr. MASSEY, in which it was suggested that taxes might be made more local than they are now, and that the revenue might be collected in different ways, according to the resources, requirements, and tastes of each Presidency.

These points may be taken in connexion with Mr. AYRTON's suggestions, and with the expression of opinions elicited in the debate which followed Mr. AYRTON's speech. So far as regards the administration of affairs in India, what Mr. AYRTON proposed was that the GOVERNOR-GENERAL should not be bound to consult any member of his Council except that one to whose department the matter in hand might belong; that there should be a new member of Council to look after trade and agriculture; and that Bengal should be placed under a Governor sent from England, with a Council to assist him, exactly as in Bombay. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE virtually assented to all three suggestions. Now let us take these suggestions, together with the chief points of Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's Budget-speech, and observe the general direction pointed at. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE says that he likes the notion of making taxation local, and he only declines to adopt at once the proposal to place Bengal on the footing of Bombay because he must consult the GOVERNOR-GENERAL. The plan is to divide India into Presidencies, and subject them directly to home influence by placing them under persons sent from England, and not under persons having had Indian experience, and having risen through the ranks of the Indian Civil Service. The impulse given to irrigation by Lord CRANBORNE, the order to spend money in Orissa which came entirely from him while the Indian Government was hesitating, and the utter breakdown of the Bengal officials in dealing with the Orissa famine, all contribute, rightly or wrongly, to spread and confirm the idea that India, in all its higher departments, must be governed from England, or by persons under the influence of English, not Indian, ideas. But the mistakes into which Mr. MASSEY has fallen in finance show, what every one might be sure of, that Englishmen going out to India must have advisers who know the country. There must be a Council; and Councils, as Mr. MILL truly said, are of the utmost use when kept in their place. But their place is to advise, not to lessen the load of responsibility; and the rule that the GOVERNOR-GENERAL should consult his whole Council has frequently been found so onerous as to have been practically dispensed with. This, then, will probably be the scheme of Government in India. The administration will be made more local, the central power of the administration will be more and more placed in the hands of persons sent directly from England, and communicating directly with England, while the higher Indian officials will be more and more reduced to the position of heads of departments, working on in a laborious unknown way, bound to advise and furnish information to their chief, but having no control or responsibility. But what, under such a system, will be the place of the Governor-General? Is it not evident that he will become more and more of a Viceroy, and less and less of a Governor? There must be some one to hold pageants and durbars, and give

away that wonderful Star of India which we hope the natives at least will continue to think a real honour. But as a governor he must govern less and less. Even now Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE has nothing to say about the Governor-General, except that Sir JOHN LAWRENCE, whose tendency is to be over-economical, thinks that the military force cannot be reduced, and therefore his opinion is worth having. The experiment of making an Indian civilian the Viceroy is not likely to be repeated, and the ordinary English nobleman who goes to India because he wants money and likes pomp will still get all the prizes.

The Secretary of State will be supreme, even more supreme than he is now; but how is he to be kept straight? He must have, as he has now, a Council; but is the Council rightly constituted, and endowed with the right functions? Mr. AYRTON suggested that changes ought to be made, and his chief reason was that the members of the Council now hold office for far too long a time. Two members ought, he said, to retire every year, so that there should be a constant stream of new men. Constant changes, he argued, are being made in India. New feelings, laws, habits, necessities come into prominence, and unless the Secretary has always some of the last arrivals from India to help him, he will be in danger of imbibing the views of antiquated fogies whose knowledge of India is entirely out of date. Lord CRANBORNE pointed to a still more serious change in the Council when he dwelt on the great inconvenience which might arise from the legal control given at present to the Council over the Secretary of State. He is obliged to receive their sanction to every shilling of expenditure. Mr. AYRTON suggested that the Indian expenditure in England should be submitted to and authorized by the House of Commons before it was incurred. If this were done, the control of the Council would be quite unnecessary, and the result would be that the Secretary of State, responsible to Parliament alone, would have his Council, just as his subordinate Governors in India would have their Councils, to guide and advise, but not to control them. The most eminent of the advisers of the Governors of Presidencies would return home to be the advisers of the Secretary of State. And if this were the position of the members of the Indian Council, there is no reason why they should not be appointed for a short term of years, and move off by a rapid rotation. It would not be necessary to tempt them very highly. Indian officials, when they come back here, are all men longing for some occupation, and provided with a pension. To be placed in a creditable position for five or six years, with a fair salary and a small increase to their pension at the end of the time, would be an offer that they would never dream of refusing. The whole tendency of affairs is, therefore, the same way. Everything Parliamentary and English will be gradually exalted in the government of India, and everything official and Indian will be gradually depressed.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

THE Select Committee on the mode of conducting business in the House of Lords has naturally found it impossible to make any practical suggestion, except that the use of proxies should be discontinued. The right of voting by attorney or procurator is historically interesting, as a relic of a time when a peer was not supposed, by any stretch of theory, to be a virtual representative of any section of the commonalty. Like a sovereign, he acted in his own right; and he probably required no debate to instruct him on his private or public interests. At a later period, proxies served as contrivances for enabling a Minister to control legislation without unnecessary inconvenience to his supporters. Like a Railway Chairman of the present day, Lord LIVERPOOL or the Duke of WELLINGTON could at their pleasure outvote the collective Opposition; but the practical abdication of its functions by the House of Lords, combined with growing sensitiveness to public opinion, has disinclined more modern Governments from relying on proxies. The privilege cannot be abolished except by Act of Parliament, but the House will probably, in pursuance of the recommendation of the Committee, so far alter the Standing Orders as to make it impossible to call proxies, and therefore to use them. The change is not important, but it is perfectly unobjectionable, and it was desirable that the Committee should make some ostensible recommendation. The suggestion that the House should meet an hour earlier was judiciously rejected, out of consideration to the LORD CHANCELLOR and the Law Lords, who are certainly exempt from the imputation of idleness which attaches to many of their lay colleagues. There would be no advantage in altering the hour of meeting from five to four, as the scanty

business of the House is almost always exhausted in time for dinner. The Committee also, after examining Colonel WILSON PATTEN, declined to recommend any alteration in the mode of appointing Select Committees on Private Business. Their allegation that the present selection gives general satisfaction is perhaps slightly exaggerated; but it is true that the more competent Committees of the House of Lords are highly respectable tribunals. The hasty peers who think that they are making an extraordinary sacrifice in devoting a few mornings to Parliamentary business, are more objectionable than any members of Committees in the House of Commons; but their eccentricities, after having been long notorious to all persons concerned, eventually reach the ears of the proper authorities, and their names are tacitly eliminated from the lists.

The just remonstrances which have lately been addressed to the House of Lords have produced a certain effect in increasing the number of habitual attendants at the debates. The English habit of neglecting ceremonial business is too characteristic and universal to be called a fashion; and the Peers who thought it bad taste to ride down to Westminster at five o'clock acted precisely like young officers, who invariably abstain from wearing uniform when it is not absolutely required by the rules of the service. During the greater part of the Session there is little business to transact, and it is not the custom of the House of Lords to indulge, like an American House of Congress, in mere discussion on things in general. The leaders on both sides are veterans, no longer eager for distinction, and the feeling of the House has never favoured young and ambitious orators. On a great occasion, however, the debates of the House of Lords are vigorous and instructive, and Lord DERBY belongs to the first rank of speakers. It seems probable that Lord CAIRNS, notwithstanding his retirement to the Bench, will become a principal leader of the Conservative party; and Lord CARNARVON will necessarily rejoin the main body after a temporary secession. The Duke of ARGYLL rises far above mediocrity, and Lord GRANVILLE has cultivated his natural aptitude by long experience in the conduct of business. Lord GREY is always fluent, lucid, and thoughtful, although his speeches exercise little influence over the feelings or passions of his audience. One of the greatest speakers in the House, if not in the country, never appears but on important occasions; and it may be assumed, from Lord ELLENBOROUGH's silence on the Reform Bill, that he has finally retired from debate. If some change in the Constitution were to restore the House of Lords to its ancient importance, it might compete on equal terms with the House of Commons, especially as its debates are not interrupted by intruders who merely speak to their constituents. A King who, under a Parliamentary system of government, has faded into a mere form or fiction may sometimes be as competent to govern as the most active of despots. If the House of Lords is destined to share the fate of the Crown, it is well that the change in both cases should be gradual, and almost imperceptible.

Some aristocratic optimists endeavour to persuade themselves that the House of Lords will rather gain than lose by the change in the constitution of the House of Commons. Thoughtless young Tories often affected, during the progress of the Reform Bill, a belief that the lowest possible class of voters would be most amenable to the dictation of landlords; and it is possible that, in the counties, universal suffrage might for a short time have realized their expectations. Labourers without votes are so deferential to lords, that two or three general elections might perhaps elapse before they discovered that the relative position of the two classes was altered, and almost reversed. At present the revolution has happily stopped short of the lowest part of the rural population, and experience will show whether the reduction of the county franchise has increased or diminished the power of landowners. Small agricultural tenants will be perfectly manageable, but the inhabitants of villages and market towns may perhaps turn the scale in the other direction. The possession, however, by individuals of electoral power has no direct bearing on the corporate position of the House of Lords. Aristocratic influence has, both before and after the Reform Bill of 1832, been almost exclusively exerted through the House of Commons; and as long as the great hereditary landowners find that county or borough members share their feelings and opinions, they will not be solicitous to strain the privileges of their own branch of the Legislature. The accession of authority which some theorists anticipate for the House of Lords is expected to proceed from opposite causes. The Conservative feeling which proved itself powerless to modify the provisions of Lord DERBY's Reform Bill is still almost universal in the upper and middle classes. The organic experiments

which are contemplated by speculative reformers are simply hateful to a large portion of the upper and middle classes; and the process of recasting all institutions in Church and State must excite bitter indignation and disgust. The reaction which followed the first Reform Bill soon found expression in the House of Commons, which nine years later placed a Conservative Minister in office by a decisive majority. The opponents of change in the present day will have a difficult battle to fight, and they may be inclined to place their reliance on the House of Lords, which by consummate prudence may perhaps still remain, or become, a power in the State; but any scheme of political conduct founded on so vague a possibility would be a mere chimera.

The Peers have shown a sound instinct of self-preservation in clinging to the judicial functions which are exercised in their name; and they will be well advised in resisting all projects for interfering with their privilege of private legislation. The wide social distinctions which will, after a few general elections, separate Peers from members of the House of Commons, may perhaps be injurious to the political power of the House of Lords; but wealth and refinement will always be regarded as securities for impartiality and purity. If there were a House of Lords in the State of New York, it is not impossible that the Convention which is now framing a new Constitution might summarily transfer private legislation from the Assembly at Albany to an unpopular and incorruptible tribunal. In general it may be said that the House of Lords should catch at any bush, and almost at any straw, which may possibly stay its downward course. The relations of its members with the army, the Church, and the public service are not likely much longer to form, as now, an important part of the working English Constitution; and the tenure of land which lies at the very root of an hereditary peerage will be one of the first objects of attack in a reformed Parliament. The people of England are fortunately slow in approving changes of form, and the House of Lords may probably continue to perform its functions, and await the possibilities of the future. If its leaders wish to precipitate its fall, they will borrow the policy of Mr. DISRAELI, by allying their order with the peasantry and rabble against their natural supporters in the educated and comfortable classes. Lord SHAFTESBURY'S speech on the Reform Bill contained the most significant warning which has ever been addressed to an endangered aristocracy.

MORE JUDGES.

THE Commission which Sir ROUNDELL PALMER induced the Government to promise for the purpose of inquiring into the working of our whole judicial system can scarcely fail to displace one at least of the positions taken up by the late ATTORNEY-GENERAL in the elaborate essay which he delivered in the House in the early part of the Session. With a commendable desire to maintain the standard of judicial ability at the highest possible level, Sir ROUNDELL PALMER steadily shuts his eyes to the fact that the greatly increased amount of Court business can no longer be efficiently performed by the existing staff of judges. In London and on circuit, in Chancery as at Law, all the Courts are over-worked. Arrears are accumulating on all sides, and the consequent delay and expense thrown upon suitors are far from being the whole of the mischief. When a Court or a judge has more causes to dispose of than there is time to hear, one of two alternatives becomes inevitable. Either causes are decided in a hurry, without any adequate hearing, or else the functions of the judge are transferred to some inferior tribunal. The device of driving troublesome causes into arbitration is the Common Law remedy for an excessive pressure of business. The analogous method in Chancery is to send everything to Chambers, and allow chief clerks to determine where judges have not time to decide. The Courts of Appeal have no such resource, and are utterly incapable of overtaking their arrears. The Court of Appeal in Chancery has been so occupied with interlocutory matters that it has not heard half a dozen causes during the last year, and Parliament has been driven to sanction a palliative of the most objectionable kind by allowing the two Lords Justices to sit separately, thus leaving the appeal from a Vice-Chancellor to be decided by a single judge. It is true that the Lord Chancellor always exercised a similar authority, although the Act establishing the present Court of Appeal no doubt contemplated that every important matter would be heard before the full Court, composed of the Chancellor and the two Lords Justices. The pressure of business defeated this arrangement, and the recent statute has still further deteriorated

the value of appeal decisions by making them depend in almost all cases on the opinion of a single judge. In the Appeal Courts of Westminster somewhat similar difficulties have arisen. The Court of Exchequer Chamber is supposed to consist of all the judges of the two Courts from which the appeal does not come. But in practice it is found impossible to get a full muster, and the judgment of four judges of the Queen's Bench has been known to be reversed by a bare majority of three over two in the Exchequer Chamber, so that three judges prevailed over six of co-ordinate authority.

As the Courts of Law and Equity have not judicial strength enough for their own work, they have little opportunity to assist each other, and the wise provision which enables the Lords Justices and the Vice-Chancellors to call in Common Law Judges as assessors on questions of Common Law has become almost a dead letter, because it is seldom possible to find a judge who can spare the necessary time. Nor can any amount of diligence on the part of the Bench suffice to meet the difficulty. As it is, the judges work too hard; and those who shrink from any extension of the judicature should remember that an overworked judge is not exempt from the infirmities of human nature, and that the quality of decisions is by no means improved by an indefinite increase in their quantity. It is undoubtedly right to economise to the utmost possible extent the time of the Courts, and some of the expedients suggested by Sir R. PALMER and others might afford a trifling amount of relief. The proposal to abolish the intermediate Court, and to retain only a single appeal to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, involves questions much too serious to be disposed of with the single view of economising time. In the first place, the project requires the abolition of the judicial functions of the House of Lords, which, however desirable, will not be effected yet. Then appeals, whether to the House of Lords or to the Privy Council, are so costly and dilatory, and would become so much more so if all the decisions supposed to be erroneous were brought there for review, that the abolition of the intermediate Court would be in many cases an absolute refusal of justice. Moreover, the tradition which forbids our ultimate Court of Appeal to correct any error into which it may have fallen renders it of the highest importance that every case should be thoroughly sifted before it reaches the final tribunal, and this could scarcely be secured if the second preliminary decision were eliminated. That suitors prefer the present arrangement is tolerably clear, for in Chancery it is always optional with an appellant whether he will go first to the Lords Justices or direct to the House of Lords, and it very seldom happens that the intermediate appeal is omitted. All these considerations seem to prove that the relief which the Bench absolutely requires to enable it to master the accumulation of business cannot be obtained by easing it of the whole of the appeal business which now comes before it; and such minor expedients as allowing three judges to sit where four are now employed, and the like, would make no impression on the mass of arrears, and, moreover, are inapplicable to the Court of Chancery.

From whatever point of view the question is regarded, it becomes manifest that the only choice lies between a considerable increase of the Bench and a further development of the practice, already too much in vogue, of shifting judicial work on to the shoulders either of arbitrators or, what is worse, of clerks and other inferior officers. Between such alternatives there is no room for doubt. Those who are opposed to increasing the number of judges profess to fear that a sufficient supply of ability of the highest order will not be forthcoming. This is really the only argument worth a moment's consideration, for no one will seriously contend that the cost of a few additional salaries would not be repaid to the country a hundredfold by adding to the promptitude, and thereby diminishing the expense, of litigation. And the supposed difficulty of finding a competent staff of judges disappears when it is faced. For every lawyer who is promoted to the Bench for the mingled legal and political claims which he may possess, there are always three or four more to be found at least equally capable if they did but satisfy the conditions of party; and if promotions became more frequent, it might be hoped that by degrees the practice of favouring political partisans, which is already somewhat on the decline, would be wholly abandoned. We should not, therefore, fear any appreciable degradation of the standard of judicial competency by even a considerable increase in the staff of judges. It is not often that bad appointments are made; but it is notorious that the weakest judges are those who have owed their elevation to their political virtues, and that no vacancy has ever occurred for which a thoroughly competent candidate

might not have been selected. And even if this were otherwise, the worst judge that could be appointed would be at least as good as an average arbitrator or a first-rate chief clerk.

If the objection to an increase of the Bench had more substance in it, it would vanish when compared with the pernicious alternative of encouraging the delegation of judicial functions. The errors of arbitrators are a by-word, and the extent to which mere clerks are now exercising the judicial powers of the Court of Chancery is one of the most serious evils produced by the accumulation of business. From the first introduction of the modern machinery of the Court of Chancery, it was contemplated that the judges should personally do so much of the Chamber business as was not of a purely administrative character; and the able Commission by which the Court was reformed in 1852 did not conceal their expectation that the Legislature would, as soon as it should be found necessary, increase the number of the Vice-Chancellors sufficiently to enable them to perform the duties which had previously devolved upon the Masters in Chancery. This can only be done by relieving the judges for certain days in the week from their Court duties, in order to enable them to undertake the Chamber business, or by introducing the practice of adjourning in the first instance all seriously litigated questions from Chambers into Court, as is now in theory supposed to be done. Whichever method is adopted, more judges will be required, for the present staff are scarcely able to get through their work, even by devoting much of their time, after Court hours, to hurried hearings in Chambers of matters which it is found impossible to leave in the hands of the chief clerks. One of the objections urged to a multiplication of Courts is the loss of power by the division of the leading bar into so many distinct sections; but this, and some other practical difficulties, might be completely obviated by appointing two Vice-Chancellors to each Court, and allowing them to sit alternately in Chambers and in open Court. But whether this or any other arrangement be adopted, the fact remains, that there is more judicial work to be done than the existing staff of judges can properly get through; and the inference is obvious, that the deficiency can only be supplied by adding to the numbers of the Bench. There are no doubt many improvements in detail, especially with reference to circuit business, which a well-chosen Commission may be expected to suggest; but at the root of the whole matter lies the obvious consideration that it is bad policy to underman the Bench, just as it would be bad policy to underman the fleet. There is a steadily increasing quantity of work to be performed, and it will never be speedily and satisfactorily done until there are hands enough to do it.

THE END OF THE WHIGS.

MR. DISRAELI, at the close of a triumphant Session, does not affect to disguise his joy at having outwhigged his natural enemies the Whigs. The reign of Whiggism began with the Reform Bill of 1832, and will end, he thinks, in the Reform Bill of 1867. After years of weary expectation, PROVIDENCE has placed within his reach a most delicious revenge, and Reformers of the moderate school have had to endure the mortification of accepting a Radical Reform Bill from a Tory leader. This is the end of all the pride of the Whigs in their boasted principles of civil and religious liberty; of their anxious solicitude about Peace, Economy, and Reform; and of their desire to emancipate the enlightened, moral, sober working-man. They offered Reform to the nation by retail. Mr. DISRAELI has seized the opportune moment of his accession to power to lavish political Reform broadcast with both hands, up and down every thoroughfare and alley, with a desperate and profuse prodigality at which the old Whigs pause and tremble. The Whigs proposed to invite the elect of the working-classes in the large towns to a political banquet presided over by themselves. Mr. DISRAELI and his Cabinet, preferring with Machiavellian craft a Government by peasants to a Government by petty tradesmen and by intellectual artisans, have gone out into the hedges and ditches, and compelled the proletariat to come in. Overwhelmed by a deluge when they had asked for a shower, the Whigs naturally feel sore and irritable. They go about murmuring under their breath, as they watch Mr. DISRAELI's audacious exploits, that all this is very wicked and immoral. To be jockeyed by professional legs would have been bad enough, but to be jockeyed by gentlemen riders is what they scarcely could have expected. Just as

victory appeared within their reach, Mr. DISRAELI made his appearance in the sensational character of BLONDIN. Mr. CARLYLE talks of shooting Niagara. The Falls have been certainly crossed, but it is in a different fashion. Mr. DISRAELI has wheeled the whole Tory party—Lord DERBY, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, Mr. HARDY, the country squires, the landed interest, the Church and the Universities, Bishops, Peers, and Commons—safely across Niagara in his capacious wheelbarrow.

It is a keen satisfaction to an acrobatic genius to see that the Whigs are so overcome by the spectacle that nothing seems left to them except to sit and stare. Their occupation for the nonce is gone. To-morrow perhaps they will be able to furbish up their drooping spirits, and to set out in fresh pursuit, but meanwhile the Tory Cabinet have gained a start on their pursuers. It is doubtful indeed whether the old and time-honoured leaders of the Liberals will have energy and years enough to resume the chase. New guides will have to be selected, new pioneers summoned to the front, new issues chosen on which to invite battle, and by which to win popular support. The settlement of a twenty years' war almost necessarily leads to the disorganization of the party which has been conducting the assault. And the Tory party expect to gain all the advantage of having had the luck to settle it themselves. To this extent, at all events, the Whigs may be considered to have been "dished." The veterans who have grown grey in the cause of Reform have no employment left. It is too late in the day for them to hoist a new flag, and to swear in recruits for another campaign. When we think of all that Mr. DISRAELI, as a party man, has suffered from the Whigs, we cannot wonder that he seems disposed to execute a war dance over the prostrate bodies of his foes. Reform has been the barrier for years between himself and office. It has given his personal rivals power and influence in the country, and enabled them to enjoy a settled lease of the sweets of office, while he has been shivering in the cold discomfort of the Opposition benches. Never again will Mr. GLADSTONE be able to rouse the enthusiasm of the working-classes by discoursing on the rights of man. Lord RUSSELL, his embryo Reform Bills and his Magna Charta speeches, are relegated for ever to the limbo of respectable antiquity. The monopoly of Liberalism, as Mr. DISRAELI told the City magnates, is over. In stealing from them their principles, the Tories have stolen also their power and their prestige.

It is perfectly obvious that a serious personal defeat has been inflicted on many, if not most, of the principal Whig generals. In this view Whiggism may be said to be crushed. In the sense in which Whig Cabinets have been, we doubt whether they will ever be again. Lord DE GREY may not govern India, nor the Duke of SOMERSET the Admiralty. The weak point, however, in Mr. DISRAELI's calculations is, as usual, that he regards party politics too purely in the light of a personal conflict of wits. Whigs and Tories alone for many years have peopled Mr. DISRAELI's world. His own past history, which is nothing more than a narrative of the long struggle between rival politicians, inclines him towards the erroneous belief that there is nothing in heaven and earth except the Greeks and Trojans. Because PATROCLUS is killed, because AGAMEMNON is discredited, because ACHILLES is sulking in his ships, HECTOR fancies that he has before him a long course of successful empire. And if politics were nothing but the rise and fall of individual party notabilities he would be right. He does not sufficiently estimate the fact that, in order to extinguish a few Whig noblemen who are his personal antagonists, he has let loose on the stage a whirlwind of fresh forces, which will prevent politics in future from being a mere story of the varying fortunes of two old historical factions. If he is really to hold his own the result of this year's Session must be not merely to exclude Lord RUSSELL from returning immediately to office, but permanently to incapacitate that section of the landed interest which hitherto, under the name of Whigs, has led the Liberals, for leading the Radicals in future. If he has not done this, he has only gained a temporary triumph over individuals, and obtained a little breathing time for himself and for his friends. And it is more than likely that his success will turn out to be of this evanescent sort. It is natural, at every great political crisis, that people should think the world is coming to an end. Just at present it seems as if the foundations of the broad earth were being moved, and the British Constitution were shaking like an aspen in a storm. The fact is that we shall survive the crisis, and perhaps scarcely feel the change. Parties will settle down, docked perhaps of a few well-known faces, into their

old grooves. After Lord GRANVILLE's speech the other day in the House of Lords, can any sober person believe that the Whigs do not mean to give themselves a little shake, and then to resume their old position at the head of the Liberal party? Of course they mean it. Their interests, their habits, their sympathies all drag them in this direction. One thing, which the past Session (we should have imagined) has clearly proved, is that it is not an easy matter in England to remove the landmarks of party. Divert the stream for a time—it soon finds its way either by open or subterranean adits into its old channel. Party discipline in the case of the Tories has turned out stronger even than party honour. What, on the other hand, has become of the Adullamites—the amiable group who thought it was their mission to remodel parties and to initiate ingenious coalitions? They are nowhere. They have been ground to powder between the two wheels of Radicalism and Conservatism. Mr. LOWE retains his individuality without retaining his influence. The tide of another Session will drift him back to his old home among the Liberals. As for Lord ELCHO and Lord GROSVENOR, they have kept no doubt honestly to the last their personal convictions, but they have little real importance or influence in the political world. It is idle in England to attempt to form an independent clique outside the conventional political camps, unless you have great genius, great character, and great social influence to back you. Even then in all probability you will fail, as the Peelites have already failed. The Adullamites never had a chance. And it may without imprudence be predicted that the current of party feeling will run after the Reform Bill as it has run till now. Mr. DISRAELI has perhaps mortified Mr. GLADSTONE, and revenged himself on Lord RUSSELL; but he has not really put an end to the natural alliance between the Liberal party and its aristocratic leaders. The change indeed which he has effected will operate, in the long run, against himself. We venture to say it will turn out that the chief effect of the Reform Bill of 1867 will have been to bridge over the gulf that once separated the true-born Whig from the native Radical.

But as to the Conservatives themselves, what will the Reform Bill have done? It may easily give them a couple of years of office. Such material advancement will, however, have been dearly bought if they have forfeited the respect of Englishmen to gain it. Hitherto the Tory party has had one great advantage. It has not possessed many great statesmen in its ranks; a few men of character and talent it no doubt has reckoned. Its strong claim to confidence hitherto lay in the personal honour of the party. Men have abused the Tories for their prejudices, for their foreign policy, for their Church views, for their adherence to the ideas of the past. When everything had been said against them, Englishmen always at the bottom of their heart believed, till recently, that the Conservatives—their clever leader perhaps excepted—preferred their old opinions to any office, or power, or gain that could be offered to them. Granting that the Tories this year have blown the Whigs to pieces, their own prestige for political integrity, we fear, lies buried in the ruins. The effect of what has been done may not be immediately apparent. But great apostasies, as all experience proves, damage great parties. The time is not far distant—it is nearer possibly than the public fancies—when Lord DERBY must retire from public life. Who is to succeed him as the keeper of Tory honour? As far as personal integrity goes, Lord STANLEY is a worthy successor of his father; but whenever the day comes for Mr. DISRAELI to assume a still more prominent place in a Conservative Ministry, he may perhaps find that it is possible that the Reform Bill of 1867 has cost him more than it has brought him. The aristocratic influence of the bulk of the Whig party may survive the blow, but the character of the Tory party for single-mindedness will not.

AMERICA.

THE summer Session of the American Congress closed, to the general satisfaction, as soon as the oversights of the Reconstruction Acts had been corrected by a Bill passed, as usual, over the PRESIDENT's veto. It is surprising that Mr. JOHNSON should have thought it desirable to invite a new rebuff by his publication of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL's opinion; for, as almost all recent Acts of Congress are unconstitutional, it seems consistent that the administration of the Southern States should be illegal. The minor anomaly is, however, now removed, and the military commanders in the South are fully authorized by Congress to exercise despotic power. There is no doubt that a dictatorship is the shortest road to the social and political revolution which the ruling party in the North has determined

to accomplish. General SHERIDAN and his colleagues are empowered to disfranchise any suspected elector, and to supersede all civil functionaries who may be thought not to deserve the confidence of the Republican party. The white citizens will consequently abstain from voting, and the coloured population will appoint delegates of its own race to the Convention, to frame a Constitution for securing perpetual predominance to the North and its favoured clients. In legislation, as in war, the representatives of universal suffrage displayed both uncompromising vigour and a clear perception of the means by which their objects were to be attained; but the question whether unscrupulous resolution is a principal virtue in peace as in war, still remains to be solved. Congress and its supporters have not even attempted the difficult problem of restoring constitutional government in the South, and the project of controlling the conquered country with the aid of a negro garrison is utterly extravagant, though it may be temporarily successful. It is as certain that a political reaction will ensue, as it is impossible to foresee the exact time of the change. As soon as a narrow majority shifts to the side of the present Opposition, the political power of the negro, if not his nominal rights, will vanish into air.

In common with all possessors of undisputed power, the Republicans forget the uncertain tenure of their supremacy. Three years ago they bore to their adversaries in the Northern States the proportion of eleven to nine; and if the relative numbers are still the same, they are in a considerable minority of the whole population of the Union. Even universal negro suffrage would be insufficient to renew the Republican lease of power without the aid of sweeping disfranchisement. If the Northern minority had commanded even approximate representation in Congress, the PRESIDENT would have prevented by his veto the enormous mass of unconstitutional legislation of which the popular leaders are naturally proud. The unforeseen results which deliberately formed Constitutions sometimes produce are curiously illustrated by the different operation of a large and of a moderate majority. A party which is strong enough to return more than two-thirds of the members of Congress may almost entirely supersede the authority of the PRESIDENT; but as soon as the preponderance is diminished, the executive authority revives, and the Union is again practically governed by a chief magistrate, and not by an assembly. It is indeed not impossible that the Republican leaders might have abolished the veto by Act of Congress, if it had practically impeded their policy; but there is an advantage in forcing an opponent to commit an additional and flagrant act of violence. At some future time it may perhaps be once more the fashion to cite the Constitution as the final test of political controversies; and, notwithstanding the prevalent worship of success, some Americans probably regret the systematic neglect of its provisions. The ruling party has not yet found an excuse for governing Maryland and Kentucky after the manner of Georgia and Louisiana. States which never joined in the war must still have some rights, and the Border States are as much disaffected to the reigning authority as any part of the late Confederacy.

The project of impeaching the PRESIDENT has collapsed, and it is not likely to be renewed. The only penalty that could be legally inflicted would be deposition and incapacity to hold office, and Mr. JOHNSON will retire in due course during the spring of 1869 without the smallest prospect of re-election. It is not unamusing to remember that only two years ago both parties courted the favour of the PRESIDENT by proposing to nominate him as candidate for a second term. The unanimity of condemnation or neglect is now still more complete; and even if it were possible that Mr. JOHNSON should return to office, he must probably have suffered sufficient mortification to render retirement welcome. The habit of appointing the highest functionaries without reference to character or capacity produces singular results in America. There are perhaps not three citizens in the United States who possess less influence and authority than the three surviving persons who have held the office of President—Mr. PIERCE, Mr. BUCHANAN, and Mr. ANDREW JOHNSON. Like seaweed on the shore, they indicate the level of the political tide at the moment of their respective elections, without possessing any importance of their own. Their successors will probably be no less independent of personal merit and of fixed national conviction, although they may be more fortunate than Mr. JOHNSON in the co-operation of a majority, or of a respectable minority, in Congress. Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS is even now urging on his own sect, and on the country at large, the expediency of reducing to a visible absurdity the popular disregard of official fitness. His

proposal that a negro should be elected VICE-PRESIDENT will not be adopted, but it is seriously discussed. That a civilized nation of European descent should gravely consider the contingent acceptance of a liberated African slave as its chief ruler is a more remarkable paradox than the legendary consulship of CALIGULA's horse. Mr. PHILLIPS cannot but remember that several Vice-Presidents, including Mr. JOHNSON, have succeeded to the Presidency; but a desire to startle indifferent persons and to insult adversaries outweighs, with an agitator, the considerations of prudence which might otherwise interrupt the flow of logical deduction. As it is admitted that negroes are qualified, as members of Congress, to take a share in overruling the policy of the PRESIDENT, it is but consistent to affirm their aptitude for the higher and yet subordinate function. Mr. PHILLIPS, however, wishes rather to glorify his coloured client than to provide for the good government of the Republic. As trades' unionists and their admirers hold that the consumer exists for the sake of the producer, American theorists almost always value franchise and office as tending to the advantage of the voter or incumbent rather than to the public benefit.

The contest for the Presidency has been unusually delayed. The election of delegates will take place in the autumn of 1868, and the nominating Conventions will, according to custom, meet in the early part of the summer. The chances are in favour of a general officer; and all parties are, as might be expected, sounding the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF. To great public services General GRANT adds the recommendation of political neutrality, or rather of habitual silence; and accordingly it is easy for Republicans or Democrats to take credit for his popularity as an element of strength in their respective parties. As might be expected, the minority is more urgent than the majority in its pursuit of the only candidate who might perhaps carry the election by his own personal influence. The Republicans hesitate, although General GRANT has lately deserved their favour by ordering his subordinates to carry out the more stringent interpretation of the Reconstruction Acts, without reference to the ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S opinion. Contempt for law would be a strong recommendation to the champions of freedom, if it were certain that General GRANT had not been actuated by military jealousy of civilian officers rather than by a deliberate preference of the wishes of the majority to law. The severer Republicans prefer General SHERIDAN or General THOMAS, as they combine undoubted party zeal with military distinction. General SHERMAN displayed more ability than any other Federal General, and his services are by universal consent esteemed the next in importance after the achievements of GRANT; but General SHERMAN is discredited by his assumption of authority in making, at the end of the war, a military convention which was at the same time an excess of power and a proof of excessive leniency to the defeated enemy. Some of the more earnest Republicans are, not without reason, suspicious of fortunate soldiers, accustomed since the war to the administration of almost absolute power. Although Americans habitually despise the lessons of history, they are acute enough to perceive that a military commander who has been a useful servant may be a formidable master. A violent politician or noisy orator from the Republican ranks would inspire greater confidence than a general who might have affected to be a partisan. It is not certain that the affronts which are every day offered to Mr. JOHNSON would be popular if they were addressed to a President who had won two or three political battles; and the powers of a President who was favoured by the people might easily reduce Congress to its former insignificance. Mr. WADE, Mr. WILSON, or Mr. SUMNER would faithfully represent the exaggerations of the modern Republican policy; and probably any one of the three would become wiser and more moderate under the pressure of official responsibility. A more judicious choice might be made in the person of Mr. ADAMS, who has the casual merit of having been remote from recent political struggles; but perhaps a Republican who has been absent from his country since the beginning of the war may be suspected of an obsolete attachment to the Constitution as it flourished, in universally recognised sanctity, at the time of his departure. It is impossible for foreigners to judge whether a candidate would be recommended or disqualified by an hereditary claim as son and grandson of Presidents of the Union.

When Mr. LINCOLN was re-elected, in 1864, the political opinions of the President were supposed to be vitally important. Four years earlier, one-third of the Confederacy had dissolved the bond of union on the pretext that an unfriendly President had been elected by the votes of a hostile section; after the experience of the last two years it would not be

worth the while of a township to secede through any fear of injury to its interests which could be inflicted by Mr. ANDREW JOHNSON. It is only when the PRESIDENT agrees with the majority, or when parties are more nearly balanced than at present, that the highest office in the United States will involve the possession of political power. Mr. JOHNSON cannot obtain from the Senate the confirmation of any Foreign Minister, and although he is still by title Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, the principal military commanders are required to pay exclusive obedience to the orders of General GRANT. The course of the next Presidency will probably show whether the Constitution has been subverted or merely suspended.

THE PARKS BILL

THE proceedings of the Radical members of the House of Commons on the Parks Bill testify to the powers with which a Parliamentary minority is armed, by the forms of Parliament, for a factious object. The whole of the debate on Tuesday afternoon was made sterile by the Fabian tactics of an Opposition which had no substantive grievance to rest on. In the absence of reasons based on legal or constitutional knowledge, it was found convenient to resort to the most impossible assumptions and the most ludicrous innuendoes. A diffuse conversation, as irrelevant as it was diffuse, only served to indicate, and not to exhaust, the vast resources of unscrupulous invention and fictitious alarm. The arguments which were employed to defeat the Bill would have been appropriate in a comedy in which it was proposed to travesty the forms of constitutional legislation, and deride the commonplaces of popular terror. Lest the simple repetition of foolish objections, which the authors of them knew to be valueless, might not suffice to answer the proposed end of bringing the debate to a resultless conclusion, it was thought expedient to hark back to the memorable incident of the meeting in the Tea-room. A dispute between Mr. LOCKE and Mr. McCULLAGH TORRENS on their respective shares in that singular convention had little to do with the merits of the Bill ostensibly under discussion. But half of the assertions and inferences of its opponents had as little, and were intended to have as little, to do with it. The real object was to postpone indefinitely the passing of a Bill which had the misfortune to offend the prejudices of the less instructed members of the London Reform League. Against such an enactment it was the duty and interest of those whose Parliamentary existence depends upon the pleasure of the League to protest and contend to the utmost. And the best way of defeating the measure was to talk against time as long as possible. The tactics of Tuesday were repeated on Thursday with increased effect. That these tactics have succeeded is a matter of astonishment to the country, no less than of triumph to those who exhibited such singular pertinacity of resistance.

Looking to the history of this question, it is almost impossible to believe in the honesty of those who assert that the object of the Bill was to wrest an acknowledged right from the English people. Generally speaking, Englishmen are as accurate in their conception as they are firm in the maintenance of a right. They take trouble to ascertain its nature, its extent, and its duration. They appeal, not merely to the casual chatter of ordinary gossips, but to the records and traditions of municipal bodies, the memory of the aged, the knowledge of the learned, and the decision of Courts of law. They do not, even in a question of a parochial right of way, content themselves with general assertion made to square with an equally vague assumption. A commoner who is claiming his right of common, and a man who is claiming a right to an inheritance, are equally obliged by law to rely upon the strength of their own, and not on the weakness of their adversary's title. In the case of the Royal Parks this sensible and honest maxim has been wholly reversed. A right is contended for, which none of its advocates could bring one jot of evidence to prove to the desired extent in a Court of law. Mr. TAYLOR and his friends had the audacity to say that the upper ten thousand are conspiring to snatch from the working-classes the inheritance which the latter have received from their forefathers. When men speak against time, they are as little responsible for the correctness of what they advance as drunkards. The slightest research would satisfy—not perhaps Mr. McCULLAGH TORRENS or Mr. TAYLOR, but any dispassionate jury whom they might summon—that no such right ever existed at all, or was ever claimed till the year 1855. That the possessive right of the Crown has been qualified and curtailed by its own concessions is the very utmost that any advocate of popular rights, who retained

any respect for law or for facts, would venture to advance. But the same man could not but avow his conviction that the very nature of these concessions was fatal to the claim now urged. Every possessorial act in turn has been exercised by the Crown, short of one—namely, a prolonged exclusion of the people from the Parks. They have been walled in, planted with trees, planted with flowers by its authority. The admission of equestrians has been regulated by the same authority. Fairs have been allowed, and again forbidden. Carriages have been admitted, then excluded, then again admitted. Masques have been licensed there, and then prohibited. All this has been done by the Crown, without question, cavil, or contradiction. No one has ever required that these matters of regulation should be decided by Act of Parliament, which would have been necessary if the Parks had belonged to the people in the sense urged by those enlightened jurists MESSRS. WHALLEY and TAYLOR. The only thing the Crown has not done (but might have done) was to exclude any and everybody on stated days, and prevent people from passing from one end to the other. Through the neglect of this precaution, the public right of way is held by some lawyers to have been established as against the Crown. Even on this point all lawyers are not agreed. But no lawyer stands up for more than a right of way—i.e. the right of passing straight on from one part of the Park to another. And a right of way is as different a thing from a right of meeting as a single brick is from a house. Strangers may have a right of way over a common; but, if they assemble in bodies so as to disturb the commoners, they are trespassers. Had there been a right of meeting in the Parks, it would have been heard of long ago. The only meetings recorded are those of fairs, which, as we have seen above, were regulated by the orders of the Crown.

So far as history, law, and precedent can decide anything, they are all against the right of public meeting in the Parks. Not only have there been no public political meetings in the Royal Parks, but, till within the last few years, no one ever dreamed of holding them there. There have been great popular gatherings in and about London, but the people who composed them and convened them instinctively went to other places. They went to Clerkenwell, Kennington, Blackheath, Coldbath Fields—in a word, to every other place except the Parks. These they felt to be sacred from their intrusion, and they would have felt so now, had it not been for the mischievous ingenuity of those who trade upon their credulity and sequaciousness. In such a state of things the proper course seems simple and direct. Nine-tenths of the law is against all public meeting; one-tenth is against the absolute jurisdiction of the Crown. It can hardly be contended that it would be desirable to extend that of which there is so little, and destroy that of which there is so much. What is defective in the power of the Crown is due to accident; what has been gained on the side of the populace is due to encroachment. The proper course is to pass a law declaring and affirming the general powers of the Crown, and leaving it to the advisers of the Crown to license particular occasions for public meetings as they choose. And this was the form which Mr. HARDY'S Bill ultimately took.

What the objections could be to this, we do not understand. As we have seen, they rest on no constitutional basis. As little do they rest on any basis of expediency. Already Parliament has passed laws to prohibit preaching in the Parks. Why should it not also prohibit spouting? The one nuisance is quite as great as the other. An illiterate tinker misquoting the Bible and beguiling a mob of ragged urchins into occasional blasphemy is disgusting enough, but his case is so obnoxious that it repels all sympathy. But the gatherings of political agitation, once allowed, would increase in number and strength. In other similar cases this has been deemed a great evil, and punished as such. The Parks of Finsbury and Southwark are protected from it by the imposition of fines. Parks granted by the generosity of private benefactors to provincial municipalities are protected from it by the special wording of their deeds of grant. The new Park of Liverpool is specially guarded against the contamination of public meetings. The Central Park of New York is equally protected from such an invasion; and any citizen of New York would regard a political meeting there as a sacrilege, although its enjoyment is mainly restricted to the rich who ride horses or drive carriages. But in none of these is the mischief of a popular assemblage comparable to the mischief which it would cause in the Royal Parks. Mr. MILL himself (whose practical moderation on Tuesday evening presented so agreeable a contrast to the intemperance of his associates) admits that it would be entirely unbecoming in St.

James's Park. It is evidently as unbecoming in the Green Park. How, then, is it more seemly in Hyde Park? It would interfere with the general recreation of the people there just as much as in St. James's Park. It would prevent the children and nursemaids of shopkeepers and poor folk, no less than of "the aristocracy," from gulping their usual modicum of fresh air; and it would have (as it has had) the additional disadvantage of bringing organized bodies of artisans and craftsmen of the busiest trades some three or four miles from their separate and suburban manufactories through the crowded streets of London. And all for what? Simply in order that the vast assemblage so gathered together should not hear the speeches which it applauded, or the Resolutions which it was supposed to favour. As for petition or discussion, there is not a decent working-man in all London who does not know that not only are these more easy in a room or hall than in the Parks, but that in the Parks they are simply impossible. And there is not a working-man who does not know that the real purpose which the leaders of the League have in view is to secure, not the right of public petition, but the power to frighten quiet people.

Every argument of law, prescription, and expediency was in favour of passing the Government Bill. The *Times*, however, said it was inopportune. Mr. DENMAN, Mr. GILPIN, and Mr. WHALLEY said it was arbitrary and coercive. In vain did Mr. HARDY attempt to conciliate his obstinate antagonists by a modification which absolutely surrendered the principle of the Crown's control. The minority was as hostile to a Bill of police regulations as it was to a Bill which declared the authority of the Crown. The upshot is that, without a title of right, without a jot of title, without deliberation or calm discussion, without inquiry and without knowledge, the Parks are at one swoop made over to the mob of London. The inhabitants of the largest and richest European capital have now the pleasure of reflecting that only the caprice of the populace, and the pacific disposition of Messrs. BEALES, WHALLEY, and DICKSON, stand between them and the occasional saturnalia of organized anarchy. For this cheering reflection we doubt not that the citizens of London will feel due gratitude to Messrs. TAYLOR, DENMAN, WHALLEY, and the *Times*. They may rest assured that the consequences of Thursday's night's division will not terminate with the inconvenience or ignominy of a Ministerial defeat.

THE SESSION.

ON Tuesday the 5th of February the Queen opened Parliament, and among other things said, "Your attention will again be called to the state of the representation of the people in Parliament, and I trust that your deliberations, conducted in a spirit of moderation and mutual forbearance, may lead to the adoption of measures which, without unduly disturbing the balance of political power, shall freely extend the elective franchise." A little more than six months afterwards, on the 12th of August, a Bill passed its third reading in the Lords by which every household in boroughs became entitled to a vote, without any check on his use of the franchise, and without the faintest provision for the maintenance of the balance of political power. The very notion of the balance of power had in this short space of time wholly died away. The history of the Session is the history of the steps by which this singular change of opinion and policy was effected. No one on the 5th of February could have had the smallest conception of the Reform Bill which has proved to be the work of the Session. At the end of the Session no one knows what will be the effect of the measure that has been carried; but the history of the marvellous transformation through which Reform has passed remains recorded in the annals of Parliament, and future historians will find few passages in those annals more surprising or more interesting.

Subsequent revelations have shown that the Cabinet met Parliament without having any views whatever about Reform. The leaders in the Cabinet had been in consultation during the preceding autumn, and had arrived at the vague conclusion that household suffrage, accompanied by some good strong but unascertained safeguards, was the real line for the Conservatives, if they were obliged to take up Reform at all. But they themselves were not sure that this would be necessary, and the word was passed to the organs of the party that many other things were of more importance than Reform, and that the Conservatives would best win the confidence of the country by showing themselves to be good administrators. Immediately, however, before Parliament met there were symptoms that Reform would be demanded; and it was announced that in less than a week after the opening of Parliament there would be one of those demonstrations which were even then said not to be very successful, and which at this distance of time seem in no slight degree ridiculous, but which, as a matter of fact, did agitate a Government which did not dare to come into collision with the mob lest Tories should be thought tyrants, and which did not dare to come into collision with the House of Commons because it was in a minority. The

Cabinet therefore decided that something should be said about Reform in the Queen's Speech—something which would permit the whole question to be shelved for a year by a Commission of Inquiry, if that should seem possible, and something which should permit the Ministry to proceed by Resolutions, if that mild method of preparing for a Reform Bill should be insisted on. Directly the House of Commons met it was evident that a Commission would not do, and the Cabinet proposed a set of Resolutions on Reform which were introduced to the consideration of the House by Mr. Disraeli, on Monday the 11th of February, in a heavy, dull speech, the principal characteristic of which was that he entirely omitted to notice that one of the Resolutions by which, in the opinion of some of his colleagues, the balance of political power was chiefly to be maintained.

The Resolutions were drawn in a manner intentionally vague, but one design pierced vividly through the darkness, and that was the design of avoiding to throw power into the hands of the lowest class, by means of sufficient safeguards, and especially of what was then called the plurality of votes. A considerable amount of time was wasted in discussing the preliminary question, whether it was wise to proceed by resolutions at all; but it soon dawned on men of all parties that, whether resolutions were or were not good things in themselves, the particular Resolutions submitted to the House were far too vague to be of any use. The Ministry was asked what the Resolutions meant, and the Ministry did not answer, because the Ministry did not know. When forced to face the question what they really intended to do in the matter of Reform, there arose a very great difference of opinion among them. Day passed after day, and the Commons and the country got impatient, until it became known that Mr. Disraeli would, on the 25th of February, explain what the Ministry really meant by the Resolutions, while he resolutely declined to be hurried into any earlier explanation.

There was an excellent reason why the fullest time possible should be employed, for the Cabinet could come to no decision. At length, on Saturday, February the 23rd, the majority of the Cabinet decided on proposing a scheme of household suffrage, limited by a variety of safeguards; but an active and influential minority demanded, even at that extreme hour, time for further consideration. Lord Cranborne devoted a laborious Sunday to the anxious consideration of the few data at hand by which the effects of such a measure might be judged, and he, Lord Carnarvon, and General Peel arrived at the conclusion that the proposed safeguards would all fade away, and that the balance of political power would be at an end for ever. They then communicated their views to Lord Derby, and he was not prepared to carry on the Government if suddenly deprived of their aid. The Cabinet met in the afternoon of Monday, the 25th of February, and in ten minutes adopted a wholly new scheme of Reform, and proposed a violent change in the Constitution of the country, of which no single person proposing it approved.

By this scheme, which was subsequently known as the Ten Minutes' Bill, it was proposed to establish four kinds of fancy franchise; to give a dual or second vote to the richer electors; to have a hard and fast line of 6*l.* rating in boroughs, and 20*l.* rating in counties; and to gain, by taking away one member from boroughs with a population under 7,000, thirty seats, fifteen of which were to be given to counties, fourteen to new boroughs, and one to London University. On the following day a meeting of the Liberal party was held, at which Lord Russell formally invested Mr. Gladstone with the leadership of the party, and Mr. Gladstone pronounced in a general way that the Ministerial scheme could not be accepted. On the Thursday following the 26th, a still more important meeting was held at the Carlton, composed of supporters of the Ministry, who thought it had not gone far enough, and wished for a more popular measure. Thus the Ten Minutes' Bill was disapproved of by the Ministry who proposed it, by the Liberals, and by the Conservatives. The work of a sudden compromise, the accident of an hour, it commanded no respect, and died almost as soon as it was born. The Ministry reconsidered its decision, and Lord Derby decided that he would accept the resignation of his colleagues, and revert to that which became known as his original plan, or what might more appropriately be termed the vague notion he had for some time entertained, that household suffrage with safeguards was the right thing. Lord Cranborne and General Peel in the one House, and Lord Carnarvon in the other, explained that they retired because they did not believe artificial safeguards could be maintained. They did not foresee that the Government would ultimately accept a Bill without any safeguards whatever.

An interval necessarily elapsed, during which the successors of the retiring Ministers were re-elected, and Sir John Pakington, who had exchanged the Navy for the Army at a moment's notice, enlivened the election at Droitwich by a candid account of the wonderful story of the Ten Minutes' Bill, which he mildly said was a mistake. On Friday, March 15, Lord Derby adopted the bad practice, far too frequent at the beginning of the Session, of giving preliminary sketches at private party meetings of the policy of the Government, and on Monday, March 18, the Bill—the Bill which, after being almost entirely recast, has become law—was brought before the House of Commons. After a discussion, in which he seemed to take much interest, on the difference between popular privileges and democratic rights, Mr. Disraeli proposed a 15*l.* rating franchise in counties, and kept the scheme of redistribution and the fancy franchises as they stood in the Ten Minutes' Bill. In the boroughs he proposed household suffrage, with the

safeguards of personal payment of rates, two years' residence, the dual vote, and voting papers. Mr. Gladstone followed, and spoke in the tone of a man who had a sure majority at his back, and could dictate his own terms. He then for the first time introduced the House, the Government, and the country to the mysterious existence and nature of the Compound Householder. He was minute, diffuse, and in the main right; but few of his listeners understood him, and when he passed on to topics which every one could comprehend, ridiculed the fancy franchises, and especially that by which a vote would be given to every one who wore hair-powder, derided the dual vote as already abandoned, and said that lodgers must have votes, there was a feeling that these things, however true, might have been put more mildly, and that pride was perhaps only going before a fall. On the following Thursday he held a meeting of his supporters, and in deference to the strong feeling that prevailed, withdrew his intention of opposing the second reading, but insisted that unless great changes were made in the Bill, he must oppose the Speaker leaving the chair.

Already, in his reply on bringing in the Bill, Mr. Disraeli had given an indication of the policy he intended to pursue, and which he has pursued with great tenacity and great success. He wished to conciliate the House, he wished to pass a Bill that would be large enough and bold enough to be a triumph, and at the same time he had to maintain discipline among his own followers. It was necessary to please them and humour them if they were to give up all their prepossessions, and abandon all their principles. In order to do this he had recourse to two turns of art. He treated all his colleagues except Lord Stanley as completely his subordinates, and he fanned into a flame the dislike to Mr. Gladstone which was largely felt by men of all shades in the House. By the first of these means he soothed the fears and jealousies of his supporters by showing them that his colleagues had to yield to him as much as the smallest Tory squire had; and by the second he secured a great personal triumph, made the measure his, and not that of a rival, and gave men uncertain of the wisdom of their own conduct the gratification of being at least sure they were hurting a man they hated. Accordingly, when on Monday, the 25th of March, the debate on the second reading took place, after Mr. Gladstone had shown that under the Bill there would be a hierarchy of voters with no less than five stages in the descent; after Mr. Hardy, the first of those who were subsequently known as Mr. Disraeli's ninepins, had scouted the idea of any concession; and after Mr. Bright had avowed his apprehension of giving the suffrage to what he then called for the first time "the residuum," Mr. Disraeli closed the discussion by a fierce attack on Mr. Gladstone, and at the same time quietly threw Mr. Hardy overboard, and announced that he was willing to make the great concession of abandoning the dual vote and admitting a lodger franchise, while he treated the taxpaying franchise and the enlargement of the scheme of redistribution as open questions. His policy entirely succeeded. He cowed his colleagues, he overbore his supporters; he crushed Mr. Gladstone for the moment; and he induced a large number of Liberals to think that his advice was right, and that they ought to "pass the Bill and then change the Ministry." It was in vain that Mr. Gladstone called a meeting of the Liberal party and informed them that Mr. Coleridge would move instructions to the Committee. His party rebelled against him, and on the 8th of April he was informed that they would not support him in these instructions. The opportunity was very quickly afforded of testing whether they really meant to break with him altogether. On going into Committee he moved that the voter might pay his rates himself or by his landlord, and thus a distinct issue was raised between him and the Government. On the morning of Saturday, the 13th of April, a majority of twenty-one decided that the conduct of Reform should be in the hands of Mr. Disraeli.

Shortly afterwards Mr. Gladstone wrote a letter to Mr. Crawford, in which he stated that he did not consider it advisable that further opposition to the Bill should come directly from himself, although he would assist in making the Bill better if he could. To this resolution he resolutely adhered, and the subsequent amendments of the Bill were introduced on the responsibility of independent members. But Mr. Gladstone had a policy to promote as well as a personal contest to fight. He was strongly impressed with the inexpediency of introducing the complications of the compound householder into political voting, and he was strongly against making a difference between the new voters and the old ones. On the other hand, he wished to have some limit on household suffrage, and was therefore willing to draw the hard and fast line of a 5*l.* rating suffrage. The division of the 15th of April got rid of the hard and fast line; but it soon became evident that Mr. Gladstone's other two main ideas were not destined to be so speedily rejected. After the Easter recess was over, the House took up the Reform Bill again on Thursday, May 2, and Lord Grosvenor withdrew his scheme for adding a hard and fast line to the other safeguards adopted by the Ministry; and then the real discussion began. A majority of eighty-one pronounced against the clause requiring a residence of two years, and this was especially significant, because Mr. Disraeli distinctly stated on that evening that he did not wish to have the new voters put on the same level as the old; and he further stated that Sir W. Clay's Act, enabling the compound householder to vote, was a bad Act, and ought to be repealed. But the large majority against Government on the residence question warned Mr. Disraeli that he must be prepared to make further concessions, and on Monday,

May 6th, he conceded the lodger franchise, and on the 9th he consented that the compound householder should be allowed to deduct his full rate from the rent he paid to the landlord, and thus escape the fine which Mr. Gladstone had repeatedly insisted the Bill imposed on him. Faithful, however, to his policy of covering his own weakness under an attack on Mr. Gladstone, he made on May 13th the most bitter and insulting of all his onslaughts on his enemy. He characterized a deputation that had waited on Mr. Gladstone on the Saturday previous as "obsolete incendiaries" and "spouters of stale sedition." He had previously called Mr. Gladstone a Jesuit, and likened him to Loyola, and, satisfied perhaps with this license, or perceiving that public taste recoiled from such violence, he thenceforth grew milder, and let Mr. Gladstone pretty well alone.

But, abuse Mr. Gladstone as he might, he could not help his Bill undergoing rapid modifications. On Monday, the 14th of May, the lodger franchise was fixed at 10*l*. clear annual value, and on Friday, the 17th of May, by a sudden inspiration, and on the motion of a totally unknown member, the House got rid of the greatest of its difficulties, and quietly abolished the compound householder altogether in Parliamentary boroughs; and, although it was at first arranged that compound householders might exist in these boroughs by express agreement between landlord and tenant, the House ultimately refused to permit this, as it promised to be a source of some annoyances and perplexity. The views of Mr. Gladstone had really prevailed. The safeguards of the Government had been swept away. There was no longer any difference between the old and new voters, and there was no longer any compound householder. Mr. Disraeli and the party he led were denounced by Mr. Lowe, in a fine but perfectly ineffectual oration, on the 20th of May; and Mr. Disraeli, who allowed Mr. Henley to answer by pleading that when the pot was boiling over the cook has no choice, gave his own practical reply by moving that the House should have morning sittings to push forward the Bill. The copyhold franchise was reduced to 5*l*., and on the 28th of May the franchise in counties was finally fixed at 12*l*. rating, and the borough at household suffrage, a motion made a few days previously by Mr. Mill to allow women to vote having been rejected by a large majority, but having found seventy-three persons to support it, and the fancy franchisees being summarily disposed of in the first morning sitting.

The discussion of the scheme of Redistribution then began. The Government was upheld by a large majority in imposing on the corrupt boroughs the penalty of absolute disfranchisement. Mr. Mill advocated Mr. Hare's scheme, without finding any supporters; but a revised scheme of redistribution was rendered necessary by Mr. Laing's motion to extend partial disfranchisement to boroughs of a population of less than 10,000 being carried by the large majority of 127, although Sergeant Gaselee's motion to disfranchise entirely the very small boroughs was rejected. On June 13 the new scheme was unfolded. Of the forty-five seats now at the disposal of the Government twenty-five were given to counties, nineteen to boroughs, and one, not to London University, but to London University coupled with Durham University. This audacious project to neutralize the boon conferred on London was only defeated by a narrow majority after four divisions on it had taken place. A majority equally small put an end to Mr. Laing's scheme of redistribution, a prominent feature of which was the creation of three-cornered constituencies, although a majority of 141 pronounced against Mr. Laing's proposal to introduce cumulative voting. There was only one change made in the Government scheme. Four seats were given to the largest of the provincial towns, and taken from the boroughs named in the schedule of enfranchisement—Mr. Disraeli, on seeing the feeling of the House, having bowled over Mr. Adderley, another of his nineties, who had been put up to say that the Government could not give these large towns a third member. The two main parts of the Bill were thus complete, and after the House had rejected the one solitary safeguard still remaining, that of voting-papers, nothing of importance was left. On July 15 the Bill was read a third time and passed, after Lord Cranborne and General Peel had recorded a strong protest against the mode in which the question of Reform had been treated by the Ministry, and against the deception practised on themselves if it was really true that Lord Derby had all along meant to propose and carry household suffrage.

The Bill was taken up at once by the Lords, and the second reading was fixed for the 22nd of July. Lord Grey had given notice that he intended to move a resolution virtually condemning the Bill altogether. It was also expected that he would be able to put the case against the Bill as strongly as any one, for he was not only independent of party, but had studied the whole question of Reform for years. He broke down utterly and irretrievably. Not only was he prevented by physical weakness from delivering effectively what he had to say, but he had nothing whatever to say that could be of use to any human being. Lord Derby explained that he was obliged to take the Bill as it was, because a Reform Bill was necessary, and no other was possible. Lord Cairns had arrived at the conclusion that the only mode of accounting for his advocacy of the Bill was to follow the lead given a few weeks before by Mr. Disraeli, and to assert that he had opposed a limited measure because the superior artisans were Liberal, but that he approved of a sweeping measure because the residuum was really Conservative. Lord Shaftesbury opposed experience to theory, and in an interesting speech explained that he could scarcely believe the residuum to be Con-

servative, because they were entirely unacquainted with and indifferent to everything that Conservatives wished to conserve. The next week, however, the Lords made some modifications in the Bill. An abstract resolution moved by Lord Halifax, to the effect that the scheme of redistribution was unsatisfactory, met with the fate it deserved; so also did Lord Grey's new scheme of redistribution, and his vain attempt to restore the obnoxious compound householder. But motions were successively adopted augmenting the lodger qualification to 15*l*., giving votes for the boroughs to undergraduates, abolishing the reduction of the copyhold franchise, permitting the use of voting-papers, and introducing the principle of the direct representation of minorities by limiting the votes which each elector can give in three-cornered constituencies. The alteration in the lodger franchise which Lord Malmesbury, in the absence of Lord Derby, foolishly accepted was abandoned by a subsequent vote on the motion of Lord Russell; but the other amendments were referred to the Commons, which in a single night, on Thursday, August 8, rejected every one of them, except that providing for the representation of minorities in twelve constituencies. Mr. Bright spoke strongly against this proposal, as did Mr. Gladstone, and as Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli had already done. But it was considered necessary to throw some sort of sop to the Lords. They were content with what they had got, and last Monday recorded their agreement with the Commons by finally passing this wonderful Reform Bill, which is based on principles directly opposite to those recommended by the Ministry, which has alarmed the Opposition, which has been viewed with unconcealed horror and dislike by almost the whole House of Peers, but which, somehow or other, seems to meet with general acquiescence in the country.

The history of the Bill has been the history of the Session. Even when its provisions were not directly under discussion, the most exciting debates or incidents grew out of something connected with it. A satisfactory Boundary Commission was created; a Scotch Reform Bill was proposed, but abandoned for want of time to carry it through; and the Government took courage to announce that it was altogether inopportune to think of a Reform Bill for Ireland. Some food for the love of gossip, which prevails in the House of Commons as everywhere else, was provided by the revelation of the artifices by which Colonel Taylor, the Government whip, was supposed to be corrupting and winning over independent Liberals, and still more by the extraordinary fracas between Mr. Harvey Lewis and Mr. Layard. But if Reform provoked much discussion, it also killed off many subjects that were of importance in themselves. The Government were obliged to withdraw many of their Bills, including a proposed Reform of Bankruptcy Law, and a scheme for amalgamating some of the Courts and increasing the number of Judges. They had also to abandon a scheme for settling in a very faint measure the Irish land question, and a great number of Bills of a semi-ecclesiastical character were either thrown over or put into a very small shape. The Oxford Test Act, the Church-rate Bill, the discussion in both Houses on the Irish Church, the Vestments Bill, the Increase of the Episcopacy Bill, the Oaths and Offices Bill, and the appointment of the Committee on the Ecclesiastical Titles Act, may suffice as examples showing how many questions of this sort may be brought before Parliament, and how unable this Parliament is to deal with them. The deplorable condition of English railways has given rise to some bold schemes for the purchase of them by the Government, and although the Ministry set their faces against this, they seemed far more inclined to consider a project for the purchase by the State of Irish railways. A Bill taking away the remedies of creditors of railways was proposed by Lord Redesdale and extinguished by Lord Cairns; while another Bill, promoted by the Government for arranging the affairs of insolvent railways by the simple means of sacrificing the shareholders, passed the Commons, but was totally remodelled and made innocuous in the Lords. Some slight contribution to the sanitary and social welfare of the people has been made by the passing of Mr. Hardy's measure for altering the operation of the Poor Law with regard to the metropolis, by the Act giving power to the Trades' Union Commissions to make, at Sheffield and elsewhere, the inquiries that have led to such astonishing revelations; and lastly, by the Act increasing the number of manufacturing operations placed under the supervision of Government.

Towards the middle of May, the astonishing weakness of Mr. Walpole reached its climax. All of a sudden he pardoned Toomer, after having repeatedly declared his intention not to interfere with the sentence; and within a few days came the melancholy breakdown of all authority when the leaders of the Reform League held, on the 11th of May, their meeting in Hyde Park which had been expressly prohibited by the Government, but which the Government, after an idle attempt to bully and bluster, had to allow, because it had, as it was all the time aware, no legal power to prevent it. Lord Derby explained that this stupendous piece of folly had been the contrivance, not of Mr. Walpole, but of the whole Cabinet; and unless the Cabinet had just then shown how useful it could be with regard to Reform, it would have been driven from office. As it was, Mr. Walpole resigned, declaring himself to be without the necessary amount of nerve. It could scarcely have been expected that this miserable subject should furnish two opportunities for covering the Government with ignominy; but to the Parks Bill and to Mr. Beales it has been given to destroy the reputation and usefulness of two successive Home Secretaries. Mr. Gathorne Hardy, in

proposing a Bill which he had the temerity to threaten to carry at all hazards, and the weakness to abandon at the dictation of Mr. Taylor and Mr. Beales, has brought the Session to a close by reducing himself to Mr. Walpole's level, and the Government to a pitch of weakness which would be less regrettable did it not give renewed impunity to the mischievous agitators of the League. Certainly in this matter the Government did not show to advantage, and it can hardly be reckoned a credit to them that they secured the passing of the Act guaranteeing the interest on the Intercolonial Railway of North America, that they completed the arrangement of their predecessors with respect to our North American Colonies, or that they proposed and carried a Budget which was a mere plagiarism from that proposed last year by Mr. Gladstone, or that they secured an increase of pay to the army, which experience had proved to be necessary. But it must be owned that in the region of foreign and Indian affairs the Ministry has done well. Lord Stanley maintained the honour of the country in the quarrel with Spain, and did much to avert a European war by the guarantee, whether illusory or not, which he gave for the neutrality of Luxemburg. He also very properly restrained the ardour of some of those who were excited by the sad news of the execution of the Emperor Maximilian, and he reminded his hearers that Parliament is the Parliament of England, not of the world. With regard to India, the Government did an important act of public justice by publishing the severe comments which the Duke of Cambridge had made on the well-known case of Sir William Mansfield and Captain Jervis; and in a debate on the dreadful Orissa famine, the House, with the concurrence of the Ministry, spoke in the strongest language of the shame and regret with which it had heard the history of this awful calamity. Still more recently the Ministry, through Sir Stafford Northcote, has welcomed in a candid spirit the changes in Indian administration proposed by Mr. Ayrton. On the whole, it may be said that in thinking of this Session it is difficult to think of anything but Reform; yet, if the mind is set in other directions, a survey of what has happened out of the sphere of Reform shows not much to praise warmly, but still, with the exception of Mr. Walpole's weakness, nothing to condemn strongly.

SELF-DENIAL.

THERE are few things which are more subject to popular misconception than the proper limits within which egotism should be confined. The casuistical view that our best actions are tainted with selfishness, inasmuch as the secret pleasure we feel in performing a noble or even a generous action is, after all, a selfish one, is a view as old as the hills, and has often been analysed. Like many other logical puzzles, it is based upon a verbal fallacy. It lies in the ambiguous use we make of the term selfishness. When selfishness is employed to denote a fault, we mean by it an extreme and excessive form of a feeling which in itself is neither praiseworthy nor the reverse, and which never can be wholly eradicated from human nature. To apply the word to the simple natural feeling is equivalent to giving it a new signification altogether; and the answer to the dilemma is that a noble action may be called selfish in the latter sense without being at all selfish in the former. The use in each case of an appropriate synonym destroys at once the whole illusion. When men call a good action selfish, they only mean that it is accompanied by a subtle consciousness of self-existence and of personal satisfaction. But a consciousness of self-existence and of personal satisfaction is not undignified or degrading. Selfishness, so long as it exists in the form of a golden mean, is purely and absolutely innocuous. Wherever, indeed, it is indulged to an extreme it deserves all that can be said against it, but the moral odium attaching to the vice ought not to be, and is not except by mere quibblers, extended to the blameless instinct.

The truth is that a certain amount of egotism is necessitated by the fact that man is a thinking and a sentient being. He is a centre of consciousness. That he feels everything which he does feel as happening to himself, and that he regards every object which presents itself from a personal point of view, is simply one of the conditions of his existence. There is no such thing possible as impersonal feeling or impersonal thought. The sense of self is the beginning of all sensation and of all reflection, and without it the rudest and most elementary mental growth would be impossible. Memory, for instance, is the foundation of all our human faculties. Unless we were all to string the recollection of one sensation on to the next, we should never be able to distinguish or to compare, far less to generalize, to name, or to define. And memory implies self-consciousness. It connotes one and the same intelligent centre, and a succession of external objects which this centre perceives or notices. Observation itself—to go back further, if possible, even than memory—is a complex movement. So far as it is rational at all, it involves consciousness. The sense that there is a self involved in the sense that there is something beyond and external to one's self. We may therefore say, with truth, that egotism is a condition of all human intelligence. It is in this way, and in this way only, that the famous "I think, therefore I exist" of Descartes can be taken as a philosophical axiom. As a logical syllogism, it is a vicious and untrustworthy *petitio principii*, begging as it does the whole question of personal individuality. But so far as it merely serves to express the truth that all thought involves the idea of personality, so far it cannot be impeached. Egotism accordingly is, as we have said above, a form of thought, a law under which we both perceive and con-

ceive notions in our minds. An ingredient so deeply rooted in our nature cannot of course be absent from our actions, and must be imbedded both in our virtues and in our vices. To ask that man shall cease to be in a certain sense egotistical is therefore to ask that he should return to the base and unintelligent vitality of a being who neither felt, nor thought, nor improved. People who complain that even virtue is selfish, to be consistent, ought to add that it is selfish very much as consciousness itself is selfish.

It follows that, like all other natural instincts, egotism only becomes blamable when indulged under improper circumstances, or to an improper degree. The entire difficulty of ethics lies in drawing the line at which self-satisfaction ceases to be harmless. It is so hard to attempt to lay down any stable definition upon the subject that both religion and morals furnish us with a whole series of maxims, some of which seem to recognise and sanction, some to condemn and to repudiate, the notion of self-seeking and self-interest. On the one hand, sacred writers urge as a general duty the forgetfulness of self. On the other hand, they warn us of the paramount interest every man has in saving his own soul. The golden rule of Christian practice is itself not wholly devoid of ambiguity. We are to love—so we are told—our neighbour as ourselves. Love of self accordingly is a feeling which, if not inculcated, is at all events acknowledged, and put forward as a sort of standard by which to measure our philanthropy. The ordinary code of morality makes the same kind of allowance for the ultimate facts of our nature as does religion. Honour, dignity, independence, magnanimity, are all virtues which depend on the cultivation within due bounds of the instinct of egotism. The duties of humanity, charity, self-sacrifice, patriotism, and generosity are not thought to be inconsistent with these or with any of them. But the inordinate indulgence of self is discouraged by the law of morality no less, and, if we are to believe M. Comte and his followers, even more than by the precepts of Christianity. It remains therefore to be seen whether any clear rule can be laid down which will enable us to determine how far self-indulgence is desirable, and at what stage it becomes reprehensible.

If self-denial is always right, it is plain that life to most of us would be not merely intolerable, for that is nothing when we are considering questions of right and wrong, but absolutely impossible. It is because self-denial is not in itself a virtue that we think we have a right to smile at, or at least to abstain from imitating, the conduct of all the voluntary martyrs of whose lives religious history is full. Grant that every natural impulse is *prima facie* to be contradicted and extinguished, is there any final act of devotion and self-abnegation from which a man ought to shrink? The theory of a conventual life, for instance, is that celibacy at all hazards should be chosen. Yet, if all men and women acted up to these counsels of perfection, how would the world be peopled? And if every one who marries embraces a less perfect vocation, we are reduced to the melancholy position that the perpetuation of the race is the result of its inferiority in virtue. Again, it is because the ascetic believes that the flesh and the senses should be mortified that he eats bread and water when other men drink wine, watches and prays while they sleep, and emaciates his body by discipline and severity. The difficulty is to see why, with his principles, he ought to eat and drink at all. Every additional hour of abstinence is so much gained, on his theory, at the expense of the flesh, and to refuse to gratify the last and most extreme cravings of nature would be a final and crushing victory over the world. He would urge, no doubt, in justification of his inconsistency, that it is wrong to interrupt by wilful acts of our own the term of life allotted to us. But surely abstinence, emaciation, vigils, self-torture, all tend to shorten life. His argument, accordingly, must be that it is proper to shorten life a little, but not to shorten it abruptly; that suicide may be committed by degrees, but not on a sudden. Once admit that the mortification of a sense is, *ipso facto*, virtuous, and we shall find ourselves in a labyrinth of casuistical scruples from which there is no escape. Let us suppose the case of a very conscientious schoolboy trained on the sternest principles of self-examination and self-denial. Is he or is he not to take mustard with his beef? Consciousness tells him that mustard on the whole is pleasant. To dispense with it, accordingly, will be a self-denying act, tending so far as it goes to strengthen and confirm him in a habit of restraint. Why, however, should he stop there? Why not abstain from the beef as well as the mustard? Why ever taste anything but the simplest bread and water? The only possible answer is that a certain amount of relaxation is desirable in the interest of health. But in giving this answer we are departing from our former standard, and setting up a new measure of right and wrong. If we are to look in future to health as the object to be aimed at, natural impulses are no longer to be repressed. Many less extreme illustrations might be taken to prove that to make self-denial the rule and self-indulgence the exception would lead to the paralysis of all action. Ambition, for example, is a passion common to us all. Ought it, in theory, to be crushed and disregarded? Should a man refuse success when it is within his reach, in order that he may not indulge or exalt himself at the expense of others, or that he may chasten and discipline his spiritual nature? Was Dante right in denouncing as a mortal sin the abdication of Celestine V., and were the angelic voices which urged the much-abused Pontiff to resign so many utterances of the tempter? We can well conceive of casuistical doubts which would urge a man to refuse all distinction, all success, all fame, and wealth, for the sake of mortifying his desires. To what lengths should such severity be carried, and where ought it to stop?

There is no escaping from these logical perplexities except by abandoning the view that self-denial is in itself a good. The truth is that it never is an end; occasionally, or even frequently, it may be like everything else, a means. Morally it differs in no respect from self-indulgence. Both are purely colourless in an ethical point of view, and only receive a moral colour from circumstances and seasons. The gratification of instinct is not vicious unless it transgresses bounds. There is no harm in nature till nature contravenes law. The only ethical condition, therefore, to which egotism is subject, must be that the principle of self ought not to be permitted to violate any higher principle than its own. And this leads us directly to the consideration what the higher principle is that ought to limit and confine egotism. We conceive that there is no mystery about it. The duty we owe to the species to which we belong is the paramount duty to which all else are subordinate. It is equally inaccurate to say that self-preservation is the first law of nature, and to say that it is no law of nature at all. Society and mankind take precedence of number one, but number one is not the less a natural, and therefore a legitimate, object of interest and solicitude.

There are some advantages to be gained by retaining about words like egotism and self-indulgence a flavour and atmosphere of disapproval, though the practice of giving them a bad name leads, as we have seen, to mistaken notions about their real moral value. The reason why the notion of self should be permitted to suggest the notion of what is wrong is that it is easier imperceptibly to slide into the excess of self-indulgence than into the opposite extreme of self-denial. The odium affixed by moralists to the term selfish is, then, a sort of danger signal. It warns us against the particular error to which we are most prone. Men seldom err from too absolute a devotion to the welfare of others, but they frequently do so from too absolute a devotion to their own. It is the most lawful instincts that are most easily abused. As a sort of warning against excess we fasten on them, by way of caution, an appellation which they do not necessarily deserve. All the various forms of egotistical instinct suffer in this way. The feeling is, in the case of some of them, necessarily excessive, yet the term applied to them connotes unjustly in the first instance excess. Pride, vanity, jealousy, ambition, self-indulgence, appetite, are all forms which the egotistical instinct assumes, and which under proper conditions are absolutely indifferent. We talk at times of a proper pride, a harmless vanity, a laudable jealousy, a noble ambition, moderate self-indulgence, and a lawful appetite. The names, however, sound, so to speak, in excess, and act as so many alarm-bells. The same fate has befallen the generic name of egotism itself, and has given rise to much confusion and misapprehension.

FOOLISH VIRGINS.

THE heroines of the London season—the fillies, we mean, who have been entered for the great matrimonial stakes, and have been mentioned in the betting—have by this time exchanged the fast pleasures of the town for the rapid pastimes of the country. We do not of course concern ourselves with those poor simple girls who only repeat the lives and morals of old-fashioned English homes, and who are too respectable and too modest to be pointed at as the girls of the season. We speak of the fast sisterhood only. After three months of egregious dissipation they enter duly upon the next stage of their regular yearly alternations. Three months of headlong folly are succeeded by three months of deadly *amoi*. Action and reaction are always equal. The pains and weariness of moral crapulousness arise in nice proportion to the passion of the debauch. It is a dismal hour when we look on the withered leaves of last night's garland. The lovely and unlovely beings who are now living depressed days far from Belgravia and the Row have, it is true, but joyless orgies to look back upon. Their pleasures gave but a pinchbeck joviality after all, were but a thin lacker spread over mercenary cares and heart-aching jealousies—not the jealousies of passion, but the nipping vulgar vexation with which a shopkeeper trembles lest a customer should go to his rival over the way. Still there was excitement—the excitement of outdoing a rival in shamelessness of apparel, in reckless abandonment of manner, in the unblushing tolerance of impudent speech, in all the other elements of ignoble casino-emulation. Above all, there was the tickling excitement of knowing that all this was in some sort clandestine; that ostensibly, and on the surface, things looked as if they were all exhibiting human nature at its stateliest, most dignified, and most refined pitch. The consciousness that the thin surface only conceals some of the worst elements of character in full force and activity must give a pleasantly stinging sensation to an acutely cynical woman. However, this is all over for a time. For a time the half-dressed young Maenads of the season will be found clothed and in their right minds. And what sort of a right mind is it? We know the kind of preparation which they have had for the business of the season—for flirting, husband-hunting, waltzing, dressing so as to escape the regulations of the police, and the rest. For this their training has been perfect. But wise men agree that education should comprehend training for all the parts of life equally—for pleasure not less than for business, for hours of relaxation as well as for hours of strain and pressure, for leisure just as much as for active occupation. Education is supposed to arm us at every point. Nobody in this world was ever perfectly educated. Everybody has at

least one side on which he is weak—one quarter where temptations are either not irresistible, or else are not recognised as alluring to what is wrong. But we all know that training, though never perfect, can make the difference between a decently right and happy life and a bad, corrupt half-life or no life. What does training do for the nimble-footed young beauties of the London ball-room? It makes them nimble-footed, we admit. And what else?

The root-idea of the training of girls of the uppermost class in this country is perhaps the most absolutely shameless that ever existed anywhere out of Circassia or Georgia. It puts clean out of sight the notion that women are rational beings as well as animals, or that they are destined to be the companions of men who are, or ought to be, also something more than animals. It takes the mind into account only as an occasionally useful accident of body. The mind ought to be developed a little, and in such a way as to make the body more piquant and attractive. Like the candle inside a Chinese lantern, it may serve to light up and show to advantage the pretty devices outside. But the outside is the important thing, and the inside only incidentally. Insipidity of mind is perhaps a trifle objectionable, because there are a few young men of property who dislike insipidity, and who therefore might be lost from the toils in consequence. It is a crotchet and an eccentricity in a man to desire a wife with a bright mind, but since there are such persons, it is just as well to pay a slight attention to the mind in odd moments when one is not engaged upon the more urgent business of the body. You don't know what may happen, and it is possible that the most eligible *parti* of a season may dislike the idea of taking a female idiot to wife. Still it would be absurd to change the entire system of up-bringing for our girls merely because here and there a man has a distaste for a fool. The majority of men are incapable of gauging power of intellect and fineness of character. But the veriest blockhead and simpleton who ever lounged in a doorway or lipped in Pall Mall can tell a fine woman when he sees her, and is probably able to find pleasure and hope in the spectacle. It is these blockheads and simpletons who thus set the mode. They fix the standard of fashionable female education. Education, or the astounding modern conception of it, means preparation of girls for the marriage market. If a girl does not get well married, it were better for her and for her mother also if she had never been born, or had been cast with a millstone round her neck into the sea. Whom she marries—whether a man old enough to be her father, whether a pattern of imbecility, whether a man of a notoriously debauched character—this matters not a jot. Only let him have money. This being the conception of marriage, and marriage being the aim of all sagacious up-bringing, as most men unhappily are more surely taken on their animal than on their rational side, it is perfectly natural that you should strive to bring up a worthy family of attractive young animals. And let us pause upon this. If the idea which, even at its best, would be so deplorably imperfect, were rationally carried out, still it would not be so absolutely pestilent and debasing as it is. Physical education, rightly practised, is a fine and indispensable process in right living. If the system had for its end the rearing of really robust and healthy creatures, it would mean something. On the contrary, however, anybody who makes a tour through fashionable rooms in the season may see that, in a vast quantity of cases, the heroines of the night are just as sorry off in bodily stamina as they are for intellectual ideas and interests. Here we again encounter the fundamental blunder, that it is only the outside about which we need concern ourselves. Let a woman be well dressed (or judiciously undressed), have bright eyes, a whitish skin, rounded outlines, and that suffices. All this a wise English mother will certainly secure, just as a wise Chinese woman will take care to have tiny feet, plucked eyebrows, and black finger-nails. If you go into a nursery you will see the process already at work. The little girl, who would fain exercise her young limbs by manifold rude sprawlings and rushings hither and thither, and single combats with her brethren, is tricked out in ribbons and gay frocks, and bid sit still in solemn decorum. With every year of her growth this principle of attention to outside trickeries and fineries is more rigidly pursued. Less and less every year are the nerves and muscles, the restless activities of arms and legs, exercised and made to purvey new vigour to the life. The blood is allowed to grow stagnant. The life of the woman, even as mere animal, becomes poor and morbid and artificial. By dint of much attention and many devices, the outside of the body is maintained comely in the eyes of people whose notions of comeliness are thoroughly artificial and sophisticated. But how can there be any health with high eating, little exercise, above all with the mind left absolutely vacant of all interests? The Belgravian mother does not even understand the miserable trade she has chosen. She is as poor a physical trainer as she is poor morally and intellectually.

The truth is that in a human being, even from the physical point of view, it is rather a dangerous thing to ignore the intellect and the emotions. Nature resents being ignored. If you do not cultivate her, she will assuredly avenge herself. If you do not get wheat out of your piece of ground, she will abundantly give you tares. And there can be no other rule expressly invented for the benefit of fashionable young women. Their moral nature, if nobody ever taught them to keep an eager eye upon it, is soon overgrown, either with flaunting poison plants, or at best with dull grey moss. The parent dreams that the daughter's mind is all swept and garnished.

Lo, there are seven or any other number of devils that have entered in and taken possession, more or less permanent. The human creature who has never been taught to take an interest in what is right and wholesome will, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, take an interest in what is wrong and unwholesome. You cannot keep minds in a state of vacuum. A girl, like anybody else, will obey the bent of the character which has been given either by the education of design or the more usual education of mere accidental experience. Everything depends, in the ordinary course of things, upon the general view of the aims and objects of life which you succeed, deliberately or by hazard, in creating. A girl is not taught that marriage has grave moral and rational purposes, itself being no more than a means. On the contrary, it is always figured in her eyes as an end, and as an end scarcely at all connected with a moral and rational companionship. It is, she fancies, the gate to some sort of paradise whose mysterious joys are not to be analysed. She forgets that there are no such swift-coming spontaneous paradises in this world, where the future can never be anything more than the child of the present, indelibly stamped with every feature and line of its parent. This castle-building, however, is harmless. If it does not strengthen, still it does not absolutely impoverish or corrupt, characters. Of some castle-building one cannot say so much. Character is assuredly corrupted by avaricious dreams of marriage as a road to material opulence and luxury. There is, indeed, no end to the depraved broodings which may come to an empty and undirected mind. If the emotions and the intellect are not tended and trained, they will run to an evil and evil-propagating seed. Rooted and incurable frivolity is the best that can come of it; corruption is the worst.

People madly suppose that going to church, or giving an occasional blanket to a sick old woman, will suffice to implant a worthy conception of the aims of life. At this moment, some mothers are perhaps believing that the dull virtue of the country will in a few days redress the balance which had been too much discomposed by the rush and whirl of the town. As if one strong set of silly interests and emotions could be effaced at will by simple change of scene, without substitution of new interests and emotions. Excess of frivolous excitement is not repaired or undone by excess of mere blankness and nothingness. The dreariness of the virtue of the *villeggiatura* is as noxious as the whirl of the mercenary and little virtuous period of the season. Teach young women from their childhood upwards that marriage is their single career, and it is inevitable that they should look upon every hour which is not spent in promoting this sublime end and aim as so much subtracted from life. Penetrated with unwholesome excitement in one part of their existence, they are penetrated with killing *ennui* in the next. If mothers would only add to their account of marriage as the end of a woman's existence—which may be right or it may not—a definition of marriage as an association with a reasonable and reflective being, they would speedily effect a revolution in the present miserable system. To the business of finding a husband a young lady would then add the not less important business of making herself a rational person, instead of a more or less tastefully decorated doll with a passion for a great deal of money. She might awaken to the fact, which would at first startle her very much no doubt, that there is a great portion of a universe outside her own circle and her own mind. This simple discovery would of itself effect a revolution that might transform her from being an insipid idiot into a tolerably rational being. As it is, the universe to her is only a collection of rich bachelors in search of wives, and of odious rivals who are contending with her for one or more of these too wary prizes. All high social aims, fine broad humanizing ways of surveying life, are unknown to her, or else appear in her eyes as the worship of Mumbo Jumbo appears in the eyes of the philosopher. She thinks of nothing except her private affairs. She is indifferent to politics, to literature—in a word, to anything that requires thought. She reads novels of a kind, because novels are all about love, and love had once something to do with marriage, her own peculiar and absorbing business. Beyond this her mind does not stir. Any more positively gross state one cannot imagine. There are women who are by accident more degraded physically. *Mutatis mutandis*, there are none more degraded, morally and intellectually, than those whose minds are constantly bent upon marriage at all cost, and with anybody, however decrepit, however silly, and however evil, who can make a settlement.

COUNTY EXPENDITURE.

THERE is no subject on which it is easier to get up a good cry, and to win local popularity by getting up such a cry, than by telling the rate-payers of a county that their magistrates are wasting their money. The thing has such a plausible sound about it. A body of men whom nobody elects, and who are responsible to nobody, do what they please with the money of a whole shire. They vote away for the Gael or the Aeylum or the Militia Stores the pounds, shillings, and pence of people who never commissioned them to vote away their money, and who cannot call them to account for the way in which they vote it away. The local paper tells the rate-payers that a rate has been voted; it would be too much for the most vigorous declaimer to say that their pockets will tell them that the rate has been paid; but they know that it is paid somehow, and they know that they have no control, direct or indirect, over

the way in which it is spent. In such a state of things, if anybody chooses to go and say that the way in which it is spent is a bad way, he is sure to find ready listeners. Men like to be told that they have a grievance, and here is a grievance which has a twofold merit. First of all, it is a grievance which seems very likely to be a real one, and secondly it is a grievance which has a good deal of the charm of mystery about it. People know that there is such a thing as a county-rate and that they pay it. But the county-rate is so jumbled up with other rates that a man must be an unusual careful guardian both of the public purse and of his own, if he knows exactly how much he pays. He is therefore apt to fancy that he pays a great deal more than he really does. The sums voted seem large in the aggregate; it is an easy inference that they are too large. He has no control over the way in which they are laid out; he cannot check it either by himself or by any representative; it is a natural inference that the way in which they are laid out is reckless and wasteful.

The truth of course is that our county magistracy, looked at with the eyes of any theory, is something utterly anomalous, and that its functions with regard to finance are the most anomalous of all. A Court of Quarter Sessions would seem equally unintelligible to a Swiss and to a Prussian. Here are the most important interests of a district committed to a body of men appointed nobody can exactly tell how or why, a body of men who are neither representatives of the people, according to the Swiss theory, nor agents of the Government, according to the Prussian theory. Possibly a little inquiry might show that, of the two characters, they do in practice come nearer to the republican model. The magistrates of a county, though not elected by the people, are, on most points, pretty fair representatives of the people, and the one or two points in which they are not so do not at all affect their financial character. There is always the appearance, sometimes the reality, of unfairness in having cases under the game-laws decided by men who are so largely game-preservers. But the game-laws have nothing to do with the laying on of county-rates. No rule can be laid down that either a game-preserver or a non-game-preserver is, as such, specially inclined either to economy or to prodigality. In other points the interest of the magistrates is simply the interest of the public at large. The magistrate, though not elective, is, in many cases, the person whom the people would elect. Appointed by the Crown and liable to be removed by the Crown, he has in practice absolutely nothing in common with a Government functionary.

Still there is the theoretical anomaly, and that theoretical anomaly reaches its height in the case of the financial functions of the magistracy. There is no universally accepted doctrine as to any uniform way of appointing judicial or administrative officers. But if there is one principle of which Englishmen have for ages been more tenacious than of any other, it is that no one shall take their money without their own consent. The principle is not only a sound one in itself, but it is one by a discreet use of which most of our other liberties have been gained. No political doctrine therefore is more entitled to our reverence than that which says that men shall not be taxed without their own consent, given either personally or through their representatives. The British citizen is held to tax himself personally in the parish vestry; he is held to tax himself by deputy in the House of Commons. Perhaps a few legal fictions may be necessary to make out so wide a proposition; perhaps our old friend the Compound Householder might claim to be heard on the subject as to matters both parochial and national. The transfer of the taxing power from the primary assembly to representative bodies, highway boards and the like, is of course no departure from the principle. And the principle is undoubtedly in itself one both sound and ancient, and it is not without reason that it has so deeply impressed itself on the minds of Englishmen. A distinct and open departure from it at once strikes the mind as an anomaly. And such an anomaly is undoubtedly to be found in the matter of County Expenditure. While the highest and the lowest taxation is dealt with either by the tax-payer himself or by those whom he has commissioned to represent him, over the taxation of the shire the ordinary tax-payer has no influence whatever. He has no personal voice in the matter; he has no voice in appointing those who have. As far as a theoretical anomaly goes, it would be hard to find one more glaring. The appointment of County Financial Boards, to consist no longer of magistrates only, but to consist wholly or in part of persons chosen by the rate-payers, is a thing which has been ever and anon heard of for many years past. And, in point of theory, there can be no doubt that it would be simply extending to one exceptional kind of taxation the rules which the law of England has for ages applied to every other kind.

The theoretical anomaly is palpable; but it is by no means clear that the practical grievance is at all of the same amount. The plain truth is that, though the magistrates are not formally a representative body, yet they are a representative body in practice. They are rate-payers, with the same interests as other rate-payers. And, though undoubtedly it would be easy in every county to point out stupid men who are on the commission and wise men who are not on it, still the magistrates on the whole may be expected to be the class of rate-payers who have most enlightenment as to the general principles of expenditure, and most experience as to its details. To hear the way in which some agitators talk, one would think that magistrates had an interest in keeping up a lavish expenditure, instead of having a very distinct interest in keeping it down. We have come across declamations which almost sound as if their authors believed

that the magistrates pocketed the county-rates, instead of having to pay them. And people who have too much sense to talk in this way often talk as if the transfer of the taxing power from the magistrates to some elective body would necessarily imply a reduction of expense. The truth is, there is no reason to believe that the establishment of County Financial Boards would sensibly lessen county expenditure; it certainly is not likely to do so except by diminishing the efficiency of county administration. A Court of Quarter Sessions is much like any other assembly. A good deal depends upon circumstances, on the temper of the Court and the like; a grant may be got at one time which could not be got at another. But this is true of all assemblies, from the House of Commons downwards. It is certain that, as a rule, the vice of such a Court is not lavishness in spending. Every proposal for spending money is rigidly canvassed. In every county there will always be magistrates who devote themselves to the same jealous care of the local expenditure which national economists in the House of Commons bestow on the national expenditure. The function in both cases, if not very gracious, is certainly very useful, and it is apt to be much more effectual in local than in national matters. No one who goes through the accounts of any county, still less any one who compares the accounts of several counties together, will think that county officers are, as a rule, extravagantly paid, or that county money is, as a rule, extravagantly squandered. He might perhaps be inclined to say that the fault lies the other way—that some officers hardly receive as much as their services deserve, and that the general tendency of the Court is far oftener in the direction of niggardliness than in that of extravagance.

Whatever then might be the constitution of the County Financial Boards, it is most unlikely that they could seriously lessen county expenditure, and at the same time keep up county establishments as efficiently as they now commonly are kept up. The chances are that a Financial Board, whatever might be its overflows of zeal just at first, would before long come to look at matters in much the same way in which the magistrates now look at them, and that it would manage affairs neither much better nor much worse than they are managed now. We may fairly suppose that a Financial Board for a whole county, however chosen, would consist of men of a somewhat higher stamp than the average of the present elected members of Poor-law and Highway Boards. Of course, while hinting at niggardliness rather than extravagance as the normal vice of a Court of Quarter Sessions, we fully recognise the existence of an incomparably lower gulf of niggardliness. A Court of Quarter Sessions, with all its weaknesses, does commonly keep itself above the wretched and shortsighted screwing, the penny wisdom and pound foolishness, of too many Boards of Guardians. It is most likely that a Financial Board would do much the same. If it did not, economy would be very dearly purchased at the expense of efficiency.

There is, however, a fallacy which is not uncommonly used by defenders of the present system which they will do well to eschew. The magistrates of a given county are charged with reckless and wasteful expenditure. It is not uncommon for them to answer that their expenditure is not greater, perhaps is less, than that of such and such neighbouring counties. Now such an answer proves nothing. When a mode of management is attacked, it is no answer to say that no more is spent than in other places which are managed in the same way. What is needed is to go through the whole expenditure, item by item, and to show that everything in the management of the county is done at the lowest cost consistent with efficiency.

On the other hand, much might be done towards allaying complaints of this sort by simply showing how very small a burden a county-rate really is. At present the county-rate is something mysterious. It is levied along with the poor-rate. A man therefore, unless he goes through some rather elaborate figures, has no kind of notion how much he himself pays. He not uncommonly fancies that he pays much more than he really does, while, if he takes the trouble to reckon, he will find that his share of a farthing or halfpenny county-rate is something almost imperceptible. And, stranger still, some declaimers have learned the somewhat ingenious but by no means ingenuous trick of talking of county expenditure as a misapplication of the poor-rate. We have heard men of this sort argue, We pay, as we fancy, for the relief of the poor, and the money goes to enrich the Chief Constable and the Clerk of the Peace. That is to say, for the convenience of the rate-payer, and to hinder multiplied visits of the rate-collector, the two rates are levied together. But let any man reckon, and he will find that, while his share of the poor-rate proper is often a really perceptible burden on his income, exemption from his share of the county-rate would leave him hardly perceptibly richer.

The present system, as we started by saying, is no doubt theoretically anomalous. And no doubt, if we were to overhaul the accounts of all the counties of England, here and there we might find matters needing reformation. But we doubt whether, on the whole, the counties are not administered as cheaply as they are likely to be on any principle but that of cheap and nasty. The real question is whether it is worth while to disturb the existing system for the sake of correcting a purely theoretical anomaly.

PARISIAN SIGHTSEERS.

IN any of the great assemblages which have become fashionable of late years there are two things to see—the crowd, and that which serves for a nucleus to the crowd. The persons who travelled into the wilderness to see a prophet would now have no necessity for explaining what it was which they went out to see; they would go principally to look at each other. Indeed the sight, whatever it may be, must have no common merits if it can really enter into competition, considered as a show, with the sightseers. The lions at the Zoological Gardens are very interesting animals, but they can hardly flatter themselves that they are more than a pretext for loungers. The great Paris show is no exception to the rule, whatever may be the justice of its pretensions to the advancement of art and science. To see the objects exhibited is, of course, impossible for any but a small minority. Some ingenious person has demonstrated arithmetically that it would take thrice as much time to bestow a mere glance upon the contents as the whole time for which the Exhibition is open. Fortunately no sane person can be tempted to undertake such a feat. Omniscience is becoming deplorably common, and there are doubtless some people who would consent to be jurors in any or all of the departments; but omniscience to the extent of really taking an interest in all the innumerable contents of the building is fortunately unknown, or is at least confined to that exceptional race of beings, the Correspondents of some of our contemporaries. They can of course pronounce authoritatively on the merits of anything, from a picture to a steam-engine or a benevolent institution; but the enormous majority of sightseers are happily incapable of criticizing any but some infinitesimal fraction of the objects presented to their notice. Unluckily they seldom have the courage to confess this to themselves; the mass circulates through the intricacies of the great labyrinth, staring at everything with conscientious zeal; and when thoroughly dazed and bewildered with the day's work, feels that it has done its duty, and had a delightful holiday. Those who have attained the comparative wisdom of knowing their own ignorance, and who feel—not without a lazy sense of satisfaction—that they neither know nor care anything about ninety-nine hundredths of the products of human industry, have a more rational amusement. It is pleasant to feel that there is such an infinite variety of processes which it is quite unnecessary to understand or appreciate. It is evident that, if a man once gives in to the weakness of acquiring useful knowledge, he is embarking upon a boundless ocean; it is better to sit comfortably on the shore, and leave the enterprise to more inquiring minds. To such a cynic it becomes possible really to enjoy an Exhibition. He is not harassed by the sense of having some section to perambulate, nor haunted by the thought that he has omitted some unparalleled piece of machinery, or failed to do justice to a few acres of textile fabrics. He can look at a picture or two, if so inclined, indulge in a seasonable lunch, and, wrapping himself in systematic indifference to the useful and the beautiful, contemplate the crowd which is unconsciously exhibiting itself. Londoners, it is true, have become tolerably blasé in regard to crowds. A man who has walked down the Strand every day for a few months has had time enough to admire or to detest what Dr. Johnson called the full tide of human existence. Probably, indeed, he has become so accustomed to a crowd that he has ceased to regard it; it is part of the atmosphere in which he lives; the human beings have become to him like the blacks in the air—disagreeable substances to which he never gives a thought till they come into actual collision with him. When, however, he sees the same phenomenon under conditions which give it special prominence, it is possible that his attention may be aroused; he may see what a curious thing it is which has been enveloping him every day of his life. It is true that the Paris building is not well adapted for showing a crowd in mass. It is filtered and strained through innumerable passages, and it is only after a prolonged jostling in multitudinous lanes that the visitor gradually realizes the numbers that are present, or begins to catch any of their general characteristics. Still, a certain amount of patient attention, favoured by a constant repetition of similar objects, will bring out certain results.

In some things every sight-seeing crowd is alike. One is the singular influence of particular objects, which it would be impossible to pick out beforehand, in attracting a crowd, which always makes the same remarks and is of about the same density. It reminds one of the ripple in a torrent, which always comes at the same place, although the particles of which it is composed are incessantly varying. It is strange that the guardians of these favoured spots are not affected by a monomania after the sort of waking nightmare to which they are exposed. There is a steady band of a dozen or more spectators before the group of a stuffed lion and tiger, which appears to have been discussing ever since the Exhibition opened whether the animals are two lions or two tigers, and the discussion will obviously continue till the Exhibition closes. At another place a luckless inventor exhibits a wonderful clock, representing a castle in the island of Elba, from which Napoleon is incessantly issuing, with an army of two generals and a cannon, to the conquest of Europe. He has scarcely finished his evolutions before the clock strikes, and he is at it again. It must be sufficiently depressing to watch this ingenious performance for some months, especially as Napoleon is always tumbling down and having to be propped up again; but to hear his chief general mistaken for him by about the same number of

spectators at about the same intervals of time throughout every day must be positively maddening. This and some other propensities of sightseeing crowds, principally due to their religious desire to get the utmost possible amount of weariness and vexation of spirit that can be had for the money, are universal. It would be more interesting to discover the specialities which distinguish the Paris crowd from that which has been attracted to other Exhibitions. One remarkable circumstance appears to be the prevalence of the English-speaking race. This may be in part a mere subjective illusion, owing to the delicate sympathy which makes one instinctively recognise a dear fellow-countryman even in a town so near to England as Paris. But it seems also to testify to certain British peculiarities. The Englishman, whatever his other faults, has certainly an unrivalled talent for treading on his neighbour's toes. The great virtues of pushing, and of making a noise if he be not satisfied, belong to him pre-eminently. Neither ignorance of the language nor inexperience in foreign travel can quench or eclipse his light. Hence he is admirably adapted for making himself conspicuous in a crowd. Moreover, he has another faculty which is difficult to explain. The portraits which *Charivari* occasionally presents of our national costume and features are certainly not flattering, and stay-at-home Englishmen would indignantly deny that they were like. The women, for example, with long curls and projecting teeth and scraggy meagre figures are unknown in London. No one ever sees them here, or would admit on the strength of home observation that there is any likeness in the portrait. But the singular thing is that they actually appear in Paris in all their native beauty. Whether they are disinterred from some distant county, or whether some Englishwomen systematically adapt themselves when abroad to the preconceived theories of Frenchmen, it is impossible to say; but there they undoubtedly are, justifying the ideal of a *Meess Anglaise* against which we protest at home. The top-booted farmer with the bull-dog appears to be a rarity even in Paris, and is probably copied from *Punch's* portrait of John Bull, and not from the life; but another type of slightly horsey Englishman, with eccentric tendencies about the hat, is alarmingly common, and, together with the lady out of *Charivari*, does much to make his country conspicuous. Owing partly to their costume and partly to their ingenuous manners, our compatriots, together with a few American cousins, certainly give a decided tone to the Exhibition. They are the most pushing and animated and, of course, the most attractive portion of the crowd. Perhaps, too, to our national character we may attribute something of the amazing development of the eating and drinking part of the concern. It is true that it requires French genius to prepare the material, but English appetites probably do the greatest execution upon it. It is not that an Englishman habitually consumes more than other races; but the class which now throngs the Exhibition has apparently a theory of the duty which it owes to itself and its native soil. The first article of this creed is that it should in some measure justify the traditional character of the English race as mighty consumers of beer and ale and solid beef; in the next place, there is the not unfounded belief that Paris is *par excellence* a place for eating; and finally, the national worship of pale ale has in Paris become exalted to fanaticism. Germans, it is true, believe in Bavarian beer, and there are not wanting heretics on this side of the water who are ready to admit its claims to be a rival, and not an inferior substitute, in case of necessity, for the British article. But undoubtedly the bitter beer of our native land has won great triumphs in Paris, and if nothing else does us credit, our national drink will be treated with due respect by all impartial foreigners.

And this suggests what an observer without preconceived impressions would probably hold to be the final cause of the Exhibition. Looking at the great mass of the visitors, it is evident that they hold the objects exhibited to be a secondary affair altogether. They plunge into the tortuous labyrinths of the gigantic shop partly to stare and partly for the pleasure of being in a crowd, but chiefly to get an appetite for luncheon; and in the term luncheon we include all the promiscuous feeding, as the Scotchman would call it, which takes place throughout the day. For, after all, the tangible net result of a visit to the Exhibition is in most cases a vague whirl of machinery and jewellery and pictures and objects of art through the brain, combined with an inordinate desire for something to drink. In such a case Russian tea or American corpse-revivers may be good, but nothing more delicately meets the desire and harmonizes with the general sensation produced than such fluids as lager beer or pale ale, at which one may take a long, satisfying, and often-repeated pull. The Social Science philosopher may poi t with pride to other results of the Exhibition, and may talk wisdom or folly about it without any assignable limit; but the humbler yet not less philosophical observer will observe with pleasure how many thirsty beings have been brought into a position in which they can fully appreciate the blessing of unpretending malt liquors.

HELPLESS PASSENGERS.

A COMMITTEE of the House of Lords has lately been considering whether, in the event of a railway passenger being shut up with a murderer or a lunatic, or being in danger of being burnt to death, it is desirable that he should have any means of making his condition known. Clearly, supposing the ultimate

decision to be in the negative, the position of the traveller by the Limited Mail or the Great Western express is not altogether pleasant. Rugby is eighty-two miles from London, and Swindon is seventy-seven; and the time which even a fast train takes to accomplish this distance must seem long when it has to be employed in keeping down a rising blaze, devising delusions calculated to soothe the brain of a homicidal maniac, or having a hand-to-hand fight with a well-grown convict. It cannot be said, however, that a study of the evidence given before the Committee is consoling as regards the prospect of a speedy escape from these incidents of travel. Perhaps, considering that the witnesses were most of them railway officials, a more satisfactory result was hardly to be expected. Pressure from without is never agreeable to those who have to sustain it, and it may be doubted whether a railway manager ever feels so disinclined to suggest expedients to calm popular fears as when he is being examined for that purpose before a Parliamentary Committee. It must be admitted also that the difficulties in the way of establishing some communication between the passengers and the servants of the Company during a journey are not slight. First of all, the reformer is met by the question, Is the communication to be between the passenger and the guard, or between the passenger and the driver? Upon this point there is a very great difference of opinion. Captain Tyler, one of the inspectors under the Board of Trade, is clear that the passengers ought to communicate directly with the driver. His reason for this is partly technical, "because the engine-driver is the man who has charge of the train while it is in motion," and partly practical, because in this way there would only be one communication to make instead of two, and the chance of failure would consequently be decreased 50 per cent. He would attain this object by means of the electrical machinery now employed by the South-Western Railway in their express trains to and from Exeter, and he estimates that the necessary changes could be made in the rolling stock of every Company in Great Britain and Ireland for 127,990*l.* On this latter point Mr. Allport, the Manager of the Midland Railway, joins issue with him immediately. He reckons that the outlay necessitated by the adoption of Captain Tyler's proposal would amount to nearly 500,000*l.* This discrepancy is explained very easily. Captain Tyler allows for the apparatus being fixed to every passenger carriage; Mr. Allport assumes that it will be attached to every goods truck as well. The argument for this latter view is that there are very few lines in which passenger carriages and goods vans can be invariably, or even usually, separated. Perishable articles, fish especially, are regularly brought to London and other large towns by passenger trains; and as the portion of a train detached or taken on at each place is made up of both carriages and trucks, it is impossible to keep the latter together in the rear of the carriages without making up the train afresh at every junction—a process which of course involves a very considerable delay. To this Captain Tyler answers that the telegraphic wire can perfectly well be carried from one carriage to another over several intervening trucks, and thus the necessity of fitting the apparatus to the whole rolling stock would be avoided. It would be sufficient to adapt it to all passenger carriages. In this view he is supported by Mr. Preece, the inventor of the South-Western apparatus. He states that there is no difficulty in continuing the communication over carriages not themselves adapted to it. "We connect across," he says, "by a wire which is carried in every guard's van. It is an exceedingly easy operation, and it is done by any porter." And he states further, that for some months the Scotch expresses on the Great Northern line were fitted up with his apparatus, "and it had to undergo all the vicissitudes which a long train would have to undergo under any circumstances in England."

So far the scientific witnesses. When we come to the business witnesses, the tone adopted is somewhat different. Neither the manager of the South-Western nor the manager of the Great Northern deny that what Captain Tyler and Mr. Preece propose can be done. They only throw doubts upon the possibility of its being done universally. And no doubt it is one thing to say that a wire can be carried across from carriage to carriage in any given instance, or even in the case of one small class of important trains, and quite another thing to say that this can be done under all circumstances, and with every passenger train throughout the day. At all events the process would be very much simplified if the passenger carriages on all lines were provided with the same apparatus. There is a consensus of witnesses to this effect. They all say that the law ought to prescribe, not only the use of a means of communication, but the use of some one means. On the whole this seems reasonable. It is open no doubt to some objections, especially that it very much closes the door against scientific improvements. But, after all, the point of most importance is that some communication be established. For the few purposes, and on the rare occasions, for which it is wanted, even a less effective method will be of more value if it is common to all lines, and can be used by the servants of all Companies. Between the various electrical systems now in use the differences are only in points of detail, and it is quite possible that a Committee appointed by the Board of Trade might devise some cheaper machinery which would answer the same purpose. If that were not possible, however, we see no serious hardship in compelling the Companies to fit the apparatus selected to all their new rolling stock and to a certain proportion of their old stock. Even taking Mr. Allport's outside estimate, 500,000*l.* is not a very large outlay

when it is shared by every railway in the three kingdoms, and distributed over a series of years.

We have gone a good deal beyond the question whether the communication, if made at all, should be made to the guard or the engine-driver. The chief objection to the latter course is that the driver will feel morally bound to stop when the bell rings, and that this will constantly be productive of the greatest danger to the whole train. Where the number of trains is large, and many of them run long distances without stopping, a train brought to a standstill in the interval between two stations, with no signal near, will often run the risk of being overtaken by the following train. The Irish and Scotch mails, for example, leave Euston within fifteen minutes of each other, and an unforeseen stoppage of the former might be disastrous in the extreme if it were prolonged beyond the quarter of an hour which separates the two. This danger would be met if the communication were made to the guard, and the guard was instructed to examine the cause of it for himself before stopping the train. Here, however, we are met by another difficulty. The only way by which the guards can pass along a train with the present carriages would be by means of footboards, and the experience of foreign railways proves that this method cannot be adopted without a certain average loss of life on the part of the guards. Captain Tyler estimates by a comparison with Belgian statistics that in England twelve guards a year would be killed in this way, and this without making any allowance for the greater speed at which English trains travel. The only means by which footboards could be rendered safe—the addition of an outside handrail—cannot be resorted to owing to the narrowness of the lines, and the danger of coming in contact with passing trains, or with bridges and platforms. Captain Tyler suggests that all carriages shall in future be constructed with an internal communication down the centre, as is the case on some foreign lines. In this way the guard would be able to pass rapidly along the entire length of the train, and to go into the carriage from which the alarm had come before signalling to the driver. It seems a point for consideration whether the companies ought not ultimately to be compelled to build all their new carriages in such a way as to satisfy this requirement. At present all that seems possible is to lay down a few precise rules relative to stopping trains after an alarm has been given—such as a prohibition to stop except in front of a signal or at a station; and then it seems that the communication may as well be direct with the driver as with the guard, the only value of its being made to the latter in the first instance being in the supposition that he can ascertain the cause of the alarm before acting on it.

Another difficulty which is much dwelt on by the railway managers is the temptation to damage the carriage they are travelling in which seems so irresistible to a certain class of passengers. Not a day passes without straps, linings, or cushions being wantonly cut, and lamps or glasses broken. The practice is not peculiar to London, for the manager of the Great Northern says that it is just as prevalent in Yorkshire. "They are fond of a bit of fun, and they cut our carriages enormously; they cut the leather off." It is not the regular travellers who act in this way, but the "local passengers, to whom no responsibility attaches." The sense of having a long distance to go, and the possession of luggage, seems to sober these exuberant spirits; or perhaps it so greatly increases the chance of detection as to make the amusement rather too dangerous. It is a very reasonable deduction that to a passenger who cannot keep his hands out of mischief when they have no more exciting occupation open to them than digging a knife into a cushion, the presence of a piece of comparatively delicate machinery would have an irresistible attraction. This fact is urged as a reason against applying the communication to any but long trains, but it is probable that it would be sufficiently provided against by the adoption of the method in use on the South-Western carriages, combined with the infliction of a severe penalty if a train were wantonly stopped. On this line the arrow which rings the bell is protected by a glass which has to be broken before the signal can be given, and the broken glass enables the guard to discover from which carriage the alarm has proceeded. This precaution is also of use against another class of passengers almost as dangerous as those of whom we have been speaking. Exaggerated timidity may be as strong an inducement to needless signals as the love of mischief itself. But a nervous woman who feels danger in every oscillation of the carriage, or hears it in every whistle of the engine, will usually think twice before she takes such an extreme measure as thrusting her hand through a piece of glass; while in the two special risks against which a communication with the guard or driver would be a preventive—fire, and the fracture of a wheel, the symptoms are so unmistakable that the most unobservant traveller can hardly fail to know when the time has come for taking the necessary step. In the case of assaults for whatever purpose, either upon men or women, any means of calling the guard's attention can only be of partial use. There is always the danger that the violence which makes it necessary to summon assistance may be successfully exerted to prevent the summons being given. This risk could only be perfectly removed by a construction of carriages which would seriously interfere with the privacy of the several compartments. Whether such a change as this would be really popular with English passengers is perhaps doubtful. But it seems clear that perfect security is only attainable by a certain amount of publicity. The prevention, however, of dangers arising out

of the motion of the train, as distinguished from those arising out of the conduct of the passengers, may be dealt with separately; and we see no reason why some such method as that invented by Mr. Preece should not be made compulsory upon all lines, with some concessions as to the time of its adoption, some limitations as to the manner in which the signal is to be obeyed, and some definite and appreciable punishment for needless or wanton alarms.

SCIENCE AND ART IN PARLIAMENT.

ALL work and no play makes Parliament, as well as Jack, a dull boy. It was high time for the senators, such of them at least as are left in session, to take a turn at high jinks. It is with Parliament as with a boarding-school; just before breaking up, the reins of discipline are sensibly slackened, and the holidays are practically anticipated. It is hardly in human seriousness to find fault with the House if, when the government of the country and ten speeches per night are given over to Mr. Ayrton, weary nature rebels, and reaction sets in. After Mr. Gladstone's earnestness, Mr. Bernal Osborne's facetiousness is only too natural. Now and then the license goes a little too far; as when Mr. Whalley insults the Speaker to his face, and the House shows almost as much amusement as indignation at the sport. On Friday in last week the House of Commons gave itself over to unmitigated fun. All the well-known and recognised butts of Parliamentary wit and railery were set up for a final pelting. "Sing old Rose and burn the birches" was the order of the day. The occasion was, of course, the vote for Science and Art. The meet was at South Kensington; the well-known stag, Mr. Cole C.B., was turned out for the day's sport; and Mr. Bernal Osborne did duty as first whip. There was a very good run over fair hunting country, and the stag, being familiar with it, after showing excellent spirit, doubled back to the spot from which he was uncared, and was safely taken, and promises many excellent runs for very many seasons.

If it were possible to speak seriously on a subject which everybody treats as a standing joke, we should say that this jest of science and art is a most expensive one. According to Cocker—only the accountant's name happens to be Simkins—we spent last year 125,000*l.* on science and art, of which moderate sum the South Kensington sponge sucked up more than 96,000*l.* The really useful and valuable institution at Jermyn Street and the Geological Survey cost only 16,000*l.*, and the modest necessities of Scotland and Ireland absorbed the balance of 13,000*l.* This is the sum set down in the blue-book as the expenditure for last year. What we are going to spend this year we do not trust ourselves to say. The vote taken was "for 162,000*l.* to complete the sum necessary for the management of the Department, &c.," which, if anything connected with the Department is to be construed by ordinary rules, means that some other and larger sum has been already appropriated. Mr. Whalley—we regret to have no better authority for the figures—set down our art and science at 200,000*l.* a year, and he was not contradicted. Mr. Whalley remarks that 200,000*l.* a year would buy up all the turnpikes in the country, and, he might have added, would establish an asylum for idiots on the largest scale—one large enough to take in, for example, all his own constituents. And we do seem to be going hard over head in our cultivation of the beautiful, to say nothing of the subsidies granted to the experts and judges of art. The wrongs of Ireland, and of Irish science and art, are to be redressed; 12,000*l.* which the degraded Celt received last year is to be increased to 34,000*l.* to instruct him in the graces which soften life for next year. Of course the result is to set the Scotch lion roaring and ramping in extreme jealousy that only 18,000*l.* is to be tossed to him, instead of 3,000*l.* which he starved on in 1866. We really think Scotland can afford to be generous. The Irish have done their best; but the climate is against them. The Royal Zoological Society of Ireland ask for and get 1,000*l.* extra next year; and they fully deserve this douceur for the disappointment of their praiseworthy endeavours "to acclimatize the Wallaby Kangaroo"—a failure which they connect with the Fenian movement, and which Mr. Whalley doubtless attributes to the machinations of Jesuit priests and the appointment of the late Mr. Turnbull. On the other hand, the economical habits of thrifty Scotland deserved some encouragement; for we find in the Report that Mr. Dunbar of the Edinburgh Museum purchased "two small mammals from a menagerie" at the low figure of "six shillings." Mammals at three shillings a head, if they were not rats or mice, must have been very small deer. This single item would suggest very parsimonious notions of our expenditure; but it is the old story of penny wisdom and pound foolishness. The 200,000*l.* estimated by Mr. Whalley rises, according to Mr. Goldney's estimate, to about half a million annually, which we believe to be much nearer the mark, if it does not fall below it. For there is the British Museum in reserve, and Mr. Bruce talks of a total sum—that is, including exceptional as well as annual grants—amounting to 1,500,000*l.* Anyhow, as soon as the Committee had submitted to the "162,000*l.* to complete the sum necessary for the management of the Department," other votes trooped up in a long series. The Irish National Gallery, and the Royal Irish Academy, and our own National Gallery, and the National Portrait Gallery, and "certain learned societies," and the expenses of the British Department at the Paris Exhibition, all put in their little claims, and were admitted. The sitting, like all other farces, went off with an appropriate tag. As in fireworks, the last few *d'artifice* was the most striking feature of the entertainment, and a

concerted piece of fizz and crackle was kept for the end. 15,000*l.* was voted for purchases at the Paris Exhibition. This excellent fooling was thought worthy of an official explanation. Parliament had already been cajoled or dodged into granting 116,000*l.* for the expenses of the British Commission at the great Gasometer show. We have not forgotten the particulars. We were, as they say, "let in for it"; the French Commissioners took in the stranger in every sense of the term. They made us pay for the entertainment to which they invited us. They got up an Exhibition, and made us in England pay, not only our own expenses, but French expenses too. A bill for 116,000*l.* was made out, and a cheque drawn, but everybody felt that before we had done with it we should have to pay 150,000*l.* With all sorts of outstanding accounts, and the estimates pared down to the quick, it was thought, or at least it was said, that we might get off at Paris for the 116,000*l.* And now Mr. Hunt says that he wants to squeeze out of this 116,000*l.* 15,000*l.* for purchases, recommended by Mr. Cole. This is undoubtedly the finest joke of the season, and the House showed its appreciation of its excellence by instantly closing with the demand. It is precisely the plan which ladies recommend to their lords when they have, by dint of their pretty arts, succeeded in organizing a trip to Paris. A hundred pounds, let us say, is appropriated—voted in family conclave—for the expenses of the visit; and then the wife of one's bosom remarks that the sum is liberal, and out of it, "with a view to encourage economy in its administration"—to use Mr. Hunt's pretty language—she recommends "that she should be allowed to purchase" fifteen pounds worth of *articles de Paris* for her own use, as a memorial of the delightful occasion. To be sure, and we all know what comes of this clever economy. It ends in the 100*l.* (or more likely 120*l.*) + 15*l.*; and our national expenses in Paris will next year be calculated 116,000*l.*, or most likely 150,000*l.* + 15,000*l.*

But the amount of what it is proposed to expend at the Paris Exhibition is not half so facetious as the character of the articles to be bought by way of *souvenir*. Mr. Cole has recommended that it should be spent in cheap pictures and cheap jewellery. With a slight gleam of common sense the Committee decided against the cheap pictures, and could not see their way to spending money on worthless French art when there is so large an available supply of the same low-priced commodity produced at home; but they fell in with the suggestion of buying a large stock of pinchbeck earrings and brass brooches for the instruction in high art of our Birmingham workers in base metals and imitation gold. Mr. Layard is to be entrusted with these curious purchases, and Lord R. Montagu assures us that "no objects would be purchased that were not worthy of being placed in the South Kensington Museum." This estimate of the value of what we are going to buy is not reassuring. The rubbish that is to be imported can hardly suffer in the presence of some of the rubbish that we already have. At present we are inclined to agree with Mr. Neville Grenville—i.e., that after what we have heard of the proposed purchases we hope there will be no 15,000*l.* to save. We feel a difficulty in satisfying ourselves whether we ought to envy Mr. Layard and the late Committee their task of selection. It may be quite true, as Mr. H. Seymour remarks, that "in other countries women, whether of high or low degree, wear ornaments of artistic form"; and that it might be desirable that our housemaids should in their brooches and earrings cultivate the high artistic taste of the *dames des halles* and the *poissardes*. But jewellery, like other feminine gear, can only be judged *in situ*. Is the Committee to select the purchases by practical knowledge of the suitability of cheap jewellery to their cheap wearers? "Democratic" ornaments can only be judged by some experience in democratic ladies. Do "the late Committee and its Chairman accept the duty of choosing these articles" under these indispensable conditions and opportunities of choice and suitability in female gauds and vanities? Because this opens a boundless range of investigation. The earrings which may suit a French *paysanne* may not be in harmony with the charms of Whitechapel or Lancashire mill-hands. At any rate the Committee cannot tell till they have tried; and it might be desirable, in order to give the trial every chance, to send over a Commission of wearers of cheap jewellery. Will Mr. Layard undertake to preside over such a bevy of *soubrettes*? Colour and form are very important elements even in the arrangement of tinsel, coloured beads, and artificial stones, but the value of the particular tinfoil and the shape of the particular brooch depend a good deal on features and complexion. The philosophy of pinchbeck ought to be experimental and inductive. The brass implies the woman "of low degree," as Mr. H. Seymour says; and

If Queensberry to strip there's no compelling,

'Tis from a handmaid we must take a Helen.

Is this the sort of Judgment of Paris which we are prepared to entrust to Mr. Layard and his susceptibilities?

THE ECCLESIASTICAL TITLES ACT.

IT is a familiar observation "with how little wisdom the world is governed," but we are not equally accustomed to draw the natural inference that, as it is useful to understand the maxims of our governors, it is desirable to know something of the folly as well as of the wisdom of mankind. Mr. Disraeli said on a famous occasion, "I am on the side of the angels." It would often be

very convenient to be able to say, "I am on the side of the fools." For whatever may be thought of the result of angelic agencies in this terrestrial sphere, there can be no sort of doubt that the cause of the fools is frequently in the ascendant. The prophets are compelled to prophesy foolishly because the people love to have it so. This being the case, it becomes of some importance to the prophets to know what the fools require of them. Sir Robert Walpole professed to retain one member of his Cabinet for the express purpose of acquiring this valuable information. He consulted the rest of his Ministry to know what the wise men would think of his measures. This noble lord he consulted in order to ascertain from his answer what would be the opinion of the fools. It is not every man who is able to be his own foolometer. But the next best thing—if we may venture on what sounds like a paradox—to being foolish oneself is to have a foolish friend. Nobody who is ambitious of influencing his generation, whether as a statesman, a writer, a preacher, or in whatever way, can afford altogether to ignore Mrs. Grundy, for to ignore is grievously to offend her. And without the aid of a friendly foolometer it is far from easy to avoid giving continual offence without at all intending it. There are, of course, many different aspects under which Mrs. Grundy obtrudes herself on public notice. There is the social and the political and the religious phase of her sentiments, and there are varieties of opinion in which all these elements are combined. But whatever be the particular point at issue, her judgments are apt to be as inexorable as they are unsearchable, and her ways of getting at them are, to the wise of this world, entirely past finding out. We cannot but think, therefore, that a great debt of gratitude is due to those who from time to time feel called to take upon themselves the office of public foolometers, and to lay bare to the apprehension of the enlightened but uninitiated few the inner workings of that Grundean mind which they are only too ready to treat with supercilious contempt, forgetting that, if its wisdom is not of this world, its influence in the world is at least indubitably enormous.

These remarks have been partly suggested to us by perusing a document which appeared not long ago in the newspapers under the respectable guarantee of Mr. Walpole's name. We are very far indeed from meaning to insinuate that it is unworthy of its distinguished author, or that there is not a certain admirable congruity, in the eternal fitness of things, in its emanating from the distinguished statesman who wept such copious tears of gratitude over the condescending promise of Messrs. Beales and Dickson to relieve Her Majesty's Government of the painful responsibility of preserving public order. As a psychological study the document has a peculiar interest, from the curious insight it affords us into the secret motives of those startling but imperative judgments wherewith Mrs. Grundy is wont to confound the wisdom of the wise and put to flight the battle of the strong. And it serves so remarkably to illustrate the services of that class of unappreciated benefactors in whose favour we are anxious to enlist the sympathy of our readers, that it will be no waste of time to bestow a few minutes' attention upon it. Most of us are old enough to remember the terribly explosive condition into which Mrs. Grundy, with the judicious assistance of the Prime Minister and the press, contrived to work herself some years ago on the appointment of the Papal hierarchy, and the too famous Act which an unsympathetic but obsequious Parliament was compelled to pass at her bidding. It may be further recollected that the object of that Act was to protect somebody or other—it was not very obvious whom—against the memorable invasion of their liberties by the Pope and Cardinal Wiseman. The Protestants indeed needed no protection, for over them the intrusive prelates, even if they were silly enough to desire it, could exercise no possible control; nor yet the Roman Catholics, for how can you protect people against an authority which they are obstinately bent on submitting to? One person, however, stood much in need of protection, not against the Pope and his Bishops, but against the prospective danger to herself and others of letting her "angry passions rise" to so alarming a pitch of nervous irritability unless something was done to quiet them. So Mrs. Grundy demanded the Ecclesiastical Titles Act, and Parliament obeyed her will. And now, after sixteen years incubating the subject, Mr. Walpole has generously come forward with a rationale of the whole procedure. We cannot be too thankful for the picture thus drawn for us by a master-hand, and by the hand of one who not only understands, but shares to the full the feelings he so eloquently depicts of a state of mind which we might otherwise have found some difficulty in apprehending. It is to be sincerely hoped that Pius IX. and his Court will employ some of the leisure moments they allow themselves between the Canonizations of June last and the Ecumenical Synod of December next year in studying an exposition of faith from which they have so much to learn.

It was urged, Mr. Walpole informs us, on the Ecclesiastical Titles Act Committee—as in fact it was urged in 1851 on the Legislature—that the change from Vicars Apostolic to a regular hierarchy, which involves territorial titles, was "morally necessary for the Roman Catholic Church." Without at all denying the alleged necessity, he thinks it sufficient to reply to this that "your Committee has arrived at the conclusion that no practical grievance has been found to exist," because, if the Bishops did not use territorial titles (as they have to do every day of their lives), they would not come within the letter of the law. This is an excellent specimen of Mrs. Grundy's logic, but we have not got to the root of the matter yet. How came the Act to be wanted at all? and why, if there is a real or even a "sentimental grievance,"

should it not be repealed? Again Mr. Walpole is fully equal to the occasion. The Popish hierarchy, it appears, can only be recognised, according to Roman Catholic opinion, "by a negation or denial of the existing Establishment"; whereas "your Committee had understood that . . . the Protestant Episcopal Church of England, and the government, doctrine, and discipline thereof, and the Protestant Presbyterian Church of Scotland (is there a Roman Catholic Presbyterian Church?), and the government, doctrines, and discipline thereof, are established permanently and inviolably." So at last we have got to the bottom of Mrs. Grundy's outraged feelings, and are made accurately acquainted with the grounds for enacting a law which was never meant to be enforced, and for refusing to repeal what has been a dead letter from the first. It seems almost hypercritical to complain of an explanation which tells us so much that we could never have known without it; but perhaps the wording might have been a little plainer. What, for instance, is exactly meant by "a negation or denial (there is evidently some occult force in the hendiads) of the existing Establishment"? To deny its existence would be very like denying the existence of the Tower of London, and that would hardly be a case for legislative interference, though it might suggest a question as to the expediency of invoking the aid of the authorities of Hanwell. What appears, however, to be intended is "a negation or denial" of the spiritual claims of the English and Scotch Establishments. But then they are habitually denied by a large portion of the population of England, and at least two-thirds of the population of Scotland, with no particular prejudice, that we are aware of, to those who recognise them. Ah! but that is not all, Mr. Walpole replies. The Roman Catholic hierarchy claims exclusive jurisdiction over all the faithful; Mr. Hope Scott himself admitted as much, to the great surprise of your Committee, who had understood that "the Protestant Episcopal Church of England," &c. &c., "was established permanently and inviolably." We presume this awful claim, if translated out of technical into ordinary language, means simply that, on Roman Catholic principles, it is right for every one to be a Roman Catholic, and therefore to accept the authority of the Roman Catholic Church. Perhaps so, but we knew that before the hierarchy was established. Moreover, precisely the same claim is put forward by the "Protestant Episcopal Church of England," and is found to be as innocuous by Dissenters and Papists as the counter claim of the latter has proved to their Anglican rivals. Precisely the same claim, again, is put forward by another Communion in Scotland which numbers but a fraction of the population, but is as serenely unconscious of any spiritual rights of the "Protestant Presbyterian Church" as the Papal hierarchy is of the rights of Anglicanism. Nay more, "the Catholic and Apostolic Church," which men profanely call Irvingism, has paralled out, not England, but the world, under the jurisdiction of twelve Apostles, to one or other of whom both the Archbishop of Canterbury and the "Archbishop of Westminster" are as certainly subject as they are probably regardless of the circumstance. Yet Mr. Walpole has proposed no Bill of pains and penalties against the Scotch Episcopal Church or the Irvingite community, whose existence implies just the same "denial or negation" of the permanent and inviolable Establishment as the titular hierarchy of Rome. Indeed, if we remember right, there was a special clause in the Ecclesiastical Titles Act to except the Scotch Bishops from its operations. Mrs. Grundy did not feel herself troubled on that subject, and Mr. Walpole has not therefore been called upon to show cause why she should be. But the fact of his getting nearly half the Committee to vote with him is a striking proof of our original thesis, that Mrs. Grundy's "sentiments," like Mrs. Gamp's, are well worth the consideration of those who are to have any dealings with her, and that their warmest gratitude is due to a friend in need, like Mr. Walpole, who not only possesses the rare talent of interpreting her views, but does not hide his talent under a napkin. It is a gift which we can the less afford to despise, because it usually exists in inverse ratio to all other endowments, and is one which the most liberal education does nothing whatever to foster, but rather the reverse.

We have not dwelt thus long on the rejected Report of Mr. McEvoy's Committee from any sense of the special importance of the subject, still less with the desire of discrediting an amiable philanthropist who would be the very last person to countenance the infliction of any grievance, practical or sentimental, which Mrs. Grundy permitted him to become aware of. So keen, in truth, is Mr. Walpole's feeling on this point, that he has more than once interposed to save murderers from the grievance of being hung. But there is nothing like a good illustration, and we could scarcely have found a better than this Report has supplied us with. In domestic life foolometers are more readily to be met with, but then their lucubrations do not usually get into print. And partly for this reason, though Mrs. Grundy has her advocates in the Cabinet, she is most absolute and most inexplicable in the exercise of her social power. Why a man should be a Papist because he wears a particular waistcoat, or an infidel because he questions the Mosaic cosmogony or stays away from morning church, is not obvious on the surface; but there are times and seasons when Mrs. Grundy rules that it is so, and from her ruling there is no appeal. There are, again, quite apart from moral obligations, tastes which it is lawful and tastes which it is unlawful to indulge in, because the mouth of Mrs. Grundy has spoken it. But it is impossible without the aid of experience or a foolometer to know beforehand which are

lawful and which are unlawful, and when you do know the fact you cannot understand the reasons. Coleridge once told a lady that he liked to hear her opinion, for it was generally right, but did not care for her reasons, which were almost sure to be wrong. Mrs. Grundy's arguments, when she vouchsafes to argue, are of much the same kind. We can hardly pay her the compliment of saying that her conclusions are usually more sound than the process of arriving at them. Nevertheless, it is always wise to submit with a good grace to the inevitable; and, considering how large a proportion of our social etiquette is dependent, not on any intelligible principle of reason or moral fitness, but on the rules Mrs. Grundy has laid down for us, and how large a portion of our time has to be spent, if not exactly in the company of fools, yet under regulations which they have had a hand in framing, we shall do well to conform ourselves in indifferent matters to a standard we may laugh at or despise. After all, the universal rule of pure reason would be a trifle burdensome in practice. It is sometimes a relief to become to fools as a fool, and to be sheltered beneath a code of external action which makes no demand on one's mental energies, and whereof foolometers are the natural exponents.

OUR UNARMED NAVY.

THE perpetual repetition of the same complaints is apt to become monotonous, and yet repetition is on some subjects the only effective force in the world. Who would dream of converting the Admiralty to common sense by an isolated demonstration of their incapacity, or of getting effective service out of the present amphibious head of the War Office without a painful reiteration of the duties expected from him? We cannot therefore complain that Major Anson, in urging once more the vital importance of bringing our artillery up to an efficient condition, inevitably reproduced old arguments which have lost none of their cogency, and relied for support upon a reserve of facts which have long been familiar to all except those whom they most immediately concern. Ever since the first Armstrong six-pounder startled the military world into the conviction that rifling a cannon would produce the same sort of effect as rifling a musket, the talk of the country has been of projectiles and breech-loaders, of shunt guns and Woolwich guns, of Whitworth and Armstrong competition, of French field-pieces and American monster guns, until the mildest youth feels himself behind the age if he cannot dilate upon the subject of armour-piercing shot and shell, and all the paraphernalia of destruction. The whole world has been seized with the same fever, and even the Palace of Peace and Puffery at Paris is chiefly remarkable for its varied display of ordnance. When the mind of the world, or even of a single nation, is for years bent in one direction, we naturally expect something remarkable to follow, and great social philosophers might prove as easily as they prove most things that the special work of this epoch is the production of infinite numbers of irresistible guns. But, in England at any rate, the expected result is still in the future, notwithstanding the ferment in the mind of the nation, and the fact seems inexplicable except on the theory that official intelligence resides outside of the national mind. So long as this state of things continues, men like Major Anson deserve the highest praise for driving again and again into the dull ears of Ministerial pupils the duties which all can perceive except those who have to perform them. The noisy display on the occasion of what was called the Naval Review at Portsmouth proved little else, to experienced ears, than the utter weakness of our naval artillery. The occasional boom of the *Royal Sovereign's* big guns served to remind the assembled thousands of what our artillery ought to be, while the comparatively feeble discharges from the rest of the line showed how far our actual performances had fallen short of the recognised standard. Long before scientific artillerists were thought of, we had the most formidable guns in the world, and that not in a single specimen, but counted by thousands, if not tens of thousands. Now all these accumulated stores are, in their present condition, almost valueless, and the really serviceable guns, measured by modern requirements, which have as yet been issued may be counted by scores, and, in the case of first-class ordnance, almost by units. This was the blot to which Major Anson once more called attention, and no one in his senses will question the assumption that the power of a fleet is measured less by the number of its protected ships than by the aggregate force of its effective guns. Tried by this standard the English Navy is almost nowhere in the race, and unless repeated remonstrances shall quicken the pace of our sluggish administrators there seems no possibility of assigning a term to the transition period which is the hackneyed defence against all accusations of neglected opportunities. The special point to which Major Anson directed his criticism on Tuesday evening was not so much the deficiency of guns of the largest calibre as the extreme paucity of those which could produce any effect at all against armoured ships. The broad distinction between guns that can, and guns that cannot, pierce an iron-clad vessel is perhaps the most important of all; and though no supply, however ample, of 7-inch ordnance would dispense with the necessity of more powerful weapons, the most inexcusable of the many omissions of our War and Navy Departments in the last few years is the neglect to manufacture a tolerably sufficient number of guns which, if not all that could be desired, would not be entirely useless in face of a modern enemy. And the task is really as easy as the duty of performing it is

obvious. We have acres of old guns, now useless, which might all be converted into efficient weapons.

There is no longer any doubt about the practical success of the method on which Major Palliser and his rival, Mr. Parsons, have worked. Science had long since demonstrated that the true way of strengthening a cast-iron gun up to the point required by the charges now in use is to coat it with wrought-iron or steel, not on the outside, but the inside. Repeated experiments have confirmed the theoretical conclusion, and no one doubts that all our old 64- and 32-pounders might be converted into serviceable rifled weapons by the introduction of a lining of tougher metal. Whether Major Palliser's mode of introducing the tube, or Mr. Parson's plan, is the more convenient and economical, is a secondary question. It is enough to know that the thing can be done and is not done, and to ask, with Major Anson, why so plain a duty has so long been neglected. Sir John Pakington was ready of course with replies of the usual stamp. When a Minister is told that he has left undone something which he ought to have done, it is always open to him to reply that perhaps something else would have done as well. That this something else has also been neglected never troubles a debater so self-satisfied as our Minister of War, and accordingly he was prepared with a complacent explanation of all the omissions charged upon his department. When he is asked why our thousands of useless cast-iron guns are not converted into Palliser rifles, he tells us that he is not sure that it would not be quite as economical to manufacture new guns of the same class. But the new guns are not manufactured in anything like the required quantity; and even if it were admitted that either course would have been equally advantageous, we are as far as ever from an excuse for having omitted both. In truth Sir John Pakington's suggestion was confuted by his own statements. The problem is, how to construct, with the greatest despatch and the least expenditure, the supply of guns without which our Navy is almost useless; and Sir John Pakington does not tell us that he can produce the new guns as fast as he could convert the old, and he does tell us that the saving, by adopting the Palliser method, would be at any rate 150*l.* per gun, a sum not at all insignificant when it has to be multiplied by thousands. Further than this, he admits that the converted gun would be considerably lighter than its rival, and that the armament of our ships might be proportionately increased. But, we repeat, the choice between the two plans of arming the Navy is not the most important matter, so long as the fact remains that the Navy is still unarmed. The guns are urgently needed, and it is the first duty of the Ministry to see that the necessity is supplied; and only a secondary, though by no means unimportant, obligation to see that this is done at the minimum of cost.

Any semblance of vitality in an apathetic department is a subject of congratulation, and we are therefore bound to compliment Sir John Pakington on his little promise that some of the smaller class of guns shall be forthwith taken in hand. But the conversion of 32-pounders will not be accepted in these times as an adequate discharge of the responsibility resting upon those departments to which the arming of the Navy is entrusted. As a rule, 7-inch guns are the smallest that can be relied on against ordinary ironclads, unless under exceptionally favourable circumstances; and it is on the production of this class of ordnance that the most energetic action ought to be bestowed. And when thus much has been done there will still be left enough to tax the energies of more vigorous Ministers than we are commonly blest with. There was much exultation a short time ago about the superiority considered to be shown by our 9-inch rifled gun over the huge Rodman smooth-bore that was pitted against it; but even if we put out of sight the considerations by which this apparent victory must be qualified, we cannot at any rate forget that the 9-inch gun is a rarity in our broadside ships, and that the 13-inch pattern is represented at most by some three or four specimens. It is small comfort to believe that the best guns we could make could beat the American favourite, so long as our ships are armed with weapons that will not bear comparison with either one or the other.

PICTURES OF THE YEAR.

XV.

AMERICAN landscape-painters, in this respect differing from the French, have strong preferences for what is desolate and terrible in nature. They illustrate the wildest mountain scenery, the falls of Niagara, and even the cold solitudes of the frozen seas. They have a tendency to paint the extraordinary and phenomenal; whereas the French take an especial delight in proving that the commonest subjects may supply artistic material, and suggest artistic ideas. The Americans give proof of greater interest in nature, for natural phenomena are interesting to them on their own account; and the American landscape-painter, in his admiration for the natural marvels that attract him, is possessed by a noble desire to express his admiration on canvases—a desire which has little to do with satisfaction in the display of artistic arrangements or dexterities. The French painter, on the other hand, is more purely artistic in his ideas, and any subject, however unpromising, is welcome to him if only it afford an opportunity for the exercise of his functions as an artist. The American paints great facts of nature; the Frenchman paints his own sentiments. Both schools are valuable in the world of art, because both the great facts of nature and the most delicate sentiments of a land-

scape-painter are worth painting, and we should be sorry to see either of these schools absorbed in the other. It is evident, however, that the French principle is artistically the more advanced principle of the two, because art, in art, has always a steady tendency to predominate, and in the most advanced schools becomes the sole purpose of the painter.

Mr. William Bradford, in his picture "Crushed by Icebergs," has illustrated American ideas very forcibly. Of all regions in the world, the Arctic regions are the least convenient for a sketching ground. The intense cold is not the only inconvenience; the icebergs, which are the rock scenery of the region, are perpetually changing their positions, and the colouring, though, we believe, in nature exquisitely beautiful, is not of a quality very favourable to the exigencies of painting. The mere brilliance of the white, and the quantity of it, are enough of themselves to create great difficulties for the painter, and the monotony of beautiful blues and greens in ice-fracture, though it strikes us as anything but a defect in nature, may not be very manageable in art. It is not too much to say that any farm or village of ordinary pretensions to the beautiful or the picturesque is a better place to study in than Ballin's Bay or Lancaster Sound. And yet, from a love of the extraordinary and terrible in nature, Mr. William Bradford leaves the rich temperate regions of the United States, where natural beauty exists in illimitable profusion, and devotes himself for months to the study of a frozen sea. There may, it is true, have been another motive besides the study of the sublime. Artists, in these days, when not especially celebrated for the quality of their work, endeavour to attract attention by novelty of subject, and it may be worth while to pay several visits to the Arctic regions or the Rocky Mountains merely to obtain in the public journals, what we are now giving to Mr. Bradford, a few sentences of more minute and careful criticism than is usually bestowed upon the productions of the landscape-painter.

It is not a bad picture, and yet not to our feeling a desirable one. Under a dark greenish sky, with some dull fragments of cloud, warmest near the horizon, we have an expanse of floc with large bergs rising out of it. There are two abandoned whalers, one near at hand, which the crew are leaving, another about two miles off, on fire. These have been "crushed by icebergs"—that is, not crushed as ships may sometimes have been between great bergs that meet in collision, when neither ship nor crew are ever more heard of, but so squeezed by the pack that the internal timbers are wrenched and broken beyond remedy. This whaler still looks substantial enough, and would afford shelter so long as she remained on the ice, but when the ice floats southward and melts in the warmer sea, this ship will sink, so the crew are leaving her now. The warm colouring of her timbers has been of great value to Mr. Bradford, who has also made what he could of the icebergs with their fine cerulean shadows and green transparencies.

A few pictures in the French Exhibition remain to be noticed. There was an admirable little Meissonnier, the most perfect representation of the master we ever saw in England. It is called "The Smoker's Reverie," and is a study of a single figure sitting by a window, in the state of tranquil beatitude that none but smokers know. The face is really marvellous, the eyes hardly visible, yet so entirely suggested that we not only believe we see them, but are struck by their expression. Another of the small French pictures that surprise us by the combination of really high finish with apparently easy execution is Duverger's "Young Shaver." A little boy is seated on a chair, his chin lathered, another little boy shaving him with a razor. The minor details of furniture are introduced with the skill usual in pictures of this class. Behind a little girl in a red petticoat is a low cupboard with two bottles, a candlestick, and a blue jug, which, as a quiet study of still life, have not often, on that scale, been surpassed. M. J. G. Vibert, in his illustration of Lafontaine's "La Cigale et la Fourmi," represents the cicada by a minstrel in green holding a guitar, and the ant by a fat monk in brown with a staff, and geese behind his back. We doubt the propriety of selecting a monk to represent the ant, considering that monks in general have not been a class of persons very remarkable for industry, though they have, it is true, usually proved the possession of much foresight in arrangements for their own personal well-being. The unfortunate minstrel is now suffering bitterly from the cold (the snow is on the ground), because he has passed his summer in singing. Here again, however, we may object to the moral which the painter attempts to convey. Human singers often make a very good thing of singing, whatever cicadas do, and the imprudence of translating Lafontaine's fable in this human way is that it is too suggestive of comparisons as to the profitableness of professions. Lafontaine, with his animals, kept clear of this, and we cannot admit that the painter has been so successful as the poet. The picture is admirably painted, however, and in this respect was remarkable even in the choice little Exhibition where it appeared. We were less pleased with the "Daphnis and Chloe" of the same artist, which was not so easy or elegant in workmanship.

Amongst the pastoral subjects, Schenck's "Bearnese Shepherd" interested us because he had a remarkable picture in the Salon of 1866. We like this artist less, however, when he works on a smaller scale. There is something like coarseness in his manner, which in large pictures is not objectionable, but which becomes so in works of cabinet size. We said last year that Schenck and Otto Weber, though far inferior to Rosa Bonheur in point of notoriety, were very nearly her equals in ability. This would hold true of Weber always, whether he works on large or small canvases; but

in small works Schenck is no doubt still far inferior to Rosa Bonheur, who has the art of adapting herself to every variety of size. A description of a sheep-picture is not likely to be interesting; some of our readers may remember this one when we say that it included two little lambs face to face, three sheep lying down, four standing up, some indication of sheep in the distance, mountains with mist clearing away from them, a shepherd spinning with a distaff, a dog by his side, and brambles in the immediate foreground.

Coomans contributed one of the scenes of classical family life for which he is known. The scene is laid under a square-pillared Pompeian canopy with vines hanging, walled on two sides between the pillars to within a yard of the roof, the wall covered with Pompeian paintings on a red ground. The personages are a lady and her maid, with a family of six small children variously occupied and pretty enough in their nudity. It is a picture of the same class as "Le Coupable," which many readers will know by the engraving, and, though lacking the point of that picture, is not inferior to it in workmanship. It is entitled "Le Jeu de l'Orca."

Valerio's "Musicians of Teigne" attracted our attention less from its own merit than from our recollections of Valerio's labours as an aquafortist. He has devoted great labour to illustrate the picturesque Danubian populations, and is an authority on all those visible external things which an artist sees better than any other traveller. Valerio renders character with great skill, especially the noble air of some wild Oriental castes; but his habit of studying single figures and groups less for their completeness as pictures than from interest in their individual persons has not greatly developed the picture-making faculty, and it seems likely that studies by Valerio will always have a more genuine value than his pictures.

Adolphe Schreyer's "Horses Escaping from a Fire" is one of the artist's well-known incidents of equine life. Four horses are rushing together at a rail, a grey horse, saddled, is galloping towards the foreground, buildings are on fire in the distance, a brown horse has fallen on the grass. The energetic manner of the painter corresponds with his choice of subject, and the picture may move spectators who love horses well enough to sympathize with them in the more terrible circumstances of their existence. It is very painful to such persons to reflect on the horrible agonies of fear and bodily torture which their favourites so often have to endure, in burning stables, in war, in shipwreck, and under the knife of the teacher of anatomy.

Another French painter, whose manner is the mannerism of the picturesque, is Isabey. The "Scene at a Sea-side Village" is a good example of this. In a wet uneven street, badly paved, with water flowing down in a gutter in the middle, the artist has found the various tints he wants, the grays, the rich browns, the orange and red in touches and patches. There are white chalk cliffs, too, at the end of the street, and fishermen are pushing a boat up. The spray dashes against the base of the cliff.

The richness of the Academy and the French Exhibition has led us to postpone our notice of the Water-colour Societies longer than we could have wished. Mr. Burne Jones was decidedly strong this year—strong especially in his remarkable system of colouring, which may now be supposed to have reached its full development. One of his contributions was "Theophilus and the Angel," a legend of the martyrdom of St. Dorothea:—

As Dorothea was passing from her judges to the place of execution, Theophilus, Protonotary, asked her "why she would throw away the joys of this life for one of which no man was certain"; and she answering that she should that day be with her Bridegroom in the Garden of Paradise, he bade her, jestingly (as it was February then, and snow lay on the ground) to send him some of the fruits and roses of that same garden. But after her death, as he was returning to the courts of law, there met him on the threshold an angel, bearing a basket of fruit and flowers, who, saying, "My sister Dorothea sends thee to thee from the place where she now is," vanished. Theophilus, pondering all this, came at last to the true belief, and in it died.

Amongst the landscapes we especially noticed a fresh-looking one by Mr. G. H. Andrews, "The Fille Field, from the Lendal's Elv, Norway." It had a green grassy foreground, out of which stood several rocks, and on this about eighty yards off a red chalet with beautiful purple shadows cast under its eaves. There was a glacier in the valley below, and a high line of snow at the top of the picture, with two elevations in it, snowy hills, but not peaks. What pleased us in this unpretending work was chiefly its directness as a study, and its good management of pale colour. Mr. Alfred Hunt gave fresh proof of his ability and peculiarity in mannerism in the study rather oddly entitled "Nov. 11, 1 P.M." It was a low rocky hill-side seen from a height, a small blue stream winding at the base of the hill. In the distance to the right was a tower, and above the tower a distant hill. Above the stream, and between the spectator and the low rocky hill, was a double rainbow, the second bow very slight. There was a rough foreground with a man and dog coming down a slope of debris, and some late autumn plants. The scene was probably Welsh, and the execution was remarkable for great subtlety.

Other pictures which we had marked for notice were "Noontide on the Locky" by Alfred Newton, "Spring in the Highlands" by Basil Bradley, "Charles Surface selling the Portraits of his Ancestors" by Lamont, "Cupid and Psyche" by Burne Jones, "Cleve Mill" and a "Deserted Colliery" by Boyce, "Fisherman and Boy" and "Subject from Miss Thackeray's 'Village on the Cliff'" by Walker, &c., and several works in the Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, of which perhaps the most remarkable was Mr. Carl Werner's "Thebes," thus described by him in the Catalogue:—

On the right bank of the Nile, between Karnak and Luxor, there are the ruins of a smaller temple. In the court of it, sitting in a semicircle, were a number of idols of green marble (serpentine) called Pachtas, the Goddesses of Destiny. Of these a few still remain, as represented in the picture, sternly looking down, as if contemplating their own sad destiny to sit there in eternity. A dimple of water from the overflowing Nile is at their feet, and an Ibis, the bird of Egypt, stands near it, whilst a few jackals run over the banks of the river. On the other side of the Nile the plain of Thebes extends with the Ramseum (a temple ruin) and the Memnon colossus. The Lybian range of mountains closes the horizon. Loneliness and silence prevail, and add to the grandeur of this imposing wilderness, and seeing these fierce idols sitting there you think them a Grim Committee.

RACING IN SUSSEX.

THE last day at Goodwood was certainly not the least interesting of the four. Camellia, one of the worst animals in training, at last succeeded in winning a race at the mature age of five years, the handicapper having admitted her into the Duke of Richmond's Plate with the lenient weight of 6 st. Lord Ronald gave the winner 2 st. 12 lbs. and was only beaten by a head, but Staghound and Elfeta, once known as the Sister to Cambuscan, performed very indifferently. Elfeta as a two-year-old bid fair to be very speedy, but she has grown narrow and light, and has evidently no staying power whatever. Banditto beat Innerdale at even weights cleverly, and then twenty-five went to the post for the race of the day, the Chesterfield Cup. There was quality as well as quantity among the competitors, for Ostreger, Moulsey, Sultan, and Klarinska ran, and among those animals specially devoted to handicaps were Thalia, Wolsey (both in at most favourable weights), Life Guardsman, &c. This was the last appearance of Ostreger in England, and never did the old horse run more brilliantly, for he had everything beaten a hundred yards from home, and cantered in under his 9 st. four lengths in front of Moulsey. Last year Ostreger was second to Broomielaw, and the winning weight was the same on each occasion. This was a great triumph for the heavy weights, and an appropriate farewell on the part of Ostreger to the English Turf. The Austrians may be congratulated on the judgment shown by their representatives in the purchase of Ostreger, and the price, three thousand guineas, must be regarded as very much below his real value. Moulsey, who is now working into his second hundred of races run, could not give Ostreger 6 lbs. for the year, and Thalia, who was reported to have been tried very highly with Tibthorpe, ran as usual a thorough jade. Twenty-four two-year-olds started for the Nursery—rather unwisely fixed immediately after the Chesterfield Cup—but, take them all together, they were a very moderate lot. The victory fell to Paul Jones, by Buccaneer, a sire who is rapidly attaining an eminent position, and whose stock are possessed of great speed. John Leech, Cotytto, and Kingsland were perhaps the best-looking of the runners, and a word must be said in praise of the riding of Quince, who is becoming a very proficient light weight. The March Stakes produced a splendid race between the first four, who were only separated from each other by short heads. It was a very fine point between the Duchess and Ines in the Nassau Stakes, but the 5 lbs. penalty carried by the latter just turned the scale. John Davis was sure to be beaten by the colt by Rataplan out of Amanda, after the running in the Huntingdon Cup, and the latter stayed well over this very severe course, one of the most trying Queen's Plate courses in the country. In looking back at the running of the week we must again repeat that there was a great falling off in its quality. We have been accustomed to look back to the Goodwood week as decisive of many doubtful and difficult questions both about past and future racing. There, spurious pretensions to superiority have been scattered to the winds; there, the chaff has been winnowed from the wheat, and phantom favourites have been relegated to obscurity. But this year, and especially about two-year-olds, whom after Goodwood we can generally assert in something like their right places, we are no wiser than we were before. The two-year-old races were particularly tame and uneventful. The only horses who ran with much chance of assuming a prominent position in the three-year-old races of 1868 are Rabican and Tregagle. The former is a fine big colt, and has improved already since the spring, and will improve much more. But he had nothing to beat in the Findon Stakes, Vale Royal occupying second place, and Vale Royal has no pretensions to first-class form. Tregagle beat The Parson and Formosa, but the latter was out of form entirely, and The Parson is but moderate, as was shown earlier in the day by his only defeating Painshill by a neck. A good deal was thought at the time of Banditto's victory over Europa, but from subsequent running we should question whether Banditto is more than a second-class horse. Of the fillies, Athena of course deserves first notice; but, though wonderfully fast, it is certain that she cannot stay, and we shall be surprised if Idalia does not turn out the best of those that ran during the week. On the whole, however, we saw no two-year-old form at Goodwood as good as we have seen earlier in the year at other meetings, so that one of the specialties of the week—the introduction, namely, of one or more of the crack two-year-olds of the season—was this year wholly wanting. Nor when we look at the running of the three-year-olds are we much enlightened as to them. Vauban, it is true, won his races easily enough, but he had very little to beat. Regalia is manifestly unequal to the Cup course, and so there were only Tynedale and a colt of Lord Glasgow's to be disposed

of. It must be remembered also that it was one of the slowest Cup races ever run. His two other victories were mere canterings away from opponents of no mark; and the only fact to be gleaned from his performances is that his friends are well satisfied with the state of his legs. The Palmer could make no sort of fight against Julius over a mile, and D'Estournel ran rather more kindly than usual, and there is nothing further to say.

Brighton is very much a *réchauffé* of Goodwood, only it is a far inferior course; there are ten times as many pickpockets (and every facility is offered to induce them to honour the meeting with their presence), and people dress dowdily, and not splendidly. Still the Brighton people are liberal enough in the matter of added money, but as they will have eight races a day when six would be amply sufficient, the plating element of course predominates. There was a sensation in the Fifteenth Biennial, for Van Amburgh was easily beaten by Trocadero, who was in receipt of 3 lbs. only. It is true that Mr. Fleming's horse looked by no means well, and was scarcely able to gallop at all in his preliminary exercise; but, allowing for all that, we believe the real truth is that he is only formidable in moderate company. A field of ten ran for the Brighton Stakes, the most noticeable absentee being Tynedale. Jezebel was as favourably weighted as at Goodwood, and ran just as wretchedly. Pintail and Vigorous were deserving of no confidence; the Vixen colt has not improved in his running, but rather grows worse; and, in fine, the race was left to Knight Errant, Mandrake, and Cheltenham, not a very illustrious trio to contest the principal stake of the week. At the end Knight Errant won cleverly from Count Batthyany's horse. In the last race of the day Tumbler, 3 years, 7 st. 11 lbs., was only beaten a neck by Troublesome, aged, 8 st. 4 lbs., which we regard as a most meritorious performance, particularly when it is remembered how much work Lord Vivian's horse has already done this season. Wednesday was the Cup day—there is a Cup day now at every meeting throughout the country. The peculiarly distinctive feature of Cup days appears to be that you pay double for everything you want. As the inhabitants of Brighton are never at any time remarkable for any reluctance to demand fair remuneration for the supply of bodily comforts, a stranger is sure to have a particularly vivid recollection of its grand race day. Considering that the weather was miserable in the extreme, and the racing on a par with the weather, there was little gratification in giving twopenny for a *Daily Telegraph* or a *Sporting Life*, or in finding that the price of prawns was suddenly raised one-third. The prawn is perhaps the one great attraction of Brighton that makes up for many miseries of bad hotels, incessant Ethiopian melodists, and innumerable beggars. It is very hard, then, that an extra tax should be levied on this small solace simply because Lecturer has arrived in Brighton to run for a piece of plate, especially when Lecturer is quite unfit to gallop half a mile. The fact is that these grand days at country meetings are an utter sham, and the attempt to get up contests amongst Cup horses every week in the summer is absolutely impossible when we consider how few Cup horses there are in training. Seven ran at Brighton on Wednesday, but what manner of animals were they? Lecturer, altogether out of condition, and scarcely able to raise a gallop; Harpenden, intended to make the running for him; Dalby, the mere wreck of his former self; Tynedale, an ambitious aspirant for Cup honours, but hardly worthy of them; Regalia, tried at Goodwood, and found wanting; Dalesman, looking by no means what he was at Ascot; and Moulsey, the everfresh and evergreen. Against such competitors, either unequal or unfit, the work to be done by the last-named was not difficult. He had the race in hand at any part of it, and could have won by a quarter of a mile. He beat Tynedale so much further than Vauban did at Goodwood, that the latter's victory is by no means so brilliant a performance as it appeared to be at first.

Thursday was devoted to the Brighton Race Club, and to the benefit of some lucky wine merchant, seeing that nine dozen of claret had to be purchased by winners at ninety shillings a dozen. The Committee of Management issued the best programme in their power, we have no doubt, and we hope they were amused by it. We found two or three things worthy of notice, one of them being that Confederate bids fair to become a second Ostreger in the matter of winning under heavy weights. Redcap had nothing to beat for the Club Stakes, though Violent had the advantage of Fordham's riding. In the next race, however, Fordham was off on Gladiator before the others had done arranging their reins, and it was a real wild-goose chase after him. Otherwise Confederate, with about 13 st. on his back, would have very nearly beaten him, for the winner was tiring very fast at the finish. Veda beat Speculum in the Ninth Biennial, but probably she will not beat him again. Speculum had a long lead for three-fourths of the distance, and we fancy that Daley made too sure of the race. To keep up the series of surprises, See-saw and Contempt, who ought to have been pretty near to each other on public form, were both easily beaten by Philosopher (who ran second to Contempt on Tuesday), and Vedar, who was brought out a second time, was a good second, and displayed evident partiality for the hill. Philosopher was receiving nine pounds from Contempt and twelve from See-saw, to which most likely his success must be attributed.

The week was wound up by two days' racing at Lewes, favoured by lovely weather, and on one of the most perfect courses in England. The correctness of the running in the Steward's Cup at Goodwood was confirmed here by the victory of

Indian Star (Tibthorpe's trial horse) over Sultan; and Challenge beat the Amanda colt (since named Goodwood) so cleverly for the Queen's Plate that his reputation for staying is firmly established. He is somewhat deficient in speed, but is so sound and so thoroughly game that he will be well adapted for long-distance races. On Saturday one of the most extraordinary incidents ever witnessed in racing happened. Fourteen went to the post for the Lewes Grand Handicap, including Rama, Julius, Miss Havelock, and the Lizard. After they had proceeded about a quarter of a mile, six out of the fourteen suddenly pulled up and retraced their steps, it having been discovered that they were going the wrong course. The remaining eight came on by themselves and finished a mock race, Mandrake coming in first. Five out of the six who were pulled up were taken back only to the point where they had left the true course, and raced home together, Pearl Diver being the conqueror of this second batch and Julius second. One only went back absolutely to the starting-post and commenced the race *de novo*, traversing the whole extent of the correct course. This was Pirate Chief, and probably he would have been adjudged the winner, had he not passed the judge's box at a moment when it was vacant of that official. There was no objection raised to the fact that Pirate Chief, alone out of the fourteen, had run the complete course from start to finish, but it was held that a horse has no claim to a race unless the authorized judge is duly in his place to testify to his having passed the winning-post. There are cases on record in which the authorities have supported a contrary conclusion; but we suppose that the decision on this occasion is to be regarded as a final settlement of the question. The only horse who had any sort of claim to the race being thus disqualified, the stewards had no alternative but to order it to be run over again. Only eight appeared the second time, Rama, Julius, and Miss Havelock being all absentees, and the result was an easy victory for old Pearl Diver, who was burdened with the very lenient weight of 6 st. 6 lbs. This was an unfortunate termination for the principal race of the meeting, and it is extraordinary how some of the jockeys, who were bred and trained at Lewes, could have made such a mistake. For strangers there is an excuse, for the course is not very definitely worked out; but before another year the posts will probably be so placed that nothing of the kind can happen again. The moderate quality of the runners in the Goodwood Nursery was shown by Paul Jones, the winner there, being beaten easily in the similar contest at Lewes by Pretty, a filly of unquestioned mediocrity. The County Cup, as last year, was won by a two-year-old, Léonie on this occasion rivaling the performance of D'Estournel. The Duke of Hamilton's beautiful filly won without difficulty from Volunteer, Chepstow, Orion, and Speculum. Orion thoroughly disgraced himself, and See-saw gained no fresh reputation by making a dead heat with Ninny in the Sussex Stakes, though he won the deciding heat easily enough. On the whole, if during the last fortnight we have been introduced to no new two-year-olds of distinction, we have at any rate seen the pretensions of some who had achieved a measure of fame effectually disposed of. And if we have witnessed nothing very brilliant on the part of the three-year-olds, we have seen with great satisfaction the fine performances of the old horses, such as Ostreger, Moulsey, and Confederate. And we think it a legitimate matter for congratulation that we have still animals in training who are an effectual answer to the taunt that after a year or two's work our racers are good for nothing.

REVIEWS.

THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD.*

IT is a great mistake not to know when to stay your hand. The volume of essays called *The Church and the World*, edited by Mr. Orby Shipley, had as much success as such collections usually have; not quite equal to that of *Essays and Reviews*, but more than that obtained by several publications of the same date, representing the sentiments of rival schools among us. The book took what is called a bold and decided line. It advanced a number of things which were said to be honest, or logical, or unflinching. Its papers were written with ability, and some of them with much force and cleverness; and though its general tone could not be mistaken, its writers were not all of them "Ritualists." Accordingly, as we may see from the collection of judgments upon it appended to the present volume, and selected with amusing impartiality from the most opposite criticisms, it attracted a good deal of notice. It was a godsend to the *Record* and its allies; and it somehow or other managed to get itself presented to Convocation. This success, the editor tells, has encouraged him to prepare a second series of essays on "Questions of the Day;" but success does not always encourage wisely, and it does not seem to us to have been a good counsellor in the present instance. The second series is what the first, on the whole, was not—heavy and dull; and it has not the advantage of novelty. Of course it is full of the strong views and language of the school which it represents; but the writers of this school have said all it says before, and many of them have said all that is here said much better. The editor informs us that "it has been considered advisable that the subjects discussed in the second series should be treated by authors distinct from those who contributed to the

* *The Church and the World: Essays on Questions of the Day in 1867.* Second Series. By Various Writers. Edited by the Rev. Orby Shipley, M.A. London: Longmans & Co. 1867.

first." Unless a party is very rich in writers, this was not wise. There are some considerable names in this series, but we have certainly had the best writers first. The effect of Mr. Shipley's rule has been to increase his array of contributors, but it certainly has not increased the weight or the interest of what he has given us.

A volume which professes for its object to contribute to the solution of some of the "Questions of the Day" ought to be put together with some consideration of the preliminary inquiry, how it is to contribute to their solution. The questions to which this collection of essays confines itself are of limited range; it attempts to solve a certain number of religious questions of one particular type, by recommending the adoption of certain very positive doctrines, practices, and views of life, alleged to be the necessary and unavoidable consequences of that agreement with the universal Church which the Church of England professes. This is a fair matter for argument and proof. The things which the Ritualists say are no doubt an astonishment and scandal to the common mind; but then their very allegation is that we are all utterly wrong, steeped in the grossest ignorance, and slaves to every conceivable mistake and corrupt custom. And the positions in which they land us, as the result of their views of Christianity and reformation, are somewhat startling, and suggest the inquiry whether those who hold them can believe that till the last few years there has ever been anything deserving the name of religion in England. But for all that, it is conceivable that the Ritualists may be all in the right, and every one else all in the wrong; and if they can prove it, they are welcome. But it ought to be obvious to them that they have something to prove; and they ought, if they are fair, to acknowledge that in spite of "S. G. O." and Lord Westmeath, and all the vulgar ignorance and bad manners with which they have been assailed, there has been no indisposition to give a patient hearing to their arguments, and a patient trial to their practical changes. If they have been abused and laughed at, they only suffer in company with all who come forward in public, either to change things, or to prevent their being changed; and it is their own boast that they have made a great impression on the public mind, and that their adherents are many, devoted, and daily increasing.

When, then, a volume like the *Church and the World* appears, we have a right to look in it for something more than a mere manifesto of opinion. We look for argument. That is to say, we look for something which shall put the case for Ritualism on ground where people who are at any rate not convinced by common Ritualist arguments may see the question handled in a larger way, with a more comprehensive reference to surrounding considerations, and a fuller sense of what are the real objections which have to be answered. The early Tractarian movement was certainly, at starting, at least as destitute of popular sympathy as the modern Ritualist one. It had to meet as strong popular prejudices, and as strong arguments from reason and common sense. But the Tractarian leaders were men who knew what it was to fight a great intellectual battle, and who could take the measure of the questions which they handled, and of what they had to do, both in destroying and replacing. Whatever their success may have been, they felt the force of what was against them; they sought for broad and deep foundations for their theories; they appealed with power and originality of thought to grounds of reason and experience; common to all men. We are not pronouncing on the value of their reasonings, which was various; but they did reason—they did address themselves to people who had to be convinced, and who were not likely to be convinced by mere playing at argument. A book like Mr. Shipley's ought to be such an attempt. If there is any use in it, it ought to try to touch minds which want something more than the cut-and-dry formulas of wrangling which are current with the advocates or the opponents of Confession, or the "Three Vows," or Symbolism. Of these pretences to argument surely there is no want. Any one knows where to find them on either side. But in a book with pretensions like this we expect to find such questions—not, indeed, discussed without a strong bias, for it does not profess that—but discussed so that a person without bias, or on the other side, may be introduced to an enlarged view of them, may feel that they are in the grasp of writers who, though advocates, can look at them on their different sides, and understand their real difficulties, and can say something which, even to an opponent, remains to be worth thinking about. Unless it does this, such an appeal to educated readers as the *Church and the World* appears to be trouble thrown away.

But, on the whole, we have found it little more than a wearisome and prolix reiteration of the commonplaces of the party which it represents. There is plenty of what no doubt the writers think unanswerable argument. But we look in vain for any attempt really to understand the objections of *bona fide* reasonable and temperate opponents, and to grapple with the fact that there is something considerable to be urged against the Ritualists' view of things, and the course which they are so hotly taking. Till they understand that there is something to be fairly said against them, and that they have a strong case on the other side to answer, they are merely beating the air by imaginary victories in argument over adversaries whom they do not close with, or so much as touch by their reasons. Till they firmly recognise and look in the face the whole state of facts in the Church whose authority they so glibly claim on their side, and which they wish to influence, they cannot get out of the false position which men must be in who are acting on one state of things, and supposing another. It is undeniable that they have worked up certain branches of inquiry, not very broad

and comprehensive ones, but still of importance in their place, with great care and some learning. They have said some very true things, hit some real blots, and suggested some grave topics for the consideration both of thinkers and statesmen. They have dealt a heavy blow, heavier perhaps than they intended, to the notion that the Church ought to stand still, and that it is wrong or chimerical nowadays to contemplate great changes such as have been in days past. But this is what any revolutionary party might do; and they are not above most revolutionary parties in seeing clearly what they are driving at, or in doing justice to the opposition they meet with. Most of the writers in this volume write as if they were absolutely unconscious that there was any other side to the case beside their own, and as if all the world accepted their view of it; only people are so stupid or so perverse that they will not act on what they know and confess. There is a tone of exaggeration, guiltless of inquiry and reflection, running through it, both in its representations and its reasonings. A writer on "Ritual" starts with the assumption, "which a devout student of Holy Scripture can hardly fail to acknowledge," that "Christ did provide a Liturgy"; and he ends with the flourish that Ritualists are in danger from their "weakness and poverty." In the statement of facts there is a narrow taking for granted of things which challenge proof at every step. There is a paper which describes the "results of the Tractarian movement of 1833," results remarkable enough without any aid of exaggeration, and certainly very imperfectly represented here. The state of English religion during the first quarter of the century—rather a worn-out subject for declamation, and deserving now to be treated with a little more justice and discrimination—is set forth in a way which tasks the writer's powers to bring together everything despicable, hollow, and lifeless. The Evangelicals, who alone had a "certain degree of spiritual life," "made subjective faith the sole criterion of religion," and "could hardly be held, with truth, to be within the Catholic Church." The "Hano-verian" Church and State party "made salvation to consist in obedience to Acts of Parliament, but utterly disregarded the spirituality of the inner life." Dignitaries of the Church were chiefly remarkable for the pluralities they held while living, and, as it is oddly said, "for the immense fortunes which they carried to their graves." One party went by private judgment on the Bible and Prayer-Book; the "Orthodox" interpreted them solely by Parliamentary Rubrics, and the dicta of Episcopal secretaries. And the description proceeds:—

If there was any morality in the country, it was but little above the teaching of Aristotle; if any study of Holy Scripture, it was little more than by comparison of Evidences depending on Paley; if any preaching of God's Word, it was sententious, dry, and formal, after the manner of Blair; if any faith, it was that of Simeon, who so fatally held rule in Cambridge; and last of all, if there was any kind of zeal, or earnestness, or devotion to God, it was wild, reckless, and ungovernable, after the teaching of Wesley. Outside of the two parties which thus caused between them these elements of discord, each despising the other, and each striving to obtain predominance in the government and the preferences of the Church, there was nothing whatever for the true Catholic mind to dwell upon, no authority for faith, no source of dogmatic teaching, no consolation or remedy for the sins of penitents, no outpouring of loving souls in devotion, no truths which could in reality move or reach the heart.—P. 2.

These blind, dead, wretched people, who lived without true faith, without consolation or remedy for their sins, without devotion, without any truths that could reach or move the heart, were our own fathers and mothers. No doubt they were very different from us; we may fairly believe that in some of their differences the difference was against them; it may without presumption be hoped that we have made some improvement on their ways. But a picture like this shows that the writer has as much idea of generalizing on a real state of facts, as a child has of drawing a complicated landscape. It is simply a coarse daub, done for the sake of glaring contrast, in which even what is true is valueless for the utter indifference shown to other things just as true. Any cause must be discredited in the long run by such loose and empty misstatements; the true parallel to them is the way in which the Puritans lumped together as dark and dead all Christian ages before the Reformation. A great deal is said about Confession, about which there are two essays in this volume. Perhaps it is worth while repeating the obvious things which have been so often said to recommend it; but it would certainly have been still more useful to examine dispassionately, and without assuming irreligious or immoral prejudices in the matter, what is urged by cautious or even sceptical people against the attempt to make it a necessary and prominent or even compulsory part of Christian life. Endless passages more or less favouring it may doubtless be quoted in the most unexpected way, even from the least likely authorities. But quotations of authorities commonly slur over the consideration of the circumstances to which their authority refers, and of the proportion of what they quote to other things. The Evangelical Cecil is cited in favour of confession. But it is obvious that he might fairly and consistently have thought it a very good thing in what he thought right hands and with his own doctrines; and a very bad thing in the hands of those who made it the keystone and leading feature of a great sacramental system. Then, the new position of confession in the Ritualist system, and not the mere recognition of confession itself, in the English Prayer-Book, or by Anglican and Protestant authorities, is the point to which the defenders of Ritualism ought to address themselves. But we do not see that they keep this point in view. When they do, their arguments are often those of people who catch at anything that will tell for a moment. One writer gravely rests a

reason for the clergy "compelling" their flocks to confession, on certain averages from the *Statistical Society's Journals*, which make out that one Englishman out of every twenty—in the great towns, it is one to every ten, or even five or six—has "violated the laws of his country," and that, taking as a test the proportion of illegitimate births, English morality is far below that of Russia, Spain, and France; from which he draws the conclusion that "beyond all question Englishmen are, with perhaps the exception of the Swedes, the most immoral and criminal nation in Europe," and that for their immorality "the Confessional would be," as it is in Spain and France, "an operative and effectual safeguard." We can only say that such arguments for confession are worth about as much as Mr. Whalley's against it.

If the Ritualists wish to influence the Church and English opinion, and in some points they might influence both with advantage, they must review their position, and keep a greater check on their conventionalities of argument. They are in danger of drifting into the position of the Puritans under Elizabeth; and not all the difference of dogmas and traditions will of itself save them from that similarity of temper and behaviour which grows out of likeness of circumstances and temptations. Ritualism, like the Puritanism which Hooker combated, is essentially a system of discipline, of which confession is not only an auxiliary, but the great and indispensable keystone; and, like the Puritan "Discipline," it has its strong points and its weak. It is strong, because whatever aims seriously and systematically at moral improvement always comes with great force in its claims. It is weak, because people do not feel certain of its effects; because it has a narrow, and sometimes an inconsistent type of goodness; and because it sets up a claim, which is precarious and shaky, to divine authority. It puts things too high, if its discipline is only one good way out of several, perhaps of wider and more general use, sanctioned as lawful in the English Church. On the other hand, there is a great disproportion, which its advocates have never got over, between its proofs and its conclusions, if it professes to claim divine institution. They appeal to history; but they forget that those who appeal to history must take the whole of history into account—must consider in what points history, a terribly impartial witness, tells against them, as well as for them; what things develop into and end in, as well as what they began in and were in their first intention. The Ritualist writers make the common mistake, in their confident arguing from a certain number of undeniable facts, of forgetting that part of the truth is not the whole truth; and that the whole truth of theory wants the whole truth of fact. If they do not wish to be drawn by the irresistible action of events into the mistakes of a party which they most dislike, they must be on their guard against exaggeration of facts, in those cases where facts make most for them; against a very manifest tendency to a ludicrous and self-complacent exaggeration of the supposed force of their arguments; and against the dulness and prolixity which men fully persuaded of the truth of their cause, and having nothing very new to urge, are apt to fall into.

WASHINGTON IRVING'S SPANISH PAPERS AND MISCELLANIES.*

WHEN so much tall talk comes over from America, it is always the more pleasant to come across any American writer, old or new, who condescends to write straightforward and unaffected English. Washington Irving, unless he is already forgotten, is an old friend of most English readers, and we are well pleased to meet him again in any shape. One almost wonders whether, if he now appeared for the first time, he would win any popularity. The chief attraction of Irving must always have been the grace and ease of his style, and that grace and ease is as widely removed as may be from the style of either the comic or the sensational writers who are now most in vogue. The highest class of subjects and the highest style of composition were doubtless beyond him, but all that he writes shows the impress of good sense, good taste, and good feeling. The second volume of this collection contains some youthful writings of Irving's—letters written at the age of nineteen to a New York paper edited by his elder brother, and dealing with the most passing and trivial subjects, the theatre, the style of dress, the general manners, of New York at that time. Their intrinsic interest has passed away, but they are valuable as showing how a young man of natural literary talent instinctively wrote at that time. "Jonathan Oldstyle, Gent." clearly had the *Spectator* before his eyes; no such model would be likely to occur to a young gentleman nowadays, when young ladies have been known to decline all acquaintance with Sir Roger de Coverley on the ground that "History is so dry." Of course a young man writing in the character of an old man is not perfectly successful; but the real value of the thing is that a young man writing at New York sixty-five years ago, and bound by the nature of his subject to write something striking and funny, chose, or rather instinctively fell into, a style of fun of so quiet a kind. There is not the faintest approaching shadow either of sensation or of the grand style; on the other hand there is nothing of stilted or over-acted sententiousness. The whole thing is the merest trifle, but it is the sort of straw which shows which way the wind blows, and, as such, it was worth preserving.

* *Spanish Papers and other Miscellanies, hitherto Unpublished or Uncollected.* By Washington Irving. Arranged and Edited by Pierre M. Irving. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1866.

The title of "Spanish Papers," applied to the larger part of the contents of the first volume, is somewhat deceptive. We at once began to think of researches like those of Mr. Prescott and Mr. Motley; our thoughts at once flew off to Simancas and Mr. Bergenroth. Was Washington Irving, too, doomed to become a posthumous prey to Dr. Doran and the Duke of Manchester? But we have here nothing in the world but the so-called "Chronicles" of the conquest of Spain by the Mahometans, and of its reconquest by the Christians. Some portions are reprints, others are selections from what seems to be a vast mass of manuscript of the kind which Irving left behind him. The editor asks his readers to bear in mind that these papers or Chronicles never received the final revision of the author. We are certainly not going to quarrel with them on that score; they are very pleasant reading as they are, and the objections which we have to make to them were not likely to be removed by any further revisions of the author. Irving knew thoroughly well how to tell a story, but he did not care so much as he ought to have cared whether the story which he had to tell was true or false. Now Irving's Spanish Chronicles are tales so pleasantly told that crowds of readers no doubt read them, either accepting them as matter of fact, or altogether careless whether they are matter of fact or not. But a reader who has the faintest glimmerings of criticism in him must instinctively ask, Is this true or false? Is it certain or uncertain? Am I, in short, reading history or romance? And the answer is a rather unpleasant one. He is reading something which is neither legitimate history nor legitimate romance, but which, to speak the plain truth, is romance unfairly putting on the garb of history. Historical romance is another matter; we have always held that historical romance, written according to certain very obvious canons, is not only a perfectly legitimate kind of writing, but may be made a really useful handmaid to history. And even when an historical romance is utterly inaccurate and misleading, still, if people are misled by it, it is very much their own fault. We do not defend the absurdities and contradictions of *Ivanhoe*; still many of them are so outrageous that any one who has a child's, or even a passman's, knowledge of chronology and history could set them right for himself. No one who can count ought to be led away into thinking that the son of a man who was present at Stamford-bridge could have been living in the time of Richard the First. Few people, we trust, are so ignorant as to believe that anybody, especially Richard the First, was grandson either of William Rufus or of Eadward the Confessor. When, however, Irving makes one of his heroes come to a Dominican convent in the ninth century, the mistake is quite as gross, but the general reader is not so likely to be able to set it right. The sum is just as easy to do, but the reader is less likely to have the figures ready to begin the sum. A reader, even an intelligent reader, who is unpractised in historical criticism, might easily be led to accept these fascinating stories as the true record of things which actually happened. Such a very slight warning as that with which Irving ended his preface could do no good whatever:—

In the following pages, therefore, the author has ventured to dip more deeply into the enchanted fountains of old Spanish chronicle, than has usually been done by those who, in modern times, have treated of the eventful period of the Conquest; but in so doing, he trusts he will illustrate more fully the character of the people and the times. He has thought proper to throw these records into the form of legends, not claiming for them the authenticity of sober history, yet giving nothing that has no historical foundation. All the facts herein contained, however extravagant some of them may be deemed, will be found in the works of sage and reverend chroniclers of yore, growing side by side with long-acknowledged truths, and might be supported by learned and imposing references in the margin.

Now it certainly was not fair to put forth as history—for, notwithstanding this feeble protest, the unwary would be sure to accept it as history—a mass of stories dressed up by Irving himself out of writers who are themselves essentially legendary. Unlike *Ivanhoe* or any other avowed romance, the thing comes in the shape of history, and there are not the same means at hand to correct it. The chronological confusions of *Ivanhoe* might be set right by the list of Kings of England in the Almanac; but we cannot so easily lay our hands on any critical examination of the mass of legends, Christian and Moslem, which pass for the early history of Spain. Irving's *Legends and Chronicles* are exceedingly pretty to read, but they are just the sort of thing which passes the allowed bounds of avowed fiction, and which at once tends to break down the eternal barrier between truth and falsehood.

How little Irving understood the true nature of historical writing is shown by one of the pieces in the second volume. He there reviews himself. He had published "the Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada, from the MSS. of Fray Antonio Agapida." This chronicler was palpably imaginary; people found it out, and so looked on the book as less worthy of credit than it was. Irving was set to defend himself under the guise of reviewing himself—an odd and, to say the least, dangerous process. His apology is worth extracting; it shows how utterly unable he was to understand the danger, and worse than danger, of trifling with historic truth:—

There is, however, another circumstance, by which Mr. Irving has more seriously impaired the *ex-facie* credibility of his narrative. He has professed to derive his materials from the manuscripts of an ancient Spanish monk, Fray Antonio Agapida, whose historical productions are represented as existing in disjointed fragments, in the archives of the Escorial and other conventual libraries. He often quotes the very words of the venerable friar; particularly when he bursts forth in exaggerated praises of the selfish policy or bigot zeal of Ferdinand; or chants, "with pious exultation, the united triumphs of the cross and the sword." This friar is manifestly a mere fiction

—a stalking-horse, from behind which the author launches his satire at the intolerance of that persecuting age, and at the errors, the inconsistencies, and the self-delusions of the singular medley of warriors, saints, politicians, and adventurers engaged in that holy war. Fray Antonio, however, may be considered as an incarnation of the blind bigotry and zealot extravagance of the "good old orthodox Spanish chroniclers;" and, in fact, his exaggerated allies of loyalty and religion are taken, almost word for word, from the works of some one or other of the monkish historians. Still, though this fictitious personage has enabled the author to indulge his satirical vein at once more freely and more modestly, and has diffused over his page something of the quaintness of the cloister, and the tint of the country and the period, the use of such machinery has thrown a doubt upon the absolute verity of his history; and it will take some time before the general mass of readers become convinced that the pretended manuscript of Fray Antonio Agapida is, in truth, a faithful digest of actual documents.

To turn to some of the other "Miscellanies." Several of them are sketches of the lives of American naval officers who distinguished themselves in the war with England in Madison's time. Written while the war was still going on, their spirit is just what should be the spirit of a citizen of one of two kindred nations whom circumstances or the errors of their rulers have unhappily made hostile to one another. The justice of the American cause is of course assumed, but there is not a word which any Englishmen could resent, not a word unbecoming a generous and unwilling enemy. On the other hand, there is not a word which the most vehement American could have quarrelled with as betraying any lack of patriotic feeling or any notion of truckling to the foe. Full justice is done to the deeds of brave and honourable men on both sides. These papers are, in their way, simply models. One most interesting part of this second volume is the life of Margaret Davidson, a most remarkable American girl, who died in 1838, when she was not yet sixteen. One hears so much of early prodigies that one looks on them with a suspicion verging on dislike. But Margaret Davidson was clearly a wonderful girl, and one cannot help speculating on what she would have been had she lived to become a grown woman. Yet in truth children of this sort seem seldom to come to maturity; such excessive precocity of thought and feeling commonly wears them out in early youth. The memoir of Margaret Davidson was printed in an edition of her writings, but it has never before appeared in company with any of the writings of Irving himself. It will therefore probably be new to most readers. Irving was far more at home in writing this touching little biography than in reviewing Wheaton's History of the Northmen. The paper on that subject here reprinted is one of that class of reviews which make it plain that the reviewer knew nothing of the subject of the book reviewed except what he learned from the book itself. Irving writes in the most amusingly *ab extra* way about a people who have formed a most important element in our history and in our blood. And yet we are not sure that Irving's state of mind was not more wholesome than the fashion which has produced all the wearisome balderdash about Vikings and what not with which some popular writers have lately sickened us. If he did not know much, he was at least ready to learn. One is inclined to smile at his account of the Scandinavian language. "The ancient language of the North was preserved in Iceland when exiled from its parent countries of Scandinavia." It is odd to speak of the old tongue as being "exiled" from Sweden, Denmark, or Norway, because circumstances led it to be far more extensively modified in those countries than it was in Iceland. We have here, in fact, applied to a sister speech, the old heresy of the Semi-Saxons. The following comment sounds queer enough; it seems so droll to talk in this utterly unconscious way of a closely allied tongue, even if one cannot oneself speak or understand it; and yet the description shows a high state of philological knowledge for 1831, on the part of Wheaton, if not on that of Irving:—

The language in itself appears to have been worthy of this preservation, since we are told that "it bears in its internal structure a strong resemblance to the Latin and Greek, and even to the ancient Persian and Sanscrit, and rivals in copiousness, flexibility, and energy, every modern tongue."

This was something, thirty-six years back, but no one, even thirty-six years back, ought to have written two such passages as the following:—

On the death of Edward the Confessor, King of England, Harold, from his fleetness surnamed *Harefoot*, one of the bravest, nobles of the realm, assumed the crown, to the exclusion of Edgar Atheling, the lawful heir.

It may, by the way, be as well to mention that, though neither Harold Harefoot, Harold Hardrada, nor Harold the son of Godwine, was buried at Westminster, yet the real Harold Harefoot certainly was.

At an early hour in the morning of the 14th of October, Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, and bastard brother of the Duke, being the son of his mother Arlette, by a burgher of Falaise, celebrated mass, and gave his benediction to the Norman army. He then put a hauberk under his cassock, mounted a powerful white charger, and led forth a brigade of cavalry; for he was as ready with the spear as with the crossier, and for his fighting and other turbulent propensities, well merited his surname of Odo the Unruly.

Sin it were to belie the Devil, and the mistress of Robert the Devil had a better claim to the benefit of this doctrine than the mistress of Edward the Fourth. Bishop Odo was the lawful son of Arlette by her lawful husband Herlwin of Conteville. We do not remember the name Odo the Unruly, though it may of course occur somewhere, but surely the Bishop was far too scrupulous a canonist to shed any man's blood with the spear, however much he might do in the way of crushing helmets and heads with his mace of iron. It was in fact a pity to reprint this review, which simply, like some later writings nearer home, proves that the possession of a pleasant narrative style does not qualify a man to deal with historical subjects which he has not mastered.

Washington Irving, however, though, like other people, he broke down when he ventured out of his own line, is a writer whose memory America will do well to cherish. He is absolutely free from all the faults which have since overspread American literature in a greater, and English literature in a lesser, degree. Sentiments everywhere generous and kindly, set forth in a style perfectly clear, graceful, and natural, make no small claim to the grateful remembrance of any country, especially of one whose history and literature are still so young as those of the English beyond the Ocean.

OSWALD OF DEIRA.*

IT is a great pity when amiable and well-meaning people mistake amiability and good intentions for poetic fire. No amount of nice feeling and refined taste and gentle sympathies can atone for lack of the divine spark. This is true of all forms of poetic expression, but it is especially true of dramatic poetry. Here more than anywhere else brightness and warmth and many-sidedness are indispensable. Nice feeling may go a little way in a sonnet. In a drama it is impotent and nearly worthless. A drama demands size and power, and size and power unhappily do not come by wishing for them, nor even by sedulous striving and working for them. If Lady Georgiana Chatterton had meditated on these things she would certainly have seen that not to her had been given the multitude of gifts which dramatic success requires. Her mental stock in trade, perfectly adequate for a decent novel of a kind, would have appeared even to herself a great deal too slender for her undertaking. Above all things, dramatic composition requires intense elastic energy, and energy is the quality in which she is least of all abundant. She is sincere in an elegant way, at times even mildly fervent, but of vigour, of the irrepressible vigour of a dramatist, we see not a trace. Even Cadwallon, the wicked person of the play, is surely "the mildest-mannered man that ever scuttled ship." Religious talk will at any time soften his aspect. When Oswald, his hated enemy, reminds Cadwallon of his mother in a rather tame manner, he declares that

I upon thy countenance can read
That holy thoughts are not for ever choked;
That airs from Paradise can still arouse
Some faint response within thy barren heart.
The seed of good remains there.

Elfrid, also, whom Cadwallon would fain possess, addresses him in the same style:—

No force can make me thine, for I can die;
But thou wouldst suffer thou a long remorse.
I see thou wouldst, for kindly is thine eye.

This is the deplorable part of it. In a piece where nobody else has any energy, we might at least hope to find some in the rascal. To have a tame rascal, when all the virtuous people are tame too, is a grievous thing. This does indeed produce a certain harmony of tone throughout the drama, but then, when the tone is tame and dull, we should not be displeased by a good strong discord by way of relief. When everybody else is so very good, we should be better pleased if the bad persons were uncommonly bad. Where there is a superfluity of goodness, one would be thankful to have a downright ruffian for a change. Cadwallon gives one no severer impression than that of being rather a naughty person—a man with no ungovernable violence of passion, but only of a slightly ill-regulated mind, who likes to have things rightly if possible, but if not, then wrongly, and who no sooner does wrong than he repents in a very weak way indeed. After waiting through three acts and three-quarters for a climax, until Cadwallon has at length screwed up his courage to the sticking point, and fancies he has put Elfrid to death, in a poor bungling manner as it eventually appears, it is disappointing to find that even then we see no energy, but that the sorry wretch falls on his knees and weeps and sobs:—

Thou must not die! Oh, cruel fate! I'd give
My life—ten thousand lives—to save thee now.
O Elfrid—princess! speak to me once more!
Speak! I would suffer tortures could I bring
Thee back to life! Oh, say! canst thou forgive?
She hears me not! her lovely eyes are closed.
Oh, Elfrid! dearest life! Oh, leave me not!

[Weeps and pauses, as if he felt unceremoniously approach near her body.]

Oh, lovely saint! to thee I kneel and pray:
I cannot live—and yet I dare not die.
Forgive—forgive, the wretch who murdered thee!
In penitence and woe I'll henceforth live,
And strive to atone for all that I have done.
My sainted mother thou hast joined above;
O let her intercede for me, and gain
Thy prayers and thy forgiveness; that so God
May pardon my unutterable crime.

A man who, after committing a murder, falls on his knees and vows he will never do it any more, is surely a poor creature to have to support the whole weight of evil in a drama. A drama, if it means anything, means action, constant play and inter-play and movement of passion. It requires height and strength and variety. Cadwallon is the nearest approach to action and strength of passion that the play affords, and this, as we see, is the miserable ending of him. He is a man without a backbone of character, and though people in the play and he himself also keep telling us that he is devoured by a fiery passionate ambition, the impartial

* *Oswald of Deira*. A Drama. By Lady Georgiana Chatterton. London: Longmans & Co. 1867.

reader sees no signs of it. A drama is the development and manifestation of character by action. Nobody keeps on telling us that Hamlet is the prey to madness, or Othello to jealousy, or Iago to we know not what. Character evolves itself. The secret of Cadwallon is that he has no character to evolve. There is no force within him. If this is the case with the only active person in the play, what can we hope or say of the rest? Hermengarde is a sensible and virtuous and kindly old woman, and Elfrid is a sensible and virtuous and kindly young woman. Oswald of Deira is a type of a devout and gentlemanly young curate, while Swithin his friend appears to resemble the lay reader of common life. The reader will believe therefore that the local colouring is not very strikingly truthful. The quarrelsome inhabitants of England in the seventh century were probably a great deal more rude and bloody-minded than it would please Lady Georgiana Chatterton to think. For she appears to have been indebted to Count Montalembert's *Monks of the West* for her theme, and we all know what excess of rose-pink this eloquent writer throws into his pictures of pre-Protestant England. The consequence is that Lady Georgiana Chatterton's Saxons are quite fit for any drawing-room in Belgravia. Their phrases, manners, ways of thinking and ways of feeling, are all intensely of the nineteenth century. This in itself is a serious drawback to dramatic excellence. An attempt at least at local colour is always desirable. But, once more, an attempt at passion is the thing above all other things desirable. And if the passionate man, *par excellence*, is so little successful as the pitiful Cadwallon, we may be sure that the others will not stir us very profoundly, or kindle a very keen sympathy.

There are one or two situations—conventional enough it is true, but still situations out of which a little might have been made, if the authoress had grasped the merest elements of dramatic composition. There is the scene, for example, where Cadwallon offers Elfrid jewels and gold, and all manner of fine things, if she will be his. Here, if anywhere, the heroine might have made "an effort," as Mrs. Copperfield ought to have done. But not even here, in the very crisis of her fate, can the poor soul rise to the occasion. Her most passionate appeal does not soar much higher than the tone of polite drawing-room remonstrance:—

O king,
Think not, think not of me—a queen more fair,
More worthy of thy conquests, thou wilt find.
O listen! for I wish thee well, and feel
That an thou wilt it, thou canst do right.
Not formed for evil is thy noble brow,
But tempted thou hast been from early youth,
By self-indulgence led and lust of power,
Too great for good or ill o'er many lands.
I will not fear thee, but will pray that thou
Mayst choose the right, and e'en be happy too.

Then follow the lines which we have already quoted, complimenting the villain on his kindly eye. In the same weak manner she continues:—

No cruel heart hast thou, that gloats on grief;
Ambition dire, and love of greed, have led
Thee oft in war to slaughter many men;
And yet they tell me that thou still dost shrink
From sight of pain, and once thou stooped'st to raise
A fallen foe, and bound his bleeding wounds,
And o'er the battle-field into thy tent
Didst bear him in thine arms. Have pity now
As thou hast pity then, and I will pray
That God will bless thy life.

That is all. It is unnecessary to say that this makes not the slightest impression. Now if we may judge from his general conduct, Cadwallon was a chicken-hearted person who, if Elfrid had really shown a little spirit, and opened her mind to him, would have been only too happy to let her marry anybody she liked, provided her choice did not fall upon himself. However she missed her opportunity. Cadwallon replies in some middling lines, during which we are hoping that Elfrid will pluck up spirit, and overwhelm him with scorn or hate or energy of some kind. Perhaps our hopes would have been fulfilled. Perhaps she did pluck up spirit, and was burning to wither him up with a fiery storm of passion. We shall never know for certain. For the stage direction informs us that Cadwallon, having finished his middling lines, "calls Swain to conduct her back to Queen Hermengarde; she endeavours to speak, but he will not listen. He returns to the tables where the jewels are and frowns darkly. *Exit* [sic] Swain and Elfrid." A more lame and impotent conclusion to what ought to have been the most impressive and passionate scene in the drama could scarcely have been devised or imagined. We do not, indeed, mean to say that this is not the most impressive and passionate scene in the play. Perhaps it is so. Knowing this, the reader may conjecture the calibre of the rest.

There is another scarcely less thrilling scene. Oswald and Swithin are going to rescue Elfrid from her imprisonment in the hands of the bad Cadwallon. Talking the matter over in the dark, they soon come on to their favourite theme, on which they discourse somewhat too much as the pets of a Young Men's Christian Association would talk on a Sunday afternoon. Swithin leads away from Cadwallon to the immortality of the soul in a rather abrupt, but still an effective, manner. Oswald jumps at the subject:—

Aye; it is strange that even these fear death—
Men who believe that death is but the end
Of all, annihilation of the mind:
And yet, as Socrates of old once said,
Do not all men enjoy that sleep the most
That is most like to death—the dreamless sleep,

When they can neither see nor comprehend;
While all their senses in oblivion rest,
To all impressions dead.

SWITHIN.

This fear alone,
Experienced by unthinking men, should prove
That human souls must live for evermore
Through countless ages, and exist in woe,
Or never-ending joy.

OSWALD.

Wherein that joy
Consists, and what it means, doth sore perplex
The unconverted heart, still unconvinced
Of inborn sin; such as can ne'er discern
The use of sacrifice, the need that One
Should die to bear our sins; nor can they feel
That gratitude is due to Him who planned
The rescue; nor can they the gladness feel
Of prayer and ceaseless praise.

One asks what all this is. It is not poetry. Nor argument, because they both agree. Nor dialogue, because each goes on without paying much attention to the other. Nor is it dramatic, because men in the dark, attempting the perilous rescue of a damsel from a high tower, would be much more occupied with their ropes and tackle than with the immortality of the soul. However, the two theologians pay the penalty for their folly in talking theology when they should have been keeping a sharp look-out. For shortly after the above discussion, when they have thrown the rope up to a window in the high tower, "shouts are heard outside and the trampling of men," and "soldiers appear behind and seize Oswald and Swithin, who, overpowered by numbers, are made prisoners." How could they expect anything else, we wonder?

The only person in the play with any energy or common sense about him is the Fool. He impresses the reader as a very shrewd fellow, only the authoress does not seem to have been quite sure whether she meant him to be a fool or a fairy. Why, for example, should a fool always sing in short-rhymed lines, and why should he talk as though he were Puck or Ariel?

Underneath the sweetest rose,
There I'm wont to find repose.
Like the bee I thence take wing,
And for men sweet honey bring—
Like the bee, without his sting;
Like the bee, without his care,
All the goods of earth I share.
Cast thy cares, O king, aside,
Come with me where fairies ride;
Sip the dewdrops 'neath the trees
Trampling in the evening breeze.
Grandeur kingdoms I can show,
Greater than this world can know;
'Mid the heath and sweet blue-bell,
Lovelier scenes than thou canst tell.
And by moonlight we could play
Merry rounds until the day.

And so forth. What dramatic fitness or propriety is there in putting a lyric of this stamp into the mouth of a fool? However, it is rather superfluous to ask for dramatic fitness in a piece which contains nothing else that is dramatic.

THE GERMAN POLICY OF PRUSSIA.*

IT is a question whether some of the mournful and indignant declamation expended by poets and philosophers upon the decline of empire might not be fairly expended on its rise. For us, who have witnessed the growth of so much greatness, the extension of national power can no longer indicate, as of course, patriotism and civic worth. We have seen punishment suffered precisely where it was least deserved, and great interests promoted by dishonourable agents and odious means. The occurrences of 1866 have led to a transformation which, if viewed as a result, deserves to be called desirable both for Germany and Europe. Looking to the machinery employed, as well as to the motives openly avowed and the methods of compulsion still in process, the same occurrences are matter for European grief and German shame. Professor Schmidt's present book is a symptom of tendencies which the future historian may deem comparatively unimportant, but which the contemporary moralist must mention and deplore. The state of things in question is by no means peculiar to Prussia. Probably no other nation would, under like conditions, have been less open to moral criticism. The Prussians are not a depraved people, and they have constantly shown intelligent alacrity where dollars are to be made and battles won. Now that they have achieved the greatness which they thought themselves to deserve, and of which they were till lately baulked, some of the harsher features of their national character will, we are inclined to think, be softened down. It would not surprise us if their present aggressive humours passed away, and if they were to astonish their admirers and disappoint their enemies by presenting to the world the spectacle of a nation improved by sudden prosperity. But that such an advantage may be obtained it is essential that the Prussians should know and tolerate the truth about the events of 1866. A year ago they knew it full well, yet an army of professors, historians, speakers, and pamphleteers is now striving to deaden the Prussian conscience, and to induce it to admit the identity of right and wrong. In the press—which, be it observed, is

* *Preussens Deutsche Politik*. Von Adolf Schmidt, ord. Professor der Geschichte an der Universität Jena. Leipzig: 1867.

largely leavened with Jewish influences—very creditable attempts are made to call a spade a spade. For instance, independent Prussian journals have not hesitated to explain that Prussia's continued hold of Luxemburg was a defiance of public right; and, again, quite recently, that the Treaty of Prague has been flagrantly violated by the banishment and imprisonment of inhabitants of the Duchy of Schleswig. Nevertheless the general tide runs the other way.

Professor Schmidt's notion of the duties of a public teacher of history in Prussia is singular enough. The annals of the House of Brandenburg must be well whitewashed before they are fit for study by Prussian youth. And whitewash the Professor proceeds to apply in copious streams. His recipe for making a family edition of Prussian history is a useful one. His work treats of the chief Prussian epochs, and his dealings with such awkward years as 1740 are in this wise. Frederic's own account of the seizure of Silesia is, that he wanted to employ his army, and to make himself a name; that he had claims on Berg and Jülich, and that, as an assertion of them was not likely to pay, he determined to put up with an Austrian province instead; that the apparent weakness of Austria, and the death of the Russian Empress Anne, made the moment favourable for such an attempt. Of his claims on the Duchy hardly a word is said, nor does Professor Schmidt dare to urge them. The Professor observes that the whole business was analogous to the proceedings whereby Louis XIV. annexed Alsace. He, however, accompanies this very proper sentiment with the remark that whereas the French monarch's conduct was deceitful and common thieving, Frederic went to work by the way of "open and manly heroic deed!" Perhaps Professor Schmidt is unaware that Frederic carefully abstained from making any official demands at Vienna until his army had crossed the Austrian frontier. The King's envoy Götter, when presenting the note which required the surrender of Silesia, had to admit, when asked, that his master's troops were already in the Duchy. So much for an "open and manly heroic deed!" Count Bismark's Parliamentary career is still a tough mouthful for other liberal Germans besides the municipal authorities of Berlin, so our Professor, as we shall presently see, boldly draws a parallel between the Junker statesman and the late Sir Robert Peel. Then he ventures to describe the Emperor Francis Joseph's recent attempt (1863) to reform the German Bund as part of a deliberate Austrian "conspiracy" against Prussia! We may add, before giving fuller samples of Jena doctrine, that that part of Prussia does not seem to be much permeated by the influence of Goethe. According to the sage of Weimar, history is chiefly useful for the enthusiasm which it excites. On these terms, historical studies, as conducted at Jena, must be a shameful waste of time. For if Professor Schmidt's oral instruction resembles his written, his prelections must excite anything but enthusiasm in the academic mind. The intellectual constitution of Borussia youth is not likely to be invigorated by contact with the whirlpool of philosophical reflection in which the learned doctor swims a few miserable facts.

In some of the Professor's operations he instinctively resorts to a mental process cultivated in Germany with special success. German sages have been reproached with an undue preference for the revelations of their personal moral consciousness. If they stopped there, no great harm would be done. Unfortunately, they persist in investing other people—and that despite differences of time, race, and place—with the beliefs and feelings secreted in their own mental depths. Nothing can less resemble an ancient Greek than a modern German. Yet Schleiermacher and Socher were utterly unable to conceive that Plato could have written his Dialogues unless in exact conformity with the canons of criticism laid down by modern German taste. Voltaire remarks that it is dangerous to speculate on the views and intentions of a King or a Minister, unless you have moved for some time in his intimacy, and have been associated with his ambition and his work. Professor Schmidt, however, not only knows all about Frederic the Great, but makes him talk and think like a Professor of the University of Jena of A.D. 1867, who has been inoculated with the reflections of Ranke and the Klein-Deutschland virus of Sybel, and is anxious perhaps to be hereafter found fit for the highest summits of the pedagogical hierarchy of Prussia. To such subjective portraiture we venture to prefer the biography written by the very hand of the person concerned. Whoever has studied Frederic in his own writings, or in Mr. Carlyle's wonderful book, knows that the friend of Voltaire was not a man to analyse and classify his political or warlike plans. Nevertheless, Professor Schmidt reduces all of them to a regular scheme. It seems that Frederic mapped out his policy and wars as methodically as he mapped out the programmes of his concerts. You must distinguish between the first Silesian war, when Frederic had in view (1) Prussia's position as a Power in the European State-system; and the second Silesian war, when he contemplated (2) Prussia's elevation as a German Power. These designs are as distinct as the adagio and the allegro of the flute concertos which Frederic played with Quantz. Yet each of them runs parallel to the other, and they may be said to be reciprocally inherent. Then remark how the species of this dualism cross each other, and again breed new varieties and shades of distinctions. To No. 2 belong the Bavarian war of succession, and the foundation of the Fürstenbund, the Seven Years' War being a sort of mule, proceeding both from 1 and 2. Such is the genesis of "Prussia's German policy." It is a curious circumstance that before Prussia became, as she did under Frederic, a great European Power, she was already a rival of Austria, the mutual jealousy of the great Hapsburgs and the little Hohenzollerns being so intense, that

nothing less than the junction of the two States into one could settle the dispute. Frederic saw this, says the learned Professor, and to realize the amalgamation of Austria and Prussia was his dream before he mounted the throne. Professor Schmidt judiciously adds that this important fact is now apt to be forgotten. Mr. Carlyle will be surprised to learn that the marriage with Maria Theresa was the only alliance which the youthful Frederic approved. Before and after his memorable attempt at flight, "he returned in thought to this grandiose combination, and opposed it to the other obnoxious marriage projects set before him." The Professor further asserts, quoting presumably from some archives not accessible to previous biographers of Frederic, still less to Frederic himself, that the failure of the Austrian marriage plan helped to sharpen the opposition between Austria and Prussia, and generated the first Silesian war—that notable "fight of the becoming with the become, of an historically waving principle with a statistically stiffening," when "roaring impetuosity clashed against indestructible repose." These splendid abstractions are followed by a catena of elaborate questions, in which Professor Schmidt sums up the supposed political situation of Germany in 1740. Should Prussia let the Hapsburgs continue to wear the Imperial Crown? Should Frederic take it himself, or should he cause it to be bestowed on some weak prince whom it might be easy to despoil hereafter? Were the prerogatives of the Cæsar-dignity to be enfeebled by the elective capitulations? Is not the best policy that which considers fact before form, and stamps its deeds with the impress of actuality? &c. &c. That such doubts, especially the last, may have arisen in the subsequent course of Prussian history, we are disposed to grant. It was reserved for Professor Schmidt to confound antecedents with results, and to represent as inevitable problems questions which only came into existence by reason of the very policy and acts which are assumed to have given them their solution.

There are better things in Prussia than Chairs of History, and accordingly Professor Schmidt proceeds to whitewash Count Bismark. The Count's mind underwent an inner metamorphosis, while his outer activity presents four phases, which, without crossing the development of the inner change, resulted in a highly oppositional antithesis. The learned Professor suggests that there are not wanting grounds for likening Count Bismark to Sir Robert Peel. His parallel reminds us of Fluellen's discourse on Alexander of Macedon and Harry of Monmouth. He describes the Prussian Minister's earlier career. The Count was the coryphæus of the stiffest and most exaggerated conservatism, the head of the extreme parliamentary Right, the champion of feudal franchises, interests, and claims, the advocate of patrimonial jurisdiction, the most energetic enemy of democracy and *Parlamentarismus*, the most active worshipper of the solidarity of absolute royalty and privileged aristocracy, the blind adherent of the Austrian alliance. This may not strike a superficial reader as being very like Sir Robert Peel. However, there is a river in Macedon, and there is also a river in Monmouth, and there is salmon in both. Bismark headed Conservatives, and so did Peel. Peel lived to advocate and approve measures which he had opposed; Bismark renounced the Austrian alliance, which he had once admired, and became the sworn enemy of the Imperial house. It would complete the comparison were Professor Schmidt to produce reasons for believing that Count Bismark has grown into a Liberal statesman. But such reasons do not exist. A part of the Count's earlier convictions were, of course, adopted for the convenience of the moment, but his general bent of mind remains unchanged. His method is that of "Blood and Iron," and his aim the removal of his neighbours' landmarks. His object has been more territory for Prussia, and, provided that be attained in sufficient quantity, he is indifferent as to mere administrative and legislative details. Not being overburdened with beliefs, he is not indisposed to make microscopic concessions to popular opinion; nevertheless his sympathies are all of the Cæsaræan mould, and his will, unchecked, would turn Germany into a perpetual camp. The parallel of Peel and Bismark deserves to be studied in detail. It is highly instructive as a sample of the shifts to which clever men will resort when their business is the transformation of history into "ideas." It must be remembered that the Professor presumes on the ignorance of a German audience, and evolves for their benefit an idea to which no Englishman would ever attach the name of our great Free-trade statesman. His Peel is a conception of the pure Intelligence—not a mere man, but a political *esprit*—or, as Germans say, *das Ding an sich*. The Peel of Schmidt's *à priori* cognition finally flung himself, with all the ardour of fresh faith, into the most extreme groove of English Liberalism, and with all the weight of his personal energy led it in his own stormy and defiant way to victory. But this is not all. He dragged the whole Conservative party at his heels, and, despite murmurs, reluctance, and struggles, compelled it to serve as the agency for the achievement of the very ends from which it most recoiled and against which it had always fought! In this order of facts, which had escaped the notice of British politicians, we may perhaps trace the origin of Mr. Disraeli's late outburst of democratic zeal.

YO ET LES PRINCIPES DE '89.

"THE contrast between profession and practice, between what is and what ought to be, is an element of comedy, and readily lends itself to satire." No one has turned this contrast to

* *Yo et les Principes de '89.* Par H. Pessard. Bruxelles: Lacroix & Co. 1867.

account for the purpose of political criticism with more skill than M. Prévost-Paradol, who thus expresses himself in the preface to a squib conceived in his own spirit, and elaborated with much of his own piquant and incisive manner. Yo is a learned Chinese doctor, with strong Liberal proclivities, who happens to attend a French chasseur wounded at the taking of the Summer Palace. In the knapsack of his charge he lights on three French newspapers, the contents of which he devours with the ardent curiosity of a *savant* who searches after truth. In these journals he is struck by sundry allusions to the principles of '89. But he is much puzzled to find that, while all the three are incessantly referring to these immortal principles of '89, no one of the three appears to agree with the other two as to their nature and value. In his perplexity he applies to his French visitor for an explanation. Picot the chasseur's notion of the principles of '89 is a little too vague and military to enlighten the mind of his benefactor. "On tape les Russes, on massacre les Autrichiens, on noie les Anglais, le troupier se couvre de gloire, et plusieurs généraux deviennent marchaux avec une haute paye." Fortunately a foot-note in one of the journals supplies the required information. From it he learns that the principles of '89 have given to every man the liberty to come and go as he pleases, to speak, write, print, and publish his thoughts, to hold meetings of his friends; and that upon these principles the successive Governments of France have for the last seventy years been based. Glowing with enthusiasm for a land in which the rights of man are so respected, he determines to start for France, henceforth the country of his adoption. At London he buys a copy of the Declaration of the Rights of Man, and, to show his reverence for the principles embodied in it, suspends the volume round his neck by a chain of gold. Thus equipped he lands in France. The first objects that meet his view are a gendarme, a Customs officer, and a police-agent. One demands his passport, another pounces upon his baggage, while the third insists on seeing the contents of the book which he carries round his neck. After glancing at it, this official informs the astonished Yo that he will have to answer a charge of *délit de colportage* for distributing writings without the license of the Préfet; and when Yo vehemently asserts his innocence of any offence whatever, he is told by the gendarme that according to grammar, the dictionary, and common usage, "colporter" means to carry at the neck, and that therefore he is clearly guilty of an infraction of the law. Arrived in Paris, Yo determines to study the history of France since the Revolution, which he fondly hopes will clear up all his difficulties. He orders a fiacre, and drives to a library to procure the necessary books. On his way thither he is thrown into fresh perplexities by a singular illustration of the liberty of the subject under the principles of '89. The vehicle is stopped, first because the driver has a tip on the lash of his whip, next because he appears to be smoking; and when Yo, puzzled at these repeated interruptions, asks the driver to explain them, the man stops his mouth by hastily informing him that he is forbidden to talk with a fare when the hiring has come to an end. All this convinces him that, in France, the profession of cab-driver is reserved for criminals of a dangerous kind, who are never left alone by the police for a single moment. The study of history proves no easy matter. Yo learns with surprise, from his friend the librarian, that during the last seventy years there have been innumerable parties in France, that each party has given its own version of events, and that often the same writer contradicts in his second edition what he has affirmed in the first. In despair at the prospect of this conflict of testimony, Yo consults a Professor of History, who, being a cynic and a pessimist, draws so dark a picture of French Governments since '89 that his pupil naively inquires, at the end of his lecture, if he is not a *septembriseur*. The next commentary which Yo obtains on the practical working of the principles of '89 is in the shape of a narrative told by M. Jeauron, the porter of his lodgings. The poor man had been the innocent victim of a long course of police persecution which culminated in a sentence to a long period of imprisonment. Full of generous indignation at the recital of these wrongs, Yo resolves to obtain redress for his *protégé* by publishing an account of them in a Paris journal. But he finds, to his surprise, that no editor of the Opposition dares print his manuscript, though all are loud in praise of it. Undeterred by this difficulty, he resolves to found a journal for himself. But here a fresh obstacle meets him. He must obtain the permission of the Government to do this. Full of confidence, he applies to the Minister for this permission, and learns, to his chagrin, that it is accorded to none but a Frenchman who has attained his majority, and is in full enjoyment of his civil and political rights. Foiled in this attempt to obtain justice for Jeauron through the medium of the daily press, Yo bethinks himself of writing a pamphlet. The publisher to whom he offers his work consents to publish it with three trifling alterations. The title must be changed; anything like a political purpose must be eliminated; and the language must be modified. Disgusted with these conditions, which the publisher declares to be necessary in order to put himself "en règle avec la loi," Yo pockets his pamphlet and goes his way. After these bewildering experiences of the liberty of the person and the liberty of the press, as regulated by the principles of '89, it only remains for the learned Chinaman to test the quality of the political liberty presumably based upon them. The press being closed to him, another avenue to publicity, a public meeting, remains to be tried. The principles of '89 are explicit on the right of assembly. But no sooner has Yo engaged a hall and prepared his advertisements than the project is nipped in the bud by the authorities, as a contravention of

the Code. "It was in this way," says Yo, in a plaintive letter to his friend Pa-Fo-Sthi, "that it was made clear to me that all that was not expressly authorized by the letter of the law was absolutely prohibited."

By this time the process of disenchantment is almost complete. The last illusion is dispelled, and Yo's career in France is brought to a summary termination by the part he takes in a contested election in Auvergne. Curious to study an electoral system springing from his idolized Principles, he accepts an invitation to be present on the occasion. The most strenuous efforts had been made to secure the return of the Government candidate. Disgusted at the treatment which the Opposition candidate meets with at the hands of the officials, and the pressure put on the electors, Yo is moved to make a speech, in which he demolishes the claims of the former in a very free and pungent manner. An act of such audacity admits but of one meaning. He is taken for a Government agent in mufti, bearing later instructions from head-quarters. In a moment the whole official world of B—— les Verriers veers round, and the Opposition candidate is returned by a large majority. The next morning the mistake is discovered. The sous-préfet is furious; the garde champêtre is dismissed; the mayor is suspended from his functions. As for the candid Yo, he is ordered to quit the French territory within forty-eight hours. As he steams away from Marseilles the shadow of the same three objects which had met his view on landing falls athwart the moonlit waves. As they had been the first, so the last figures to be descried are a douanier, a gendarme, and a police-agent.

In spite of his enthusiastic veneration for them, Yo's view of the principles of '89 is a partial and one-sided view. In his curiosity to trace their political results, he overlooks the social revolution which they have accomplished. He sees clearly enough that Frenchmen are not free, but he fails to remark that they are equal. The obliteration of the sharply defined distinctions of class which existed under the ancient régime is the most striking and permanent result of the Revolution. France passed suddenly from the régime of privilege to the most absolute equality, and this change, so sharp and violent that it resembled a short tempest, has been as durable as if it were the work of time and man's deliberate choice. This equality is the only solid part of the ambitious and fragile edifice reared by the French Revolution. But its importance can hardly be overrated, because it has been, and must continue to be, the groundwork of all subsequent Governments. When Mr. Disraeli reassures his nervous followers by telling them that in England the conditions of democracy do not exist, he means that we have not this equality. In France it has penetrated and moulded the national character, life, and manners. It is as much a part of a Frenchman's being as the idea of personal liberty is a part of an Englishman's. Yo could hardly have gone into a *café* or a shop without perceiving this. So acute an observer must have been struck by the evidence that, so far as society is concerned, France is irrevocably a democracy, and that in this respect the principles of '89 are no dead letter, but a living and deepening influence. No doubt he would agree with M. Prévost-Paradol that this democracy ought to be free, and that it is not so yet; but the irony of the political situation need not blind him to the fact that half, and the most important half, of the work of '89 has already been fully accomplished.

There is another point upon which Yo's intelligence seems to us at fault. In the unconsciousness with which he passes it by, the learned doctor betrays, we think, his Gallic origin. A more genuine Oriental, when he came to examine closely the phenomena which excited his wonder, could hardly fail to see that the vexatious interference of the administration in matters small and great, which he is so puzzled to reconcile with the theory of personal liberty, is the result, not of any defection from the principles of '89, but of causes anterior to and independent of them. Many of the anomalies which perplex him are referable to that passion for organization, that fussy love of reducing everything to a system even in concerns devoid of any political significance whatever, which distinguishes the French character. If this incessant administrative activity were limited to the sphere of politics, the central authority might fairly be held responsible for it; but when it is found to extend itself to almost every transaction of social life, its pleasures as well as its business, it is clear that the Government action coincides with the national instinct. If the edifice were in real earnest crowned tomorrow, France would still remain the most bureau-ridden, the most *reglementée* nation in Europe. The Briton would still fret and fume at the triple circle of *défense* which environs him the moment he sets foot across the Channel. He would still be confronted at every turn by the crescendo scale of prohibition which vexes his soul—*défendu, étroitement défendu, absolument défendu*. The same reasoning by which the philosophic Yo satisfies himself that the cab-drivers of Paris are a set of dangerous criminals might have led him to infer that railway passengers were lunatics or idiots, watching for an opportunity to precipitate themselves before the wheels of the steam-engine. Or if he had gone to take the baths at Dieppe or Biarritz, he might have inferred, from the multiplicity of small regulations in force, that the visitors to those fashionable bathing-places consisted for the most part of intending suicides whom the watchful officials of the Etablissement were seeking by a series of ingenious obstacles to preserve from a watery grave. This excessive love of *reglementation*, and the general acquiescence in it, has its advantages as well as its disadvantages. For good, as well as for evil, it is in accordance

with French ideas. The tendency towards it comes from below, as well as from above. It helps to explain much that is perplexing or unintelligible to foreign critics.

EDUCATION IN EARLY ENGLAND.*

THE little pamphlet in which Mr. Furnivall has thrown open to the public his discoveries in the matter of our national education some centuries ago was originally intended to serve as preface to certain treatises on the subject published by the Early English Text Society. In their original shape the author claimed for his notes, perhaps with justice, a perfect immunity from criticism:—

If any one thinks it a bore to read these prefaces, I can assure him it was a much greater bore to have to hunt up the material for them, and set aside other pressing business for it. But the *Boke of Curtage* binding on editors does not allow them to present to their readers a text with no coat or trousers on. If any members should take offence at any expressions in this or any future preface of mine, I ask such to consider the first maxim in their *Boke of Curtage*, "Don't look a gift-horse in the mouth." Prefaces are gift-horses, and if mine buck or shy now and then I ask their riders to sit steady and take it easy.

We are, however, delivered from the necessity of examining the very peculiar doctrines of editorial responsibility which this unknown *Boke of Curtage* seems to contain, by the fact that, as they now lie before us, Mr. Furnivall's notes have descended from their high estate as a preface to the more vulgar shape of a shilling pamphlet. We do not deny the propriety of their separate publication. There are no doubt many interested in the general subject of education who might, as Mr. Furnivall fears, be indifferent to the *Boke of Nurture* which John Russel and Hugh Rhodes published some centuries ago for the benefit of "bele babes and swete children." But who save children and "bele babes" can derive any information from Mr. Furnivall's notes we cannot imagine.

Mr. Furnivall, with his usual candour, states that one object at any rate of his publication is to impress on all schoolmasters and educators their "plain duty" of joining the Early English Text Society at once. We own we don't quite see the duty, plain as it is; but educators may certainly be induced by the very highest motives to join a Society whose chief promoter has taken such pains as this pamphlet evidences to prove his need of education. We take the simplest test of a man's education to be his ability to determine accurately what he knows and what he does not know. Now Mr. Furnivall is not only utterly unconscious of his own ignorance of the subject he writes about, but he is equally unconscious of other men's knowledge. He sits down to write of the higher education of England in past times as of "a subject that, so far as I can find, has never yet been separately treated." It is only as he goes on that friends refer him to such common books as Warton's *English Poetry*, or the well-known sections in Henry's *History of England*. The most obvious proof of his utter ignorance of the subject may be found in his treatment of the Cathedral schools. "About the pre-Reformation schools I can find only the extract from Tanner given above. On the post-Reformation schools I refer readers to Mr. Whiston's *Cathedral Trusts*." Tanner simply says that religious houses were schools of learning and education where "neighbours that desired it might have their children taught grammar and music, without any expense to them"; while Mr. Whiston, dealing specially with the new foundations, speaks naturally enough as if their schools dated from their reconstitution under Henry VIII. But does Mr. Furnivall suppose that there is or ever was any difference between a Cathedral school before and a Cathedral school after the Reformation, or that a few general words like those of Tanner express all that we know of what for centuries were the great centres of English education? A glance at the statutes of any cathedral body might have taught him that education was one of the main objects of their existence, and that the School and its Chancellor were as essential parts of the foundation as the Dean or the Precentor. He would hardly in such a case have confined himself to the modest suggestion, when speaking of Giraldus Cambrensis, that "probably there was some sort of a school at either Pembroke or St. David's." A test almost as simple as that of cathedral schools is supplied by his use of the word "music." We should have imagined that any one who had ever turned over a mediæval book must have discovered that the word had a meaning far larger than its modern use. But with Mr. Furnivall it never gets beyond the "pyeings" of his "bele babes." Chaucer's squire, the poet tells us—

Synnyng he was, or flowtinge all the day,
Wel cowde he sitte on hors and wel cowde ryde,
He cowde songes wel make and endite,
Justne and eke danuce and wel purtray and write.

"Which of these accomplishments," comments Mr. Furnivall, "would Cambridge or Oxford teach? Music alone." We cannot be surprised at their not teaching riding or dancing, although a legacy was once left to Oxford for the establishment of a riding-school; but does Mr. Furnivall imagine that singing and flouting all the day, or even the making and inditing of songs, was all that the two Universities meant in their profession to teach "music"? When and how the word passed from its larger extension to its narrower sphere of meaning would be a very curious subject of inquiry; but one which Mr. Furnivall is hardly likely to attempt with any great success. On the other side of the Reformation

his mind leaves all chronology behind; in one page he quotes Orderic and a letter of Charles I.'s day with perfect indifference to the five centuries between them. His ignorance, in fact, of England before the reign of Henry VIII. is equal to that of Mr. Froude; he peoples it with a race of "the Old men" who have the same sort of historic existence as the Semi-Saxons, and the same entire independence of chronological bounds as the Flint-folk of the geologist.

Mr. Furnivall, however, in his native state is not to be compared with Mr. Furnivall after being subjected to the cookery of his friends. Sound historical scholars like Mr. Bruce or Mr. Brewer were of course quick enough to perceive what sort of knowledge Mr. Furnivall possessed, and we do not wonder that, when they found him resolved to write on a subject of which he knew nothing, they did their best to help him by stray jottings from their note-books. The result is just what one might expect from one's school experience in helping the boy who hadn't learnt his lesson; his blunders are tenfold worse than before. The "probability" of a school "of some sort" at St. David's is Mr. Furnivall's deduction from the bit of information about Giraldu which we suppose he owes to Mr. Brewer. Some one sends him the well-known passage of Fitz-Stephen about the London schools of the twelfth century; but Mr. Furnivall is led to Beket only to assure us that he was "the son of poor parents." It is a pity his friend did not send him another passage of Fitz-Stephen on the parents of St. Thomas, "Neque fœnerantibus neque officio negotiantibus sed de redditibus suis honorifice viventibus." We much doubt, again, whether the friends who revealed to him the existence of Henry's *History of England* meant him to copy without a murmur Henry's rendering of the "scholastici" of the Cathedral schools as "the scholastics of the diocese." But for the most pretentious blunder in this pamphlet we are bound to say Mr. Furnivall is not responsible. He has repeated the common statement that, in the reign of Stephen, Vacarius taught law at Oxford. Professor Thorold Rogers interposes in a very peremptory note:—"There is no evidence that Vacarius lectured at Oxford. The statement is a mistake made by Hallam on a passage in John of Salisbury quoted by Selden." It is a little amusing to see two such men as Selden and Hallam put down by Mr. Rogers in such a fashion as this. The truth is that, in his account of Oxford and its early days, Mr. Hallam quotes John of Salisbury, not as asserting that Vacarius taught there, but as making "no mention of Oxford at all"; while he gives for the statement about the law school no authority whatever beyond his general reference throughout to Anthony Wood. But the fact is as historical as a fact can well be, and the authority for it is a passage in one of the best of the contemporary authors, Gervaise of Canterbury. "Tunc leges et causidici in Angliam primo vocati sunt," he says in his account of Theobald in the Acts of the Archbishops, "quorum primus erat magister Vacarius. Hic in Oxonefordia legem docuit." Considering the trouble Mr. Rogers had taken to italicize his "no evidence," we think this is a very fair specimen of the "blunder pretentious."

We have no wish to pursue Mr. Furnivall's mistakes any further, but take these away and nothing remains save remarks upon "tubbing" and shaving, and the extension of the franchise, with a bit of autobiography, in which the author describes himself as the "Foolometer" of the Society. Whether this means that Mr. Furnivall intends to go on testing in successive "forewords" what amount of folly English texts will induce men to swallow, we cannot say. For one sensible saying, and for one only, through all these seventy pages, we are glad to be able to give him credit—namely, the suggestion that English, as a language, should be studied historically at every school, as it is already studied at the City of London School under Mr. Abbott. The rest is a mere rewarining of the old stock stories about Lady Jane Grey and the courtiers of Henry and Elizabeth, with the sweepings of the studies of Mr. Bruce and Mr. Brewer. Over all the great questions which his title-page suggests Mr. Furnivall has passed without the slightest consciousness of their importance. One omission certainly surprised us, even in pages like these; it is almost inconceivable how any one dealing every day with philological matters could pass by, as the author has done, the curious passages about the use of Italian and French in England, without a word of comment. The tutor of Gregory Cromwell, for instance, expounds to his pupil "the etymology and native signification of such words as we have borrowed of the Latines or Frenchmen, not even so commonly used in our quotidian speech." Again, we see in Henry the Eighth's time the rarity of a knowledge of French, not from the ignorance of the nobles, as Mr. Furnivall supposes, but more probably because Italian and not French was then, as it remained till the close of Elizabeth's day, the language of diplomacy and politeness. But Mr. Furnivall is right in supposing topics like these to be hardly suitable for "swete children and bele babes."

A WALKING TOUR ROUND IRELAND IN 1865.*

WHOEVER takes up this book with the hope of finding original views on the tenure of land, or on tenant-right, or on the Irish Church, or on any vexed Irish question, will be much disappointed. He will find none. But his loss will be a gain. For he will find instead a very sober, unadorned, but conscientious account of Ireland as a pedestrian sees it, from which he may gain

* Some Notes used as Forewords to a Collection of Treatises on "Manners and Meals in the Olden Time," for the use of the Early English Text Society. By F. J. Furnivall, M.A. London: Trübner & Co. 1867.

* A Walking Tour round Ireland in 1865. By an Englishman. London: Richard Bentley. 1867.

more matter for reflection than from half a dozen blue-books, essays, or reviews. Its entire unpretentiousness of style, its matter-of-fact and unimaginative narrative, will bring back vividly the veritable features of Ireland as it is to the memory of every man who has travelled in it, though it may fail to suggest what Ireland is to those who have never been there.

One of the very first incidents which the author recounts must have occurred to many a previous traveller, as it seems to have occurred often to himself in the course of his journey. He is assailed with no little banter on his style of travelling. How many Englishmen must remember the jokes and the questions with which they were greeted on entering an Irish country inn on foot, with dust (or oftener mud) on their shoes, and a knapsack on their backs! "Where are you going? Why do you walk? Why don't you like the cars? Do you find it cheaper?" Such are a few of the questions which an Irish tourist must put up with, besides frequent allusions to his condition and appearance over the morning egg or the evening punch-bowl. This is as Irish as it is annoying. One does not meet with it in Scotland or Wales. Welshmen and Scotchmen have learned to think their own countries beautiful enough to deserve and reward the labours of the pedestrian. Irishmen either are not alive to the beauties of Irish scenery, or do not know that the best way to see it thoroughly is to walk through it. Perhaps it is not unjust to suspect that another feeling is at the bottom of this contemptuous wonder. The Irish have not, as a people, risen above the most servile reverence for appearances. The worship of rank, position, wealth, and their supposed appurtenances is deeply implanted among those Irishmen who have rarely travelled beyond their own country; and it soon resumes its ascendancy over those who have been abroad. The Irish squireen does not walk on foot, except after game, for various intelligible reasons. The Irish tradesman or merchant does not pedestrianize because it is not "genteel." The Irish clergyman, rector or curate, would equally think it beneath his dignity to make a tour in this humble fashion. The Irish student may occasionally do so, but Irish students are generally too poor to make it a fashionable custom. On the whole, the idea generally attached in Ireland to this sort of excursion is that it is "low." And unless the notice which the narrative of our "Englishman" attracts, or the increasing number of Irish tourists dispels the impression, we would warn Englishmen intending to travel in Ireland on their own natural resources that they must prepare to meet a good deal of banter, not indeed ill-natured, but somewhat vulgar and uncouth. Perhaps, however, it may not be unreasonable to assume that the generality of pedestrian tourists are rather less thin-skinned than our Englishman appears to be, and rather more richly endowed with "chaff."

The author's route began and ended at the north-east. He left London for Morecambe Bay; thence he steamed to Belfast. From Belfast he followed the coast road north-west, descended by way of Portrush along the line which divides the counties of Londonderry and Donegal, and so on to Enniskillen. Thence he proceeded westward to Sligo and on to Castlebar, thence into Connemara, and, by way of Galway, to the coasts of Clare and Limerick, and so on, by way of Tralee, to Killarney. From Killarney he went eastward to Cork, Waterford, Wexford, and Dublin. After a short stay at Dublin he returned to Belfast by way of Dundalk, and from Belfast back to London. By this means he saw some of the most picturesque scenery in Ireland, and also no few specimens of Irish character.

The first thing that strikes one in this book is that the old Irish fun or humour has completely died out. Did it ever exist as described in plays and novels by Edgeworth and Barrington? A more recent traveller in Ireland has told us that he only heard one joke among the Dublin carmen during the week that he spent there, and that was evidently a stock joke. In this work there are fewer records of good things than might have been gleaned in a tour of the same length in England. Perhaps this may be in part due to the mental character of the tourist, which hardly appears to be adapted for the transmission of jokes, and may have rejected them through mere incapacity of assimilation. But, making all due allowance for the obtuseness of the author in this respect, it is, we fear, only too true that any traveller in Ireland would hear more grumbling cynicism than facetiousness. All travellers agree in representing the general tone of Irish sentiment as one of sour discontent, arising from no one recognised cause, but excusing itself by the allegation of many causes, many of them utterly inconsistent with each other. But the general feeling throughout all classes is that Ireland is looked down on by England as inferior. Nature has done her great injustice of interposing a sea between her and the bigger island. She is not part and parcel of England. She receives few and brief visits from Royalty. Though Ireland has five or six millions of inhabitants, and can always make herself heard, still her power is not coequal with that of England. She fears that she presents only a second-hand appearance to her visitors. Then, too, she fears that her national peculiarities are the subject of mock and jibe much more frequently than they really are. All this sensitiveness goes far to account for the treatment to which tourists are often exposed, and of which our "Englishman" bitterly complains. It explains the too frequent inhospitality of the Irish innkeepers. In England it would be thought quite a strange and unaccountable thing if the landlord of an hotel turned away from his door any traveller who sought shelter there, when it was not full. Yet this inhospitality seems to be rather the rule than the exception in

Ireland. The following is the account given by our tourist of his reception at Newtown, in the county of Derry:—

I now arrive after dark at Newtown. There are two inns here, the Queen's Arms or Wilson's, and the Mercers' opposite. My friend the farmer recommended me to the latter, on the ground that it was less commercial than the other and more frequented by the gentry of the county. So I took his advice and asked for a bedroom there, but was told by the maid at once that they were quite full. This statement seemed strange, as there was no appearance of any person about the place; all seemed dark and lonely. I then went opposite to the Queen's Arms and applied for a bedroom there. The maid said there was one, but she would call her mistress. The passage was dark where I was standing, and presently both master and mistress made their appearance with a candle. They asked me whether I contemplated staying more than one night. I said no. They then demurred a little, and replied that all their rooms were engaged, though as at the other inn there was nothing like life about the place. The mistress, however, recommended me to apply at a grocer's lower down, named McKay's, and I might be accommodated there. It was now dark and late, and I could do nothing but sulkily follow this advice. So with some difficulty I found McKay's, and entering the shop, asked a pretty girl who was serving customers, and evidently a daughter of the house, for a bedroom, stating I had been to both inns, and they said they were quite full. At this she expressed some astonishment, as both houses were large and would accommodate a good many.

The next story is curious for more reasons than one. In any country except Ireland competition sharpens the attention of all persons dependent on the custom of the public. In Ireland it seems to have quite a different effect. Here is an instance of a traveller, repulsed from one empty inn, hardly securing his reception at another:—

It was dusk when I arrived at Swineford. I asked for a bedroom at the Brabazon Arms. The chambermaid said her mistress was out, but she felt sure all the rooms were engaged. I did not believe this statement. I then went opposite to Mulligan's hotel. There were some well-dressed children and young people coming down the stairs, and in the passage, which surprised me much. I saw Mr. Mulligan, the landlord, and asked him for a bedroom. He said all his rooms were engaged. "What!" I observed, looking up, "all the rooms in this large house engaged; it cannot be." He then asked me whether I had ever been in Swineford before. I replied, "No, but I see your objection; you refuse me accommodation because I am a stranger." My host was unable to carry out his part. To refuse food and lodging to the stranger—this remark touched him to the quick, and he told me he would go and ask the mistress. I had previously mentioned that I had been refused accommodation at the Brabazon Arms. Presently my host returned and said I might have a bedroom. He added as we were going upstairs, that when I entered he mistook me for one Vere Foster. I asked whether he had lost anything by him. He replied he had not.

The latter part of this story is as strange as the former. The objectionable person, Mr. Vere Foster, has, we believe, devoted his life and fortune to various philanthropic plans for the benefit of Irishmen. At one time, unless our memory deceive us, he embarked for America as a steerage passenger, in order to test in his own person the discomforts and inconveniences to which the poorest Irish emigrants were subjected. And it was to his efforts in a great measure that the reforms effected in the management and supervision of emigrant ships were mainly due. Yet, on the testimony of our author, he appears to be the impersonation of Irish unpopularity. What is this owing to? Perhaps he is a friend of Scripture readers, and a distributor of tracts. This would in many parts of the country explain the dislike felt towards him. But the *finale* of the story is just as wonderful as anything that has gone before. We have seen our traveller rejected at the "Brabazon Arms," which was empty at the time, and somewhat ungraciously received at the "Mulligan." The next incident, however, is an invitation to a party at the inhospitable hostelry, the account of which we quote, not for the description of the ball itself, but for the description unconsciously insinuated of the author himself:—

I was engaged in writing my notes when my host re-appeared and said he was expressly deputed by Mr. Carley, the proprietor of the Brabazon Arms, to give me an invitation to join the company assembled there. He said I should see that which would be as worthy to be entered in my itinerary as the most brilliant scenery. It was Sunday, and against English custom to join in the dance on that day. But what my host intimated was very true—as a stranger it was desirable that I should become acquainted with the habits and manners of the people; besides I was anxious not to be supposed to entertain any feeling of resentment against the Brabazon Arms, so I accompanied my host there.

The dances were the Irish jig, the reel, polka and quadrille. Refreshments were liberally supplied, consisting of sherry, tea, whisky-punch, soda-water, bread and butter, and biscuits. There was also singing, both sentimental and comic. A stout young man, who handled me some refreshment, apologized for perspiring so much; he had been dancing since five o'clock. I asked him how long they would keep it up. He replied, "Oh! until five o'clock in the morning." The face of the man playing the bagpipes struck me much; it would have done for that of a saint, so solemn and serious, and his long gray hair unkempt. Perhaps he was a Protestant, and considered himself in the house of Kimmon. He did his duty, however, playing remarkably well.

It seemed certainly singular to find myself an honoured guest in the house where an hour or two before I had been refused accommodation. Miss Mulligan, the daughter of my host and hostess, sang "The Rose of Annandale" very sweetly, and the stout young man, dressed as a woman, sang a comic song. It was now a quarter to one o'clock, and I requested my host to let me in to his hotel, which he did, saying he wished he could leave himself. In my case, at least, it was time, for the badly-cooked food and quick succession of meals and drinks made me ill. I left the candle alight, but fell off to sleep, and on waking at five o'clock found it burning down to the socket. I was awake by the merry noise of children's voices, and heard the word "hush." Ah! my host, we tourists are not so ignorant as you imagine. There is no infamy there! But still, may it be prudent that such young girls should spend the whole night amid dancing and wild festivities? Will it be good for their health?

Probably another cause beside his appearance as a low walking tramp may have indisposed the innkeepers to hospitality. The

tourist was suspected alternately of being a Fenian and a spy—which suspicion predominated it is difficult to say; probably the latter, for he never succeeded in eliciting from the people he met any frank exposition of their ideas and sentiments or the Fenian rising. They, at any rate, took care not to identify themselves with the movement, always speaking of its followers as “they,” not as “we.” When asked what the object of the movement was, they replied that they supposed “they” wanted to have the country to themselves.” In this answer lies the key to the general Irish discontent. It is not the land tenure, nor (say what English Liberals may) the Established Church, nor any of the stock grievances which we hear so frequently on English platforms. It is, as we have above remarked, rather the vague feeling that Ireland is not “made so much of” as she ought to be; does not occupy the position in Europe which she ought to occupy; is cast into the shade by the consequential prominence of England, and is relegated to the condition of a dependent colony, tricked out in the cheap gewgaws of a Brummagem Viceroyalty. “You’re an Englishman, and therefore you think yourself a much finer fellow than any of us,” is the feeling at the bottom of half the sullen rudeness with which Englishmen are nowadays met, not by the peasantry, but by a class just above the peasantry in Ireland. Perhaps another cause of this moroseness may be that many persons of this class have lived some years in the United States, and have learned to unite, in a felicitous combination, excessive hatred of England with a ludicrous exaggeration of republican freedom of manner. Whatever the cause may be, the manner is sufficiently disagreeable. However, it does not show itself among the rural peasantry, whose courteous deportment our author contrasts favourably with that of the squireens and smaller gentry, who, in Ireland, seem to be sensitively jealous of their position, and to be afraid of demeaning themselves too lowly. We must, however, take exception to our author’s depreciation of Irish hospitality. We cannot exactly admit that the landed gentry of a country are bound by any prescriptive usage to invite to their houses any stranger they chance to meet, simply because he is making a pedestrian tour through the district. At least we never heard that the pilgrim’s staff and knapsack were considered a sufficient introduction to the houses of squirens and lairds in Wales and Scotland. The same indisposition to take an unknown guest into the bosom of one’s family is not unnatural in Ireland. Indeed it may there reasonably be supposed to be intensified by the suspicion that any pedestrian thus received might requite the hospitality offered by a sparkling and diverting description of his host’s *ménage*. And certainly, if there were grounds for the suspicion, there would be ample reasons for the inhospitality.

Our author favours us with copies of some of his hotel bills, which will be useful. The inns in the country districts are sometimes really good, and hardly ever dear. It would be well if the same could be said of the large and new hotels in the neighbourhood of Dublin. That they are better than the ordinary run of Irish inns is true enough. But, relatively to the price of provisions and the wages of servants in Ireland, their charges are far too high. An abatement of twenty per cent. would make them more popular, and therefore more remunerative. People will not cross the Channel and expose themselves to a wet summer, for the pleasure of paying as much as they would have to pay at Scarborough, Buxton, or Harrogate. An equally strong discouragement to English tourists in Ireland is the shameless mendicancy of the population. It is not so bad as it was twenty years ago. Still it is worse than it need be. The absence of an industrious and wealthy population, with the consequent want of employment, accounts for it in part, but does not account for the hungry expectation of pence with which a traveller is received by young men and lads who ought to be too proud and too well off to beg.

Among the incidents mentioned by the author is one which illustrates the ignorance and want of observation with which many folks generalize. We forget whether it was Mr. Underhill or the local Committee under his management—but it was somebody of the same kind—who, wishing to prove the distress of the negro population of Jamaica, instanced the fact that many of the people walked long distances with naked feet. Now, if any one thing can be more uncomfortable than another to negro man or woman, it is our custom of confining the feet in leathern bondage. But the persons who made this complaint not only forgot the natural antipathy of the negro to shoes, but forgot also that this antipathy is shared by many people in the British Isles. Who that has ever staid any time in the Scotch Highlands has not seen the country lassie walking in her Sunday dress with her shoes and stockings in her hands? Who that has travelled in Wales and France has not witnessed the same thing? And who, witnessing it, thought that it implied either excessive poverty or extreme indecency? But it appears that there are some folks so oddly constituted that the naked feet of a servant-maid excited feelings which we should have thought much more likely to be tried by any *décolleté* mother of a family at a London dinner-table. An old gentleman

in the course of conversation said he had travelled all over Europe, and except in the Papal States he had never seen anything like the sight which met his eyes that day on his way from the railway station—namely, young women with naked feet. He wondered how girls with any modesty or self-respect could so act. I who had been walking through the country and become accustomed to this sight was a good deal amused at the old gentleman’s angry remarks on this matter. And truly I think he was mistaken. For two or three days, certainly, the aspect of girls and women with naked feet appeared peculiar to my English eyes, but never immodest; and after a short time nature’s garb seemed actually to carry to the mind the idea of innocence and purity, and shoes and stockings to appear an unnecessary addition to female apparel.

We have said that, while in Ireland, the “Englishman” was suspected alternately as a Fenian conspirator and a Government spy. After his return to England he was actually arrested by the Fleetwood police, on the suspicion of being the *ex-débutant* popular leader, James Stephens! His liberation was speedy, but the zeal displayed by the police shows the stimulating effects of a Government reward. This, as it was his principal adventure, was also his last, and appropriately terminated an expedition which is made interesting by the truthful, unstrained, and unpretentious style in which it is narrated.

LECTURES ON LITERATURE AND ART.*

THIS little volume is a reprint of a course of “Afternoon Lectures” delivered in the Dublin Museum of Industry last spring. It is the fourth volume of the series, and as the Committee hope that it will be “welcomed by many, to whom for want of room they were obliged to refuse admittance to the lecture-room,” we presume that the lectures have been popular. We may say at once that, as a whole, they seem to deserve their popularity. One or two of them, indeed, could hardly receive praise from a conscientious critic; but most of them are decidedly above the rather modest level of merit generally attained by such productions. The popular lecture, as a literary growth, is scarcely old enough to have gained a definite standing-place; there is no accepted body of critical rules applying to it, nor any generally admired models with which it can be compared. Indeed, we are inclined at first sight to discard it as necessarily rubbish, especially if we have been unfortunate enough to have been perpetrators of lectures ourselves. It is one of those forms of art in which, as the experienced well know, the temptation to make shift with inferior materials is almost overpowering. The audience which seriously hopes to learn something from popular lectures is one which, by the very act of attendance, gives a low measure of its intellectual capacities. It must evidently consist, for the most part, of people who like to be amused for a spare hour with a little amusing talk about the subject treated, but don’t care really to understand it. They are people who like chemical lectures on account of the explosions and the blue flames, and perhaps, if they are very intelligent, because they wish to be able to sustain an after-dinner conversation about spectrum analysis. If there is a sprinkling of those simple-minded persons who really come in the hope of improving their minds, and who take Mechanics’ Institutes seriously, their presence is even more depressing. The lecturer must feel a consciousness that he is, in spite of himself, something of a humbug—that it is his business to cheat his hearers into the notion that they have really learnt something when they have at most caught a passing glimpse of the very outside of the subject, or received a useful stimulus to their curiosity. In short it is very difficult to make the lecture at once tolerably amusing and to compress within its limits a little real instruction, instead of making the professed instruction a mere expedient for introducing jokes and bits of claptrap. The thing, however, may be done, as is proved by examples. Some persons have really the art of extracting the essence of a large subject, and yet making it palatable in its compressed form; others may be fortunate in selecting a subject which admits of being treated in a way at once popular and satisfactory. We may find specimens both of the successful and unsuccessful modes of treatment in the present volume.

Mr. Street, for example, has taken a subject on which he is excellently qualified to speak—namely, the architecture of the thirteenth century. Unluckily the subject is not only a very large one in itself, but Mr. Street is so overflowing in his enthusiasm that he can scarcely bear to leave any part of it untouched. Architecture, which he thinks, and, as he says himself, “naturally enough,” “to be the greatest and mother of all arts—first, noblest and oldest of all,” evidently possesses his whole soul. He can think of nothing else, and when once fairly started on his favourite topic, he does not know where to begin, and can scarcely tell which to take first of the infinite number of reflections that seem to force themselves upon his mind. He goes from England to France and Germany and Italy and Ireland, lingers as long as he dares at each of his favourite spots, and then hurries on lest he should omit some other favourite. He cannot bear to pass over any of the main architectural features, although he feels that some of them can scarcely be fairly described by mere words without illustration from examples. There is something really pleasant about this constant gush of enthusiasm, entirely free from any taint of affectation, and yet we cannot but feel that the enthusiasm incidentally interferes with the effect of the lecture. If Mr. Street could have made up his mind to give a mere specimen of the subject, or to show us a section instead of a complete plan, he might have made a more effective lecture. There is a constant, though very pardonable, struggle to get more into his hour than an hour will fairly hold, which is probably due to some want of experience in the lecturing art. Such of his hearers as were not previously familiar with the subject would probably go away with a confused impression that some very wonderful art existed in the thirteenth century, upon which it was impossible to heap a sufficient profusion of laudatory epithets; but they would probably also suffer from an inextricable jumble of windows and doors and statues and painted glass, and English and French and Italian art, and not very distinctly remember which of the various epithets were applicable in each case. Those who were better prepared would only regret that a gentleman who has evidently so much that is interesting

* *Lectures on Literature and Art. Fourth Series.* London: Bell & Daldy. Dublin: Hodges, Smith, & M’Gee. 1867.

and valuable to say upon so many connected points should have been compelled to give such a cursory treatment to each.

It is well, however, when we have only to find fault with a superfluity of ideas which suffer from a mental jostling in their attempts to come to light. There are one or two of the lecturers who have apparently taken a lower estimate of the faculties of their audience, and treat them not so much to ideas as to a few scattered notes about things in general, very loosely tacked together. Thus the Right Hon. Joseph Napier has chosen for his lecture the taking title of "Old Letters." The audience would naturally expect one of those essays which do not profess to contain much thought, but which may be amusing by the humour or grace of style with which they are treated. Certainly they will not have been much disappointed as to the amount of thought, if they did not entertain great expectations. The lecturer has really nothing to tell them except what they may possibly have known before, that it is sometimes not very pleasant to look over a collection of old letters, and that they may be better reading than a rapid modern novel. Moreover, he remarks that he has himself received a good many letters from persons of more or less note, to whose names he takes the opportunity of adding a few complimentary observations. The rest of his space is filled by apparently random quotations from the letters of a variety of ancient and modern writers, such as Cicero, St. Augustine, Lord Stanhope, and Colonel Mountain, with profound reflections—as, for example, that Cicero, being a heathen, was in need of better consolation than he possessed in times of bereavement. In short, the lecturer gives us the impression that he considered the first set of thoughts which struck him, and the first quotations from old letters that he might take down at random from his bookcase, as quite good enough for his audience, especially when interspersed by two or three fragments of the conventional sentimental fine writing. We confess, however, that we decidedly prefer this lecture to another by Professor D'Arcy Thompson, which strikes us as decidedly the worst in the present volume. There are two things which generally go down with a large popular audience—a bad joke and a bit of claptrap, especially if neither of them are too ambitious. A crowd likes to laugh and to cheer, and if a lecturer does not go too much over their heads they are not very particular as to the quality of the stuff which is presented to them as a pretext. Professor Thompson lectures about the "Philosophy of Story-telling," and under that title indulges in a discursive talk about everything that can be brought under the name of story-telling, from primeval myths about the sun-god and mother earth down to Sir W. Scott and Goethe. He also indulges us with occasional sketches of history to eke out a subject evidently too small to fill out an hour's talk satisfactorily. "From the accession of Henry VII.," he tells us, "to the death of Elizabeth, monarchy was supreme in England," and in the following page he continues his sketch of English history down to the outbreak of the civil war. As for the style in which his more immediate subject of story-telling is treated, it is sufficient to quote a sentence or two at random. This, for example, is his account of Faust:—

Goethe dived into the depths of his own consciousness, and with the aid of an old, simple, and hackneyed plot, built up a divine but melancholy story—German in its details, but catholic in its broad treatment, wherein are portrayed the passion of youth, the trusting innocence of woman—the old, old story—and the spirit eager for universal knowledge; the curiosities, the doubts, the speculations of an eager, restless, dissatisfied age of which he was the majestic type and spokesman.

Such ingenious criticisms do not lead us to regret that the lecturer had no time to enumerate a "long list of Western story-tellers," beginning from Herodotus, and coming down through the "immortal Vicar of Wakefield," Tabitha Bramble, Tam o' Shanter, the Three Mousquetaires, Colonel Newcome, Dick Swiveller, "and dear, old, lovable, immortal, and inimitable Pickwick." The sentence is so long that the writer forgets before he gets to the end of it that he set out by talking about the writers, and not about their heroes. But it comes to the same. We are all pretty well accustomed to this kind of writing, thanks to the genial essays which instruct us in minor magazines, and who are never tired of piling up pretty phrases about "dear old Pickwick" and the Vicar of Wakefield. The trick of this variety of flowery verbiage, which hides an utter absence of coherent meaning under a mask of affected enthusiasm, is very easily learnt, and, of course it is likely to be popular at lectures where few persons take the trouble to think twice, if indeed they think once, about any sentence that has a pretty sound.

The other lectures are of varying degrees of merit, but all of them are fair specimens of their class. The Archbishop of Dublin treats rather slightly, but not unamusingly, of the history of the English Sonnet. The Right Honourable Thomas O'Hagan criticizes Coleridge, about whom it is not very easy to say anything new, but with due appreciation. Professor Ingram contributes a criticism, which is chiefly a warm eulogy, upon Mr. Tennyson. The two best essays, however, in our opinion, are a very able criticism of Mr. Matthew Arnold's poetry by the Dean of Emlay, and an account of Cardinal Mai's labours in deciphering palimpsests by Dr. Russell, President of St. Patrick's College, Maynooth. The first of these is really a very instructive and delicate piece of criticism, of which we could say at worst that it would seem rather better fitted for a review than for a popular lecture; and the other is a very able account of a remarkable literary feat, which is so skilfully treated as to be interesting to an audience not specially qualified by any previous knowledge of the subject. Of both of these essays we may say that, if the

audience followed and appreciated them, they did themselves great credit, and deserved a little more respect than they appear to have received from the two gentlemen we have criticized. Such lectures are really calculated to improve the taste of those to whom they are addressed, and to whet their intellectual appetites by fair means, and not to give them the impression that they had been improving their intellects when they had been imbibing commonplaces whipped into literary trifle. That there should be two decidedly good lectures out of eight, and only two decidedly bad ones, is a very fair result; and considering that the remainder are all at least up to the average, we may fairly congratulate the Committee of Superintendence on the result of their labours.

HIDDEN FIRE.*

IT has been remarked, by a keen observer of human nature, that every man privately believes that he can drive a gig. We are inclined to think that he might have gone further, and have added that every man, in his heart of hearts, believes that he could write a novel if he tried. To suppose the existence of some such delusion seems to be the only rational way of accounting for the appearance of a large part of the novels which, season after season, find their way into print. It would be hardly too much to say that a full third of the novels which are annually published in London are manifestly written by persons who have not one single qualification for their work, and who indeed have no idea that any qualification is necessary beyond the bare capacity to fill a given quantity of paper with what they are pleased to call original matter. It would surprise such persons to be told, as is undoubtedly the fact, that the attributes necessary to an eminent writer of fiction are higher and more complex than those requisite for success in almost any other profession. To attain the highest place as a writer of fiction, a man should have, in the first place, great power of imagination, strengthened and enlarged by experience of life and knowledge of books. He must have insight into character, that he may be able to disentangle the intricate threads of good and evil which constitute human motives. He must have mastery of language, so as to be able, not merely to turn a sentence with grammatical elegance, but to fit word and manner to each different shade of character, and to each varying phase of passion or emotion. Further, he should have large sympathy, that he may feel the passion he depicts, and a keen sense of humour wherewith to brighten his graver wisdom. Beyond these, which may be called the natural qualifications, there are others, hardly less important, which he will derive from art. Thus, by the study of good models, ripened by reflection and practice, he will learn to compress, and at the same time to elucidate, his plot; to concentrate the interest upon the principal characters, to avoid extravagance, whether of character or incident, to give continuity to the action by confining it to reasonable limits of time and place, to keep in mind the *dénouement* throughout, and to make the action lead steadily up to it. The first class of the qualities we have named depend upon natural talent, and therefore, if originally wanting, must be dispensed with as best they may. *Poeta nascitur, non fit*. But with regard to the qualifications which can be acquired by labour, the case stands differently, and a novelist has no right to make his appearance before the reading public without having at least made an effort to attain them. We constantly find, however, that beginners in authorship, who more than all others stand in need of all the assistance which art and method can give them, disregard art and method altogether. They start on their literary voyage without chart or compass, trusting to the inspiration of the ink-stand to steer them safely. This seems to have been precisely the case of the author of *Hidden Fire*. The action of the story, to begin with, is distributed among nearly thirty more or less prominent characters. Secondly, the events recorded are represented as taking place in half a dozen different localities—most of them, it is true, not very far apart; but their very nearness makes it all the more difficult for the reader to bear in mind which for the moment is the scene of action. In point of time, again, the author seems studiously to avoid giving us any clue either as to the time occupied by the particular events, or as to the intervals which elapse between them. Thus, while in one place the most trivial details of everyday life are narrated at wearisome length, in another a meeting, a courtship, and a marriage are disposed of in less than half a dozen pages, without a hint of the time which they are supposed to have occupied. We defy the most attentive reader to say with certainty, upon perusal of this book, whether the space of time which the story is supposed to cover is nearer to five years or to five-and-twenty.

The effect of the author's singular looseness of narrative is to make a story dull which might have been interesting, and complex which might have been simple. Nothing could in truth be simpler than the motive idea of the plot, the love of a woman of strong nature for the man of her first choice, faithful till death through evil report and good report. Mary Price, the heroine of the story, is the daughter of a mining engineer in an obscure district of South Wales. The man who wins her affections, Richard Morris, is handsome and fascinating, but selfish, weak of purpose, and deficient in moral courage. Though engaged to Mary, he flirts deeply with her younger sister, Jane, and only perceives his folly when the latter jilts him in order to marry a nobleman. He becomes involved in a Chartist agitation, and, returning on horseback from one of the secret meetings of his party, is stopped by a policeman. In a sudden passion

* *Hidden Fire*. A Novel, vols. London: Tinley Brothers. 1867.

he strikes at him with the handle of his whip, and the blow thus inflicted causes death. The deed at the worst is manslaughter, but Morris has not the moral courage to face an inquiry, and forthwith departs to Vera Cruz. Most people would be disposed to congratulate Mary Price on a good ridance, but such is not her view of the matter. The more her lover shows himself to be unworthy of her love, the more devotedly does she love him. Herein we think that the author has exhibited real knowledge of human nature. The intense and undying love of a good woman for an unworthy man is one of the strangest, and yet one of the most frequently recurring, problems in the world's experience; so much so, indeed, as to have passed into a proverb.

A spaniel, a wife, and a walnut-tree,
The more you beat them, the better they be.

As a dog will lick the hand which strikes it, a wife bruised and beaten almost out of the semblance of humanity will intercede, as the daily experience of any police-magistrate will testify, to save a ruffian husband from his well-merited punishment. We are not sure that, even in circles where wife-beating is not generally practised, a wife does not esteem her husband all the better for a little occasional bullying. The love of Mary Price, therefore, for her scapegrace lover is perfectly true to nature. For many years (how many, it is, as we have stated, impossible to say) she bears the pain of her lover's desertion, made still more painful by the knowledge that he has been led to believe that she also has been faithless to her lover, and has married another. Her father and mother are taken from her by death, and she is left alone in the world, in straitened circumstances, and with an idiot brother dependent on her. Still, brave and self-reliant, she faces her many difficulties, and conquers them one by one, concealing beneath her calm exterior the "hidden fire" of her yet unextinguished passion. The gradual hardening of Mary's character under the discipline of her daily battles with the world and with herself is very well conceived, and more than tolerably depicted. There is a want of power in the narration of the *dénouement*, but the character of Mary is so highly pitched throughout that it is the less to be wondered at that the author should find himself unable to rise to the intensity of tragic force required for the due rendering of her last meeting and parting with her lover.

We have given an apparently disproportionate space to the character of Mary Price, but in truth the heroine is the very strength and substance of the whole book. There are one or two other characters more or less cleverly sketched, but the majority are mere supernumeraries, as must almost inevitably be the case when an author crowds his canvass with a mob of minor personages. There is little incident in the book (which owes the greater part of its length to long-winded conversations); and such incident as there is, is not of a very artistic order. Towards the close of the second volume it seems to have struck the author that his story had not much plot, and he accordingly introduces an Irish gentleman, Mr. Durant, with a wife who proves to be the sister—and a friend, Mr. Boyle, who was in earlier years the sworn comrade—of the policeman killed by Morris. By one of those singular coincidences which so constantly happen in novels, and so seldom in real life, Boyle has met Morris at Vera Cruz, and has there heard from his own lips, in the ravings of delirium, the confession that he is the slayer of Boyle's early friend. Boyle forthwith forms a wild scheme of vengeance, which leads to nothing whatever, and serves no purpose on earth save to fill up a good many pages which in the interest of the reader had much better never have been filled at all. The whole of this Irish element is a mere excrement upon the story proper, and it has no redeeming merits of its own to excuse its introduction.

It is impossible to describe *Hidden Fire* as even a fair novel, but the adoption of a kind of sifting process might have made it a fair story, which we take to have about the same relation to a novel as a quiet family dinner bears to a City banquet. If the author had sat down quietly with his pen and ink, and had struck out half of his characters and three-quarters of his conversations, he would already have effected a vast improvement, and it would have been easy to give to the residue a finish and coherence which the book as it stands is far from possessing. His work would have lost in bulk, but its gain in value would have been far more than proportionate. But we preach with little hope to persuade. It is the hardest thing in the world to persuade authors that, in literary as well as pecuniary matters, the neat and compact shilling is more worth than eleven bulky pence.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE history of the ancient Aryan race by Max Duncker * is, as many of our readers will be aware, a portion of a more comprehensive work. It is, however, complete in itself, and in its present revised condition, enriched by the copious results of recent investigation, is fairly entitled to rank as a new treatise. A more interesting subject could hardly have been selected than the story of those common ancestors of the most civilized nations of Europe and the East, among whom the germs of our institutions originated, and whose mental characteristics are still preserved with little alteration among ourselves. Their history comes to us with the charm of a family chronicle, and a more intimate interest than that of Semites, Egyptians, or Chinese. Not a little of the pleasure

* *Die Geschichte der Arier in der alten Zeit.* Von Max Duncker. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

of the study arises from the knowledge that it is the creation of our own days, that most of these chronicles of political vicissitude, and nearly all these intimate details of religious creed and domestic life, have within the past few years been recovered from oblivion by the perseverance and ingenuity of modern scholars. The term "ingenuity" suggests the necessity for caution; this field of inquiry is not without its crop of rash surmises and unsubstantial hypotheses, and the most circumspect historian must rely to a considerable extent upon conjecture. He must sometimes assume himself to be possessed of the correct rendering of inscriptions on testimony less satisfactory than that which establishes the meaning of the record of Behistun, which has immortalized the name of Rawlinson. Comparative mythology, moreover, which has produced such wonderful results in ingenious hands, is a very meteoric sort of guide, brilliant, erratic, and precarious. So far as we can venture to judge, Herr Duncker possesses the necessary qualities for his own and his readers' safe guidance amid these perplexities. His gifts are not those of a Niebuhr or a Rask; he neither possesses the dangerous gift of historical divination, nor can he reconstruct extinct social systems from the linguistic traces they have left behind. His mission is to collect and revise the materials supplied by others, and to present them to the world in a lucid and masterly digest. If there is nothing of original discovery, the work is still by no means a mere compilation, for the character of the author's mind is distinctly impressed upon it throughout. The material takes a colour from the medium through which it reaches us, and all statements and speculations bear testimony to having first passed the ordeal of a discerning and critical intellect. We find no peculiar elegance of form or dignity of diction, but the style is delightfully easy and familiar; it is that of a good story-teller, the interest of whose tale is heightened by his simple and earnest way of narrating it. The work might be with much advantage translated into English. Commencing with the very dawn of history, it follows the fortunes of the Aryan race in India and Persia to the reorganization of the Persian Empire by Darius Hystaspes. Especial attention is bestowed on the great religious systems—that of the Vedas and of Zoroaster, and Buddhism.

The third volume of Curtius's History of Greece * comprises the period between the end of the Peloponnesian war and the battle of Charonea. This was perhaps as busy, animated, and eventful an epoch as any in history. Its complications are thoroughly grasped and clearly narrated by Herr Curtius, whose pages, if less copious than those of some contemporary writers, seem to contain everything that the ordinary student of Grecian history is likely to want.

The history of the petty State of Kasimof † is curious. It was a Tartar dependency of Russia, originally conferred by the Czars upon a fugitive Tartar prince, and long protected by them for political reasons. Some very curious specimens of Arabic and Tartar inscriptions are given, chiefly from tombstones. The work is intended as the first of a series of contributions to the history of the nations of Central Asia.

All readers of *Quentin Durward* will remember the wonderful description of the sedition at Liège ‡, and the murder of the Bishop. It is more than probable that, carried away by Scott's genius in the direction of his aristocratic sympathies, they will have learned to associate the burghers of the Flemish city with all that is low, churlish, and ferocious. Herr Wohlwill exhibits the other side of the question. He does not, indeed, refer to the deplorable event in question, which does not fall within the scope of his treatise, but he shows what liberties and privileges the people of Liège possessed, and how and when they were obtained, and why it might be perilous for bishops to infringe them. His essay is a very pretty piece of constitutional history on a small scale.

Another very meritorious essay § treats of the almost forgotten efforts of Austria to establish a naval Power in the Baltic, during the early period of the Thirty Years' War. The unexpected turn which that contest took sufficiently explains the failure of the project. The conditions of the undertaking have since been materially altered by the development of Russia, which probably did not possess a single vessel of war in the days of Wallenstein.

The division of their country into petty States imposes a difficult and unattractive task on the historians of Germany. The attention which should be concentrated on great figures is apt to be frittered away on insignificant details, and the immense number of principalities and personages whose affairs require simultaneous attention renders it impracticable for the most lucid writer to avoid intricacy and obscurity. When everything possible has been done with the times of Otto of Wittelsbach ||, for example, they continue more fit for the investigations of the antiquary than for the student of history in her broad, genial, and picturesque aspects. The historian of Wurtemberg ¶ is more fortunate than the his-

* *Griechische Geschichte.* Von Ernst Curtius. Bd. 3. Berlin: Weidmann. London: Nutt.

† *Untersuchung über die Kasimofischen Zaren und Zarenitsche.* Von W. Wellmann. Zernof. Aus dem Russischen übersetzt von J. T. Zenker. Th. 1. Leipzig: Voss. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Die Anfänge der landständischen Verfassung im Bisthum Lüttich.* Von Adolf Wohlwill. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Die maritime Politik der Habsburger im sechzehnten Jahrhundert.* Von Konrad Reichard. Berlin: Hertz. London: Asher & Co.

|| *Das Herzogthum Bayern zur Zeit Heinrichs des Löwen und Ottos I. von Wittelsbach.* Von C. T. Heigel und S. O. Riezler. München: Cotta. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶ *Fünf Jahre Württembergischer Geschichte unter Herzog Ulrich, 1515-1519.* Von H. Ullmann. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Williams & Norgate.

torian of Bavaria in the selection of an interesting and manageable episode, the expulsion of Duke Ulrich, and the temporary incorporation of his dominions with Austria. The yet more remarkable circumstances under which Ulrich regained his duchy do not fall within the scope of his design. His view of the Duke's conduct and character differs from the popular one, and is less favourable.

"Under the Red Cross" * is an account of the sanitary organization of the European armies, blended with the reminiscences of the author himself and others communicated to him by his friends. It is altogether rather a curious medley. Something considerably more brief and practical would have been more likely to do good, although the book might have been less attractive to general readers.

Two useful little works † have been brought out at Frankfurt—one a series of most comprehensive statistical tables of the most varied facts relating to all the nations of the earth; the other a descriptive and historical account of the arms and ensigns of all States, monarchical or republican.

The biography of Henry the Lion ‡ has been again attempted by Dr. Martin Philippson, who is dissatisfied with the labours of his predecessors. How far he has improved upon them can hardly be determined without an intimate acquaintance with the history of that obscure period; but this much may at least be affirmed, that Dr. Philippson is evidently an intelligent man, and that his work is very readable. It is the misfortune of Henry the Lion not to be the hero of his own history. His great contemporary Barbarossa must occupy that post in the eyes of every true German, and Henry's actions are chiefly interesting for their bearing on the contest between Barbarossa and the Popes. This fine theme is ably treated by Dr. Philippson, and Henry's subjugation of the Slavonian inhabitants of Mecklenburg is an interesting episode of his narrative.

A dictionary of the authors of the bishopric of Münster § affords an astonishing proof of the fecundity of one small German province in writers. We trust it has been equally prolific of readers, for few of those here enumerated are likely to have found a public beyond its precincts.

The indefatigable Bishop Räss || has already brought out the fourth volume of his register of converts to Catholicism, which comprises those from 1601 to 1620. Most of them are Frenchmen, a circumstance easily accounted for by the political situation of France in those days. Among them, however, figures "an English nobleman, rejoicing in the phenomenal appellation of 'Piquerin Votons.'" As he was nephew to the English Ambassador at Venice, his name must have been Wotton, and there may be some record of him in the writings or biography of his distinguished uncle. His conversion—accompanied, according to his account, with miraculous circumstances—occurred at Valladolid in 1605, and his narrative of it was published at Ingolstadt in the following year.

One of Dr. Räss's converts assigns the scarcity of saints in Protestant bodies as a reason for his change of creed. Before discussing the argument it would be well to agree, if possible, upon some definition of sanctity—a point on which opinions vary much. It was but the other day that the Pope canonized a Polish archbishop whose merit was to have persecuted the Greeks till they knocked him on the head. This type of sanctity is almost peculiar to the Roman Catholic communion, and that presented by Schleiermacher ¶ is no less distinctively Protestant. In reading Schleiermacher or his biography it almost requires an effort to think of him as a clergyman. A clergyman he was, and one of the most eloquent of his age, but he was before all things a man, far above the narrowness of a profession. This little volume is an admirable sketch of his mental development.

Rudolf Stier ** represents quite a different type of character, which never permits us to forget the divine in the citizen or the scholar. Something of this may be due to the peculiarly narrow spirit in which his biography has been written by his children, who seem to regard their father purely in the light of a controversialist. Stier's own letters, however, are strictly professional in tone and very conventional in expression, though there are traces of the deep feeling which has made his commentaries on the New Testament so popular in Germany and England. There is little of incident or interest in the biography.

Martin Chemnitz †† was eminent among the second generation

* *Unter dem rothen Kreuz. Fremde und eigene Erfahrungen auf Böhmischer Erde und den Schlachtfeldern der Neuzeit.* Von Dr. Julius Naundorff. Leipzig: Veit. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Statistische Tafeln aller Länder der Erde.* Von Dr. Otto Hübner. Frankfurt: Boselli. London: Bender.

‡ *Die Wappen aller regierenden Fürsten und Staaten.* Von E. von Schmidt. Frankfurt: Boselli. London: Bender.

§ *Geschichte Heinrichs des Löwen und der welfischen und stauferischen Politik seiner Zeit.* Von Dr. Martin Philippson. Bd. 1. Leipzig: Seiner. London: Williams & Norgate.

|| *Nachrichten von dem Leben und den Schriften Münsterländischer Schriftsteller des achtzehnten und neunzehnten Jahrhunderts.* Von E. Rassmann. Münster: Coppenrath. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶ *Die Convertiten seit der Reformation, nach ihrem Leben und aus ihren Schriften dargestellt.* Von Dr. A. Räss. Bd. 4. Freiburg: Herder. London: Williams & Norgate.

** *Schleiermacher's Bildungsgang. Ein biographischer Versuch.* Von Richard Frh. von Kittlitz. Leipzig: Engelmann. London: Williams & Norgate.

†† *Dr. Ewald Rudolf Stier. Versuch einer Darstellung seines Lebens und Wirkens.* Von G. Stier, in Verbindung mit F. Stier. Hft. 1. Wittenberg: Kölling. London: Nutt.

‡‡ *Martin Chemnitz nach seinem Leben und Wirken.* Von H. Hachfeld. Leipzig: Breitkopf & Hartel. London: Asher & Co.

of German Protestant theologians, men of no creative power and better qualified to consolidate than to extend the conquests of Luther. Chemnitz is distinguished by a work on the Council of Trent, famous in its day, and by the great administrative capacity he displayed in ruling the Church in Brunswick. Herr Hachfeld's biography of him is a highly creditable performance.

Unlike most of its species, Dr. Baltzer's treatise on the Mosaic account of the creation * is a work of considerable ingenuity and ability. The writer takes St. Augustine for his guide, and undoubtedly displays much subtlety in eluding the difficulties imposed upon him by what men of science will consider the perfectly unnecessary assumptions with which he starts. They will find their compassion amply repaid in kind, but he is even more severe on such of his fellow-Catholics as discourage speculations like his as curious and unprofitable. Certain orthodox men, who have undertaken to refute geologists without understanding geology, are treated by him with more sincerity than respect.

Pott's *Etymologische Forschungen* † is, like the kindred labours of Bopp, Grimm, and Rask, one of those works before which the mind absolutely bows down, so stupendous are its compass, erudition, and acuteness. This new edition has been completely rewritten and revised. The volume before us is the second division of the first part, containing the first book of a dictionary of the roots of the Indo-European languages.

In an elaborate essay ‡ Curtius endeavours to trace out the gradual process of the formation of the Indo-European class of languages.

There is much of very considerable interest in Max Eyth's apparently unpromising volume on agricultural machinery in Egypt, which describes the application of modern science to a soil of unequalled fertility, cultivated for ages in the most primitive manner. The dearth of American cotton has brought about greater changes in Egypt than Mohammed Ali ever dreamed of, and more are still to follow. The writer of this work was chief engineer to Halim Pasha, the Viceroy's uncle, and the first of the Egyptian princes to introduce European improvements in agriculture on a large scale. From causes which are variously represented, Halim's estates have come into the hands of his nephew, and his engineer is now in the Southern States, teaching the planters to make steam-ploughs do the work of negroes.

The ornithology of the Fiji, Navigators', and Tonga islands is the subject of an exhaustive treatise by MM. Finsch and Hartlaub §, based to a great extent on the reports of the United States exploring expedition.

The Oriental landscapes of Professor Hildebrandt ¶ are well known, and the productions of his lively pen are deserving of an equal popularity. It may indeed be questionable how much of their literary merit is due to their author himself, and how much to his ally Herr Kossak, who may have merely arranged the Professor's oral and written communications, or may be one of those literary cooks whose skill is exerted in rendering palatable what is of itself wholly indigestible. Giving the credit, however, to the reputed author, we must pronounce him dissimilar to the majority of his countrymen in two respects—he is very entertaining, and very aquatic. Having to make the tour of the world in a limited time, he could not afford ever to be very far from a steamboat, and perhaps the most entertaining portions of his work are his sketches of these floating epitomes of society. Round the Indian peninsula, up and down the Ganges, by Singapore, Siam, Hong Kong, Japan, California, Panama, the traveller pursues his homeward route, ever lively and cheerful, and only causing us to regret that such powers of observation should of necessity be confined to society and manners in their most superficial aspect.

The literary talents of Professor Hildebrandt, or his editor, are precisely those which would have ably accomplished the task which Herr Petersen ** has proposed to himself. He wishes to describe Parisian life in its manifold phases, a task which will require several volumes, the first of which is before us. His knowledge of the subject appears adequate, but his style is heavy, and his gaiety forced.

Two excellent maps ††, coloured to illustrate the mixture of races and languages in Germany and Austria, deserve notice as useful auxiliaries to the student of politics in days like these, when such distinctions have become of great importance.

The "Musical History of the Upper Palatinate" ‡‡ is part of a more comprehensive work on the history of Bavarian music in

* *Die biblische Schöpfungsgeschichte.* Von J. B. Baltzer. Th. 1. Leipzig: Teubner. London: Nutt.

† *Etymologische Forschungen auf dem Gebiete der Indo-Germanischen Sprachen.* Von A. F. Pott. Zweite Auflage in völlig neuer Umarbeitung. Th. 2, Abth. 2. Detmold: Meyer. London: Nutt.

‡ *Zur Chronologie der Indogermanischen Sprachforschung.* Von Georg Curtius. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Das Agricultur-Maschinenwesen in Aegypten.* Von Max Eyth. Stuttgart: Metzler. London: Asher & Co.

¶ *Beitrag zur Fauna Centralpolynesiens. Ornithologie der Fiji-, Samoa- und Tonga-Inseln.* Von O. Finsch und G. Hartlaub. Halle: Schmidt. London: Asher & Co.

** *Professor Eduard Hildebrandt's Reise um die Erde. Nach seinen Tagebüchern und mündlichen Berichten erzählt von Ernst Kossak.* 3 Bde. Berlin: Janke. London: Asher & Co.

†† *Pariser Leben. Federzeichnungen und Plaudereien von F. C. Petersen.* Bdeh. 1. München: Merhoff. London: Thimm.

‡‡ *Völker- und Sprachen-Karte von Deutschland. Völker- und Sprachen-Karte von Oesterreich und den Unter-Donau-Ländern.* Von H. Kiepert. Berlin: Reimer. London: Thimm.

‡‡ *Musikgeschichte der Oberpfalz.* Von Dominicus Mettenleiter. Amberg: Pohl. London: Asher & Co.

general. It contains all that can be ascertained respecting the composers and performers who have at any time inhabited the country, and their works, both musical and literary; also the annals of all operative and other musical performances.

Kinkel's oration on Freilgrath*, on the occasion of the subscription raised for the poet's benefit, is a very eloquent production, and the more honourable to the speaker, as it appears that he and Freilgrath have been estranged by political differences. As a review of Freilgrath's genius it is defective, since, as was natural under the circumstances, the political poems obtain a prominence to which they are by no means entitled.

The new volume of *Unsere Zeit*† is as full of information as usual, political matter preponderating, as might be expected in the present condition of the Continent.

Messrs. Tauchnitz have conferred a benefit on English readers by introducing to them the great Low German novelist, Fritz Reuter, in one of his best works, admirably translated by Mr. C. L. Lewes.

* *Festrede auf Ferdinand Freilgrath*. Von Gottfried Kinkel. Leipzig: Reclam. London: Asher & Co.

† *Unsere Zeit*. Deutsche Revue der Gegenwart. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ In the Year '13. *A Tale of Mecklenburg Life*. By Fritz Reuter. Translated by C. L. Lewes. Leipzig: Tauchnitz. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

BIRMINGHAM TRIENNIAL MUSICAL FESTIVAL,
In aid of the Funds of the GENERAL HOSPITAL, on the 27th, 28th, and 30th of August, 1867.

President.—The Right Hon. Earl BEAUCHAMPEL.

Principal Vocalists.—Madlle. Titiens, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, and Madlle. Christine Nilsson; Madame Saindon-Dolby and Madame Patey-Whitlock. Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. W. H. Cummings; Mr. Saxley and Mr. Weiss.
Solo Pianoforte, Madame Arabella Goddard. Solo Violin, M. Saindon. Organist, Mr. Simpson.
Conductor, Mr. Costa.

OUTLINE OF THE PERFORMANCES.

TUESDAY MORNING.—Elijah, Mendelssohn.
WEDNESDAY MORNING.—The Woman of Samaria (a Sacred Cantata), Professor W. Sterndale Bennett, Mus. Doc. (composed expressly for the Festival); Judas Macabbeus, Handel.

THURSDAY MORNING.—Messiah, Handel.
FRIDAY MORNING.—Messe Solennelle, Gounod; Israel in Egypt, Handel.

TUESDAY EVENING.—A Miscellaneous Concert, comprising Cantata (Alexander's Feast), Handel; Overture (Guerre), Weber; Pianoforte Concerto in E flat, Benedict; Vocal Selections from Operas, &c.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.—A Miscellaneous Concert, comprising Overture (Leonora), Beethoven; Pianoforte Concerto in F minor, Professor W. E. Bennett, Mus. Doc.; Cantata (The Legend of St. Cecilia), Benedict; Classical Vocal Selections, &c.
THURSDAY EVENING.—Cantata (The Ancient Mariner), J. F. Barnett (composed expressly for the Festival); Overture (William Tell), Rossini; Sonata, Pianoforte and Violin, Mozart; Vocal Selections from Operas, &c.; Overture (Massello), Auber.
FRIDAY EVENING.—Saint Paul, Mendelssohn.

Detailed Programmes of the Performances may be obtained from the principal Musicians, and will be forwarded by post on application to the undersigned, at the Office of the Festival Committee, 29 Colmore Row, Birmingham.

By Order,

WILLIAM R. HUGHES, Secretary to the Festival Committee.

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF WORKS OF ART,
25 Old Bond Street.—This Exhibition is NOW OPEN DAILY, from Ten till Six. Admission, 1s.

ST. GEORGE'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL.—The INTRODUCTORY LECTURE will be given by Mr. HOLMES on Tuesday, October 1, at 2 p.m. House Physicians and House Surgeons are selected from the perpetual Pupils according to merit. The paid Offices of Curator, Registrars, Demonstrator, and Obstetric Assistant are offered for competition annually. Perpetual Pupil's Fee, 100 Guineas.

HINDOO AND MAHOMEDAN LAW.—A Course of EIGHTEEN LECTURES will be delivered on these subjects Twice a Week, by STANDISH GROVE GLADY, Barrister-at-Law, Recorder of Gravesend, commencing on 9th of September, and ending on 7th of November next, at Clement's Inn Hall, Strand, at Ten o'clock a.m. each day. Gentlemen wishing to attend can obtain Vouchers of Mr. GLADY's Clerk, at 5 Essex Court, Temple.

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M.A. Christ's College, Cambridge, assisted by a High (5th) Wrangler, an Oxford Graduate (First-class in Classical Honours), and the best Masters obtainable for all the other subjects allowed to be taken up, receives Resident and Non-Resident PUPILS. Nos. 3, 4, 11, and 46 in the recent list of Successful Candidates were prepared by Mr. WREN.—Address, 4 and 5 Powis Square, Kensington Park, Notting Hill, W. (late of Wiltshire House, Brixton, S.)

TO the GRADUATES of the UNIVERSITY of LONDON.

1 WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND, W.C., August 9, 1867.

GENTLEMEN.—Your attention has already been called by us to the great importance of the University returning as its representative in Parliament one of our own Graduates, and to the loss of status, as compared with the older Universities, which will follow from the selection of a member who is not a Graduate. We beg to refer you to the accompanying letter, which Mr. BAGEHOT has addressed to Mr. HUTTON on this subject.

We are, Gentlemen, your obedient Servants,

R. H. HUTTON, M.A.

E. CHARLES, LL.B.

UNIVERSITY of LONDON.

12 UPPER BELGRAVE STREET, August 8, 1867.

MY DEAR HUTTON.—I am anxious to write you a second letter upon the representation of the University of London, not at all further to explain my political opinions or in any manner to speak of myself, but because our contest is assuming a decisive peculiarity which is sometimes misconceived. It is becoming more and more one between the Graduate candidates and the non-Graduate—between those educated at the University and those not so educated, and very is half raised that the natural predisposition towards a Graduate is only a piece of class selfishness, whereas, in real truth, the Graduate candidates embody a principle, but the non-Graduate candidates contradict that principle, and suggest nothing save themselves. That principle is the one for which the Graduates of the University of London have been contending for years. We have been claiming Parliamentary representation for our University—we have been asking that in this, the highest respect, she should be placed upon a level with Oxford and Cambridge, for the reason that, like each of these, she embodied a distinct idea, gave a peculiar training, turned out a distinct kind of men. "You will not choose a good member; you are scattered; you are miscellaneous; you cannot meet; you cannot discuss; the University is but an imaginary unit, for she has no locality, and her Graduates are never collected together." Our University is a unit; she solves the problem of Education in a peculiar way; she trains men after a new fashion; she imparts to them such a common type, that they can be trusted to act together." But if we now come after our celebration, and someone after a second, and someone after a third, but all of a different type from any of us, we shall confute our fundamental premises. We shall show that we are not a natural constituency; that after all we have nothing in common; that we are wholly opposite to men trained at Oxford and Cambridge, for they value so much the culture they have received, that they would never dream of a representative who had not undergone it.

Our University, as I can conceive, represents the "modern spirit" in education. The principles upon which she was founded amid slight and oblique years ago are becoming the common property of educated men; they have ceased to be paradoxes; they are becoming commonplaces. Our University has solved by practice the problem thought impossible. She has shown that a free University need not be an irregular University; that the most various men educated in the most various fashions can be the better for a common culture, can submit to the same discipline, can acquire the same knowledge without hurting the spring of their mind, without losing their individuality of conviction. The nature of that culture is modern too. Our University claims to have first of all universities introduced into her essential and critical examinations the characteristic components of nineteenth century knowledge—physical science, modern languages, modern history. When I read the other day the admirable address of Mr. MILL, at which I observed that there was no part of it he enjoyed which the University of London had not long ago done—no part of all he said ought to be learnt which might not be learnt from her—and I was proud of the school in which I had been reared.

Anybody, no doubt, can open a school, and teach scraps of miscellanies. But this is exactly what our University has not done. She has not, as I conceive, extended her dominion by sacrificing her efficiency. The knowledge she requires is as sound and as accurate as any University; and for her best minds—the only ones for whom it is possible—she fulfils as well as the characteristic of University teaching. She brings truth to a focus, and teaches men to look at it in its unity and connection; she makes her discipline useful, because she makes it compact and honest.

It would have been easy, also, to have introduced these new subjects by abandoning the old. But the University of London does not neglect those great "human studies," as they have been well called, in which a University like Oxford delights. She knows that the old is old knowledge in itself valuable, but that the new can only be seen rightly when it is seen by the side of the old. By her nature, and perhaps by her poverty, the University of London is prevented from encouraging a premature speciality in old studies, as in new, but as far as she can she fosters a firm knowledge of the elements of both.

Some of our friends do our University a great injustice. They say it is particularly advisable that our first representative should be "a man of commanding position." Just so, I have heard, new people at the West-end want to have lords as their first party. But such ideas are utterly erroneous. The University of London is in a position not to seek honour, but to confer honour. She has to give an admirable seat in the first assembly of the world, and though she will find a consciousness of celebrities ready to make use of her, she does not need to borrow their dignity, for she has enough already of her own.

When our University was founded, it was said by a great Tory philosopher that our modern system would never train men, and that you must judge of a school, not by its curriculum, but by the character of the men it would produce. I think that at this crisis we have a right to put forward, if we have to go to Oxford or elsewhere for a member, if in nearly thirty years we have not trained a man fit to represent us?

I am, yours very sincerely,

R. H. Hutton, Esq.

WALTER BAGEHOT.

WOOLWICH, SANDHURST, &c.—The Rev. W. H. JOHNSTONE, M.A., Chaplain, Professor and Examiner in the late Royal Military College, Addiscombe, prepares CANDIDATES for the above.—Bromsgrove House, Croydon.

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TUITION at OXFORD.—A CLERGYMAN (Married), who holds both an Academic and a Parochial appointment in Oxford, wishes to receive into his house Two or Three PUPILS to prepare for Matriculation. Special facilities offered to those who intend to compete for Scholarships.—Address, Twyn, care of Mr. Vincent, Publisher, High Street, Oxford.

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T. HEWITT KEY, M.A., F.R.S., Head-Master of University College School, has made arrangements for the reception of a few BOARDERS.—Address, 21 Westbourne Square, W.1 or Bolton Lodge, Eastbourne, Sussex.

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GRAMMAR SCHOOL, Grantham.—The FRENCH and GERMAN MASTERSHIP in this School will be vacant on 10th October next. A Member of an English University will be preferred. Testimonials to be addressed, on or before August 31, to F. MARSH, Solicitor, Grantham, who will furnish further particulars.

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GRAMMAR SCHOOL MASTER.—Rev. ABRAHAM

COLLIER'S GRAMMAR SCHOOL, at Lewisham, in the County of Kent.
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The Worshipful Company of Leathersellers of the City of London, Owners and Governors of the possessions and revenues of the said School, will, in pursuance of a scheme settled by the Court of Chancery, hold an Election of a Head-Master on Wednesday, the 2nd of October next.

Candidates must have taken the Degree of M.A. or B.C.L. at one of the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, Durham, or London.

The Head-Master will receive a salary of £100 a year, with an annual allowance of £5 for School-room & living.

Thirty or more Foundation Boys, chosen from Lewisham and the neighbouring Parishes, and the Sons or Incumbents of the same Parishes, are to be freely instructed in the principles of the Christian religion, according to the doctrines of the Church of England, in the Greek, Latin, and French Languages and Literature, in Mathematics, and in the various branches of a good English Education.

Each Foundation Boy will pay in advance to the Head-Master a quarterage of 5s. or 10s., according to the age of the scholar.

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The Head-Master will enjoy a large School Residence and Garden, free of rates, taxes, and repairs, and may receive into his House 25 Boarders, to be educated in all respects equally with the Foundation Scholars.

The Head-Master will not be held to hold any other office or appointment, or, if in orders, to receive or exercise any benefice having care of souls, without the written consent of the Owners and Governors.

Further particulars will be shown to Candidates, or their friends, at Leathersellers' Hall, St. Helen's Place, London, to which address all Testimonials accompanying Applications must be forwarded on or before Monday, the 2nd of September next.

Leathersellers' Hall, August 13, 1867.

HIGH SCHOOL, Hobart Town.—A CLASSICAL ASSIST-

ANT is wanted for the above School. Skill in Verse and Prose Composition indispensable. A liberal Salary, with or without Board and Lodging.—Apply, stating qualifications, and enclosing Testimonials, to the Rev. G. F. HARRIS, Wrexham.

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